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PICTURESQUE AND DESCRIPTIVE

RURAL SCENE IN FLORIDA

AMERICA

PICTURESQUE & DESCRIPTIVE : *By* JOEL COOK
IN THREE VOLUMES : WITH ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOR

VOLUME THREE

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SALT LAKE CITY

RURAL SCENE IN FLORIDA

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THE OLD BAY STATE.

AMERICA,
PICTURESQUE AND DESCRIPTIVE.

XV.

THE OLD BAY STATE.

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ter—The Fisheries—Norman's Woe—Wreck of the Hesperus —Land's End — Thatcher's Island — Rockport —Lanesville —Granite—The Fishermen.

EARLY EXPLORATIONS.

JOHN CABOT was the first explorer of the coasts of New England under British auspices. After Columbus had discovered America, fabulous tales were told of its outlying islands. The primitive maps represented the Atlantic Ocean as full of islands, some being very large, especially the Island of Brazil, and the fabled Island of the Seven Cities. The latter was said by sailors to be inhabited by Christians who years before had fled from seven cities of Asia, under their seven bishops, taking refuge there. Bristol was then the leading English seaport, and five years after the discovery by Columbus, John Cabot started from it on a western voyage of exploration in search of these famous islands. King Henry VII. encouraged the enterprise, and in May, 1497, Cabot sailed in the little ship "Matthew," with a crew of eighteen, and going westward he discovered one of these islands, which he called the New Found Land. It was Cape Breton Island, but being apparently unproductive and without inhabitants, although some signs of people were seen, he soon returned to England. The greatest excitement followed his arrival home, and the report got abroad that he had discovered the Island of the Seven Cities and the coast of Asia. Cabot became all the rage in Eng-

land, and a writer of that time records that Englishmen called him "the Great Admiral," followed him about "like madmen," that he was "dressed in silks," and "treated like a prince." Cabot, feeling his importance, wanted his friends to share his good fortune, so he appointed some of them governors, and others bishops over the new world he had discovered, while King Henry was so delighted at the success of the voyage that he sent Cabot a letter of thanks and the munificent present of £10. King Henry VII. was always regarded as being "a little near."

In 1498, another and larger expedition was fitted out, Cabot planning to sail westward until he reached the land he had discovered in the previous year, and then he thought by turning south he would come to the Island of Cipango (Japan), where he would fill his ships with spices and jewels, a half-dozen small vessels making up the fleet. They took a more northerly course than before, got among icebergs, and where the summer days were so long there was very little night. They reached Labrador, where the sailors were frightened at the amount of ice, and turning south, Cabot sailed along the American coast nearly to Florida, once trying to plant a colony, but being discouraged by the barren soil, abandoning it. Yet sterile as the land might be, the waters were filled with fish, so that Cabot called the country the "Land of the Codfish," there was such an abundance of them. The explorers recorded that the

bears were harmless, they could so easily get food, describing how they would swim out into the sea and catch the fish. Then Cabot disappeared from view. Whether he died on the homeward voyage or after he returned is unknown, as everything about his subsequent career has faded from history. But his two voyages were the foundation of the British claim to the Atlantic coast from Labrador to Florida, and the basis of all the English grants for the subsequently formed American colonies.

Bartholomew Gosnold planted the first English colony in the Old Bay State. Upon Friday, May 14, 1602, after elaborate preparations, he sailed from Falmouth, England, in the ship "Concord," his party numbering thirty-two, of whom about a dozen expected to remain in the new country as settlers. Crossing the ocean and coming into view of the American coast, he steered south, soon finding his progress barred by a bold headland, which encircled him about. He had got into the bight of Cape Cod Bay, and thus discovered that great bended, sandy peninsula, to which he gave the name from the abundance of codfish he found disporting in the waters. Many whales were also seen, and vast numbers of fish of all kinds. He tried to get out of the bay, and coasting around the long and curiously hooked cape, emerged into the Atlantic, and then coming down the outer side got into Vineyard Sound, where he planted his colony on Cuttyhunk Island, but soon abandoned

it. Gosnold returned to England, and in 1607 sailed with Newport's expedition, carrying Captain John Smith to Virginia.

THE OLD COLONY.

The first English settlement permanently planted in New England was the famous "Old Colony" at Plymouth. The Puritan Separatists, from the Church of England, sought refuge from English persecution in Holland, living in Leyden under their pastor, John Robinson, for eleven years, when they decided to migrate to America. They arranged with the Virginia Company to send them across the ocean, and about the middle of the summer of 1620 the little band of Pilgrims sailed from Delft-haven, the port of Leyden, on the "Speedwell," in charge of Elder Brewster. The "Mayflower" joined at Southampton with other Puritans from England, but the "Speedwell" sprunk aleak and they put into Plymouth roads. Then they decided to go on in the "Mayflower" alone, and the party left Plymouth early in September. They were seeking Virginia, but found the land, after a voyage of over two months, at Cape Cod, anchoring inside the Cape. Then they thanked God, "who had brought them over the vast and furious ocean, and delivered them from all the perils and miseries thereof, again to set their feet on the firm and stable earth." While the ship lay there, the famous "Mayflower Compact" was drawn up, pledg-

ing the signers to obey the government that it established, and John Carver was chosen the first Governor, forty-one men signing the compact. After nearly a month spent in exploration, their shallop going all about the coasts, Plymouth was selected, and the pioneers landed December 21, 1620, the day being now annually celebrated as "Forefathers' Day."

Plymouth has a little land-locked harbor behind a long and narrow sand beach, projected northward from the ridge of Manomet below, this beach acting as a protective breakwater to the wharves. The harbor is so shallow, however, that there is little trade by sea. The town spreads upon the bluff shores, and on a plateau to the hills in the rear. There is now a population of about nine thousand, engaged mainly in manufacturing cordage and textiles, and having a considerable fishery fleet. While the town is of modern build, yet it is devoted to the memory which gives it deathless fame, every relic of the Pilgrims being restored and perpetuated. There is little to be seen that comes from the olden time, however, outside of the hills and harbor and original streets, excepting the carefully cherished relics of the "Mayflower's" passengers, that have been gathered together. The choice of Plymouth as the landing-place seems to have been mainly from necessity, when protracted explorations failed to find a better place, and the coming of winter compelled a landing somewhere. The actual location was hardly well considered, the

Pilgrims themselves being far from satisfied. After the "Mayflower" anchored inside of Cape Cod, several weeks were passed in explorations, and finally, upon a Sunday in December, 1620, a landing was made upon Clark's Island, where religious services were held, the first in New England. Upon the most elevated part of this island stands a huge boulder, about twelve feet high, called from some local circumstance the "Election Rock." Its face bears the words taken from *Mourt's Relation*, which chronicled the voyage of the "Mayflower":

"Upon the Sabbath-Day wee rested, 20 December, 1620."

Eighteen of the Pilgrims thus "rested," after their shallop, in making the shore, had been almost shipwrecked. The next day they sailed across the bay to the mainland, their first landing being then made at Plymouth, and upon the second day, December 22d, the entire company came ashore and the settlement began.

Within the Pilgrim Hall, a fireproof building upon the chief street, are kept the precious relics of the "Mayflower" and the Pilgrims, with paintings of the embarkation from Delft-haven and landing at Plymouth, and old portraits of the leaders of the colony. Among the interesting documents are autograph writings, establishing a chain of acquaintanceship connecting the original Pilgrims with the present time. Peregrine White was the first child of the new colony,

the infant being born on the "Mayflower" after she came into Cape Cod Bay, in November, 1620, and he was only a month old when they landed. The baby, surviving all their hardships, lived to a ripe old age, and "Grandfather Cobb," born in 1694, knew him well. Cobb, in his day, lived to be the oldest man in New England, his life covering space in three centuries, for he exceeded one hundred and seven years, dying in 1801. William R. Sever, born in 1790, knew Cobb and recollected him well, and living until he was ninety-seven years old, died in 1887. These three lives connected the Pilgrim landing almost with the present day. The old cradle that rocked Peregrine White on the "Mayflower," and after they landed, is preserved—an upright, stiff-backed, wicker-work basket, upon rude wooden rockers. One of the chief paintings represents the signing of the memorable "Mayflower Compact." There are also in the hall some of the old straight-backed chairs of the Pilgrims, with their pots and platters, and among other relics Miles Standish's sword. In the court-house are the original records of the colony, the first allotment of lands among the settlers, their deeds, agreements and wills, and the patent given the colony by Earl Warwick in 1629. There are also shown in quaint handwriting, with the ink partly faded out, records of how they divided their cattle, when it was decided to change from the original plan of holding them in common. Signatures of the Pil-

grims are attached to many of these documents. Governor Carver died the first year, William Bradford succeeding, and there is preserved in Governor Bradford's writing the famous order establishing trial by jury in the colony.

THE PLYMOUTH ROCK.

"The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast."

Thus begins Mrs. Hemans' beautiful hymn on the landing of the Pilgrims. Unfortunately for the poetry, however, sand is everywhere about, and scarcely a rock or boulder can be seen for miles, excepting the very little one on which they landed. Down near the water-side is this sacred stone, worshipped by all the Pilgrim descendants, the retrocession of the sea having left it some distance back. It is a gray syenite boulder, oval-shaped, and about six feet long. It was some time ago unfortunately split, and the parts have been cemented together. At the time of the landing this boulder lay on the sandy beach, partly embedded, being almost solitary on these sands, for unlike the verge of Manomet to the southward, and the coast north of Boston, this sandy shore is almost without rocks of any kind. Dropped here in the glacial period, and lying partly in the water, the rock made a boat-landing naturally attractive to the water-weary Pilgrims when they coasted along in their shallop from Clark's Island, so they

stepped out upon it to get ashore dry-shod. The rock is in its original location, but has been elevated several feet to a higher level, is surmounted by an imposing granite canopy, and is railed in for protection from the relic-hunter. The numerals "1620" are rudely carved upon its side, and a sort of fissure in its face seems like the impress of a foot. Surmounting the canopy is a scallop shell, the distinctive emblem of the pilgrim. The scallop has been called the "Butterfly of the Sea," and in the time of the Crusades, a scallop shell fastened in the cap denoted that the wearer had made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Thus it is said in the *Hermit:*

> "He quits his cell, the pilgrim staff he bore,
> And fixed his scallop in his hat before."

Behind the Plymouth Rock rises the bluff shore into Cole's Hill, having its steep slopes sodded, this having been the place up which the Pilgrims climbed after the landing. A view to the front shows the wharves, and across the bay the narrow sandspit protecting the harbor, while on the right hand is the long ridge of Manomet, and over the water to the left appear distant sand-dunes along Duxbury Beach. Off to the northward rises the "Captain's Hill" of Duxbury, surmounted with the monument to Captain Miles Standish, erected in 1889, rising one hundred and ten feet. Upon Cole's Hill was the first burial-place of the Pilgrims, and here were interred about

half the intrepid band, who died from the privations of the first winter. Their bones were occasionally washed out by heavy rains, or found in digging for the foundations of buildings, but all have been carefully collected, and, with several of the dead thus exposed, were again entombed in the canopy over Plymouth Rock. A little way to the southward is Leyden Street, running from the water's edge for some distance back up the slope to the side of the "Burial Hill," the first cemetery. This was the earliest highway laid out in New England, although it did not receive its present name until long afterwards. Upon this street the Pilgrims built their first rude houses, the lots extending southward from it to the "Town Brook," a short distance beyond, which supplied them with good water, and was the chief feature inducing them to select this place for settlement.

The story of their landing is told in *Mourt's Relation*, written by one of the actors in this great historical drama. After describing their explorations and hasty selection of the place, he continues: "So, in the morning, after we had called on God for direction, we came to this resolution, to go presently ashore again, and to take a better view of two places which we thought most fitting for us; for we could not now take time for further search or consideration, our victuals being much spent, especially our beer, and it being now the 19th of December. After our

landing and viewing the places so well as we could, we came to a conclusion, by most voices, to set on a high ground, where there is a great deal of land cleared, and hath been planted with corn three or four years ago; and there is a very sweet brook runs under the hillside, and many delicate springs of as good water as can be drunk, and where we may harbor our shallops and boats exceeding well; and in this brook fish in their season; on the further side of the river also much corn-ground cleared. In one field is a great hill on which we point to make a platform and plant our ordnance, which will command all around about. From thence we may see into the bay and far into the sea, and we may see thence Cape Cod. Our greatest labor will be the fetching of our wood, which is half a quarter of an English mile; but there is enough so far off. What people inhabit here we know not, for as yet we have seen none. So there we made our rendezvous, and a place for some of our people, about twenty, resolving in the morning to come all ashore and to build houses." About a week after landing they began constructing their first fort on the hill, and allotted the plots of land on their street, subsequently named Leyden. Thus the town was begun, and behind it rose two hills, the one now known as the Burial Hill being at the head of this street, and elevated about one hundred and fifty feet above the sea. Miles Standish, with his military eye, for he had seen vet-

eran service in Flanders, selected this hill for the fort, and here in 1622 was built the square timber block-house that made them both a fort and a church, the entire settlement as it then existed being enclosed with a stockade for further protection. This caused the hill to be named Fort Hill, and it was not until long afterward that it was used as a cemetery and called Burial Hill, the first interred being some of the original Pilgrims after the graveyard on Cole's Hill, down by the waterside, had been abandoned.

Upon Fort Hill was built the "Watch House," where an outlook was kept for the Indians. Stones now mark the locations both of the fort and the watch-house, and surrounding them are the graves of several of the "Mayflower" Pilgrims, with many of their descendants, the dark slate gravestones having been brought out from England. There is a fine outlook from Burial Hill, far over the sea to the distant yellow sand-streak of Cape Cod. About a half-mile northward is the other hill, rising somewhat higher, and upon it is the National Monument to the Pilgrims, dedicated in 1889. This is a massive granite pedestal forty-five feet high, surmounted by the largest stone statue in existence, a colossal figure of Faith, thirty-six feet high, and adorned by large seated statues emblematic of the principles upon which the settlement was founded, representing Law, Morality, Freedom and Education. Upon this great monument are also representations of the landing of the Pilgrims,

their names, and the "Mayflower Compact." It was into this infant colony of Plymouth, after some weeks of careful parley and investigation, there strode the stalwart Indian Samoset, making their acquaintance and paving the way for the subsequent treaty and alliance with Massasoit, which for many years was scrupulously observed by both parties, and not broken until after he died. Canonicus, of the Narragansetts, to the southward, sent to the colony after Massasoit's death a sheaf of arrows bound with a rattlesnake's skin as a token of hostility. Governor Bradford did not want war, but he knew they must maintain a brave outlook, so he promptly filled the skin with powder and shot and sent it back to Canonicus, who understood the grim challenge, and fearing the deadly musketry, prudently restrained the hostile instincts of his tribe. The privations of the first year, which killed half the settlers, and were only relieved by succor from England, are said to have originated the New England Thanksgiving Festival Day, which has since spread over the whole country. In December, 1621, they had their first Thanksgiving, upon the arrival of a relief ship from abroad. Such was the dawning of the ruling race of the American nation.

DUXBURY AND MILES STANDISH.

Upon the upper side of Plymouth Bay, enclosing its northern portion, is one of those long peninsulas of sand and rocks, abounding upon the Massachusetts

coasts, which projects about six miles southeastward into the sea and terminates in a high knob, called the Gurnet, with a hook turned inward. This elongated sand-strip is Duxbury Beach, the town of Duxbury being upon the mainland inside, a fishing village probably best known as the terminus of the French Atlantic Cable. It was at Duxbury that the first regular pastor was Ralph Partridge, whom Cotton Mather described as having "the innocence of a dove and the loftiness of an eagle." The Pilgrims allotted this district to Miles Standish and to their youngest member, John Alden. Standish named it from Duxbury Hall, in Lancashire, the seat of his English ancestors. The brave Miles was not a Puritan and did not belong to their church, but as he was an experienced warrior, they made him the commander of their standing army of twelve men. Is is said that there have been only two renowned military chieftains in history who were personally acquainted with all their soldiers—Julius Cæsar and Miles Standish. The redoubtable old captain lost his wife Rose soon after the landing, and he then engaged the fascinating and youthful Alden to do his courtship for him and woo the gentle Priscilla Mullins, with the usual result that the maiden preferred the more attractive Alden to the grim old soldier. Standish has been described as "a short man, very brave, but impetuous and choleric, and his name soon became a terror to all hostile Indians." His is the romance of early Ply-

mouth, for he has been made the hero of Longfellow's poem, and of renowned operas and many New England tales, while the fair Priscilla gave her name to the great Long Island Sound steamer. Standish lived upon the "Captain's Hill," out on the Duxbury peninsula, the highest land thereabout, rising one hundred and eighty feet, upon a broad point projecting into Plymouth Bay. His monument is near the site of his house upon the bare-topped, oval-shaped hill, a rather bleak place, however, to have selected for a home. Beyond it the projecting Duxbury Beach ends in the high Gurnet, with twin lighthouses, and then hooks inward to another bold terminating bulb, the headland of Saquish. To the northward is Clark's Island, where the Pilgrims first landed, a similarly round-topped mass rising from the water. Thus is Plymouth Bay environed, for to the southward its long guarding ridge on that side, Manomet, projects far into the sea.

CAPE COD.

The Old Bay State presents a front to the rough Atlantic like a gladiator at bay. She has in Cape Cod one defensive forearm boldly extended, and she likewise is prepared, if necessary, to thrust out the other, which keeps close guard upon her rugged granite breast in Cape Ann. These capes are the portals of Massachusetts Bay, and of the ocean entrance to Boston. Everyone, in viewing the map, marvels at the extraordinary formation of Cape Cod. Thoreau,

who in days gone by tramped all over the Cape, says, "A man may stand there and put all America behind him." This great sandy headland stretches eastward from the mainland at Sandwich about thirty miles, then turns north and northwest thirty miles more, finally terminating in a huge hook, bent around to the south and east again, and forming the spacious landlocked harbor of Provincetown. At Harwich and Chatham the elbow sharply bends, the shoulder is at Buzzard's Bay, the wrist at Truro, and the closing fingers make Provincetown's haven. The Cape is nearly all white sand, with boulders occasionally appearing, particularly near the extremity. Thin layers of soil extend as far as Truro, but the sand is seen through many rents, and the extremity is completely bare, being a wilderness of sand, kept in partial motion by the winds, and making constantly shifting dunes. The prevalent northeast winds and surf are regarded as having made the hooked end of the Cape by gradually moving the sands upon the shore around to the west and south. This hooked end impressed the Colonial navigators, and the ancient Dutch maps call it Staaten Hoeck, and the enclosed waters Staaten Bay. The extremely white sand, in contrast with the darker rocks of more northern shores, led Champlain to name it Cape Blanc. Gosnold, as already announced, from the abundance of codfish named it Cape Cod, whereof the faithful historian, Cotton Mather, who

records the fact, writes naïvely that he supposes it will never lose its name "till swarms of codfish be seen swimming on the highest hills."

This remarkable cape came near being an island, Buzzard's Bay on the south and Cape Cod bay on the north being so deeply indented that their waters approach within about seven miles. The isthmus is a low, broad alluvial valley stretching between, having Monumet River flowing from Herring Pond south into Buzzard's Bay, and the Scusset River north from the divide, their headwaters only a thousand yards apart, so that this narrow neck of land, nowhere elevated more than twenty-five feet, is all that saves the famous Cape from being an island. A canal was projected there as early as 1676, and the proposed "Cape Cod Ship Canal" has been regularly agitated ever since, and may at some time be constructed, saving the shipping from the long detour around the Cape. This neck has been called "the collar of the Cape," and beyond was the Indian domain of Monomoy. Chatham then was Nauset, and Barnstable was Cummaquid, these, as indeed every village on the Cape, being famous nurseries of sailors and fishermen. Here is some agriculture, the farms and towns having roomy old houses, and the extensive cranberry bogs showing one of the chief industries of the people. Along the southern shore are Marshpee, Cotuit, and Hyannis, all changing from fishing-ports to modern fashionable watering-places. The surface is

composed of sharply defined hills of white sand, having broad sandy levels between that are almost desert plains. There are some trees, but the growth becomes gradually stunted, as the journey is made out upon the Cape, and villages are less frequent and population sparser. Modern cottages crown the hill-tops, and the frequent cranberry bogs are as level as a floor, being thickly grown with the myriad runners and sombre foliage of the prolific plant.

Passing Yarmouth and Harwich, the railway turns northward at the elbow of the cape, where Chatham is on the ocean shore. Brewster is northward, and Eastham, noted for its fortified church, whose colonial pastor received by law, for his salary, part of every stranded whale coming upon the shore. To the left is Welfleet, on the bay shore, and to the right the triple lighthouses of Nauset Beach, in front of which the ocean tides divide, moving in opposite directions, one current south to Nantucket Sound, and the other north, to go around the Cape into Massachusetts Bay. Northward is the sandy desert of Truro, the "Dangerfield" of early days, regarded as the most fatal coast in New England. This town of Truro has been described as "a village where its able-bodied men are all ploughing the ocean together as a common field," while in North Truro "the women and girls may sit at their doors and see where their husbands and brothers are harvesting their mackerel fifteen to twenty miles off on the sea, with hundreds

of white harvest-wagons." Here, upon the high hill making the ocean shore, where the headland curves from north around to the west, is the guardian beacon of Cape Cod, the lofty Highland Light, forty-one miles southeast of Boston Light, and whose powerful white rays shine for twenty miles over the ocean without, and the bay within. The tower stands on a hill one hundred and forty-two feet high, and the light is elevated nearly two hundred feet. Along here Thoreau walked on the "sand-bar in the midst of the sea," and as he gazed far over the ocean, thus reflected: "The nearest beach to us on the east was on the coast of Galicia in Spain, whose capital is Santiago, though by old poets' reckoning it should have been Atlantis, or the Hesperides; but Heaven is found to be farther west now. At first we were abreast of that part of Portugal *entre Douro e Mino*, and then Galicia and the port of Pontevedro opened to us as we walked along, but we did not enter, the breakers ran so high. The bold headland of Cape Finisterre, a little north of east, jutted toward us next with its vain brag; for we flung back 'Here is Cape Cod, Cape Land's Beginning.' A little indentation toward the north—for the land loomed to our imaginations like a common mirage—we knew was the Bay of Biscay, and we sang, 'There we lay, till next day, in the Bay of Biscay, O!' A little south of east was Palos, where Columbus weighed anchor, and further yet the pillars which Hercules set up."

THE PURITAN COMPACT.

At the extremity of Cape Cod is Provincetown, among the sand dunes, a town with about forty-five hundred inhabitants, encircling the harbor on its western verge, a long, narrow settlement between the high white sand-hills and the beach. There are two main streets, one along the beach and the other parallel to it back among the hills. Upon the highest hill is the Town Hall, the mariner's landmark entering the harbor, and from it are good views over ocean and bay, displaying the curious end of the Cape sweeping grandly around and enclosing the spacious harbor with room enough for anchoring an enormous fleet. To the west and south is the great bended hook having Race Point on its northwesterly verge and a lighthouse on the southern termination, whence a tongue of beach juts over towards Truro. This is a haven for many fishermen, and the people, who are among the purest descendants of the original Puritans, devote their energies largely to catching mackerel and cod, curing and stacking the fish all around the bay. The first appearance of Provincetown in history was when the "Mayflower" entered the harbor with the Pilgrims in November, 1620. Cape Cod was the first land they saw after leaving the English Channel, then not bare as now, but wooded down to the shore. They anchored in the bay, and the men were forced to wade "a bow-shoot" to the

shore to make a landing, and it was this wading and subsequent exposure which gave them the colds and sickness resulting in the deaths of so many during the subsequent winter. It is recorded that upon Monday, November 23, 1620, the women went ashore to wash, and thus they inaugurated that universal institution which has extended all over the country, the great American Monday washing-day. It was while anchored in Provincetown harbor the Pilgrims framed and signed the celebrated Puritan Compact, so long ruling Plymouth, which is regarded as the foundation of constitutional government. John Quincy Adams said of it: "This is perhaps the only instance in human history of that positive original social compact which speculative philosophers imagined as the only legitimate source of government." It was signed by forty-one Pilgrims, of whom twenty-one died during the ensuing four months. It reads:

"In the name of God, amen. We, whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our direct sovereign lord King James, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, etc., having undertaken, for the glory of God and advancement of the Christian faith and honor of our King and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do by these presents solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and of one another, covenant and com-

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bine ourselves together into a civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation, and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by virtue hereof to enact, constitute and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and expedient for the general good of the colony; unto which we promise all due submission and obedience. In witness whereof, we have hereunder inscribed our names at Cape Cod, the 11th day of November (old style), in the year of the reign of our sovereign lord King James, of England, France and Ireland, the 18th, and of Scotland, the 54th, Anno Domini, 1620."

Provincetown was a long time afterwards started, and began with a few fishermen's huts, which grew in the eighteenth century to a small village with extensive fish-drying flakes. The people top-dressed the soft sands with clay, shells and pebble, thus making the streets. There are relics of wrecks all about the extremity of the Cape, and it has had a sad history, though now, being better lighted and having life-saving stations, these terrible disasters are rare. The town has become an attractive summer resort, and has quite a development of pleasant homes. The visitor mounts High Pole Hill to get the view, and all around it is over the sea, for, gaze whither one may as the winds blow freshly across the Cape, the scene is of dazzling white sand or deeply blue water.

APPROACHING MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

From Plymouth Harbor northward to Massachusetts Bay is but a short distance. Inland from the coast-line the land rises into the noted "Blue Hills of Milton," their highest dome-like summit elevated six hundred and fifty feet and surmounted by an Observatory. These are granite hills, having the picturesque town of Quincy stretching down to the sea, with a broad fringe of salt marshes in front. Thus are named the "Quincy granites," famous for building, and it was to get these huge stones out that the earliest rude railway in New England was constructed in 1826, a line three miles long to Neponset River, the cars being drawn by horses. It is said by the geologists that these hills of Milton are an older formation than the Alps, and their earliest English name, designated by King Charles I., was the Cheviot Hills. Among the salt marshes just north of Duxbury is Marshfield, the home of Daniel Webster, whose remains lie in an ancient graveyard on an ocean-viewing hill not far away. Beside him are the graves of his sons—Edward, killed in the Mexican War, and Fletcher, killed at Bull Run in the Civil War. An ornamental villa has replaced his old house, which was burnt, and the homestead has gone to strangers. Close by Webster's is the grave of the early Pilgrim Governor Winslow, whose quaint old dwelling is near. Quincy is famous as

the home of the greatest families of the original colony of Massachusetts Bay—Quincy and Adams. The antique church of Quincy, known as the Adams Temple, has in the yard the graves of the two Presidents Adams, father and son. John Hancock, whose bold signature leads the Congress in the Declaration of Independence, was a native of Quincy. It was among the earliest Massachusetts settlements, having been colonized by a number of Episcopalians, at Merry Mount, who were such jovial people that the strict Puritans of Plymouth were aghast at their goings on, and sent Miles Standish with the whole army against them, and capturing the leaders shipped them prisoners back to England. This severe treatment was administered a second time before they were subdued. Thomas Morton, who was among those twice banished, wrote the *New England Canaan*, giving this curious account of the aborigines: "The Indians may be rather accompted as living richly, wanting nothing that is needful, and to be commended for leading a contented life, the younger being ruled by the elder and the elder ruled by the Powahs, and the Powahs are ruled by the Devill; and then you may imagine what good rule is like to be amongst them." This theory was generally prevalent among the early colonists, for Cotton Mather was convinced that "the Indians are under the special protection of the Devill."

The coast, as Massachusetts Bay is approached,

rises into the rocky shores of Scituate and Cohasset. Here is the dangerous reef of Minot's Ledge in the offing, guarded by the leading beacon of the New England waters, about four miles from the shore. The original lighthouse was washed away in a terrific storm in April, 1851. The catastrophe occurred in the night, when those on shore heard a violent tolling of the lighthouse bell, and in the morning the tower was gone, with all the light keepers, the only relic being a chair washed ashore, which was recognized as one that had been in the watch-room of the tower. Scituate was the birthplace of Samuel Woodworth, author of the *Old Oaken Bucket*. These shores are all lined with villas and attractive coast resorts, and the noted Jerusalem Road is the chief highway of Cohasset, following the coast-line around to the westward. Here projects the narrow and strange peninsula of Nantasket Beach, five miles out into the sea to Point Allerton, then hooking around and terminating in the town of Hull, and making one of the most popular seaside resorts of Bostonians. Farther to the westward, behind it, is Hingham Harbor, the quaint old village of Hingham on its shores, settled in 1635, having the oldest occupied church in New England, dating from 1681. This most ancient church of Yankeedom is a square building of the colonial style, its steep roof sloping up on all four sides to a platform at the top surrounded by a balustrade and surmounted by a little pointed belfry. Still farther

westward, and within the entrance to Boston Harbor, projects the bold bluff of Squantum, thrust out into the bay, it having been named in memory of the old sachem who ruled all the country round about when Boston was first colonized, his home being on an adjacent hill. Sturdy old Squantum was a firm friend of the colonists, and when he was dying he besought Governor Bradford to pray for him, "that he might go to the Englishman's God in Heaven."

THE CITY OF BOSTON.

The approach to the New England metropolis, especially by way of the harbor, is fine. The city rises gradually ridge above ridge, until the centre culminates in Beacon Hill, surmounted by the bright gilded dome and lantern-top of the Massachusetts State House. From all sides the land, with its varied surfaces of hill and vale, slopes down towards the water courses, leading into the deep indentation of Boston Harbor. The pear-shaped peninsula, forming the original town, was the Indian Shawmut, or the "sweet waters," a name reproduced in many ways in the modern city. William Blackstone, the recluse Anglican clergyman of London who could not get on there with the "Lords Bishops" and emigrated, was the first white inhabitant of Shawmut, coming in 1623. Governor John Winthrop, of the Massachusetts colony, who came out in 1630 to Salem, removed to Shawmut the same year with Thomas Dudley and

a number of Puritans, crossing over from Charlestown in a search for good water, which led them to select this place, which, from its three hills, they called the Tri-mountain, since shortened into Tremont. Blackstone, having lived there in solitude for several years, soon tired of having such near neighbors, and in 1634 he sold out the whole town site to them for about $150, and being disgusted with these "Lords Brethren," as he had previously been with the "Lords Bishops," avoided controversy by going farther into the wilderness. Winthrop and Dudley had come originally from Boston in England, and making this the capital of the Massachusetts colony, they gave it that name. The English Boston in Lincolnshire grew around the monastery of the Saxon St. Botolph, established in the seventh century, and hence its name of Botolph's Town, which has been condensed into Boston. Some years ago the English Bostonians presented a Gothic window from the ruins of old St. Botolph's to Trinity Episcopal Church in Boston. When this Massachusetts colony was originally established, one of Winthrop's depressed companions, writing home, described Shawmut as "a hideous wilderness possessed by barbarous Indians, very cold, sickly, rocky, barren, unfit for culture, and like to keep the people miserable." Yet the settlement grew, and, as an early historian says, "Philadelphia was a forest and New York was an insignificant village long after its rival, Boston, had become

a great commercial town." In 1663 an English visitor, describing the place, wrote that "the buildings are handsome, joining one to the other, as in London, with many large streets, most of them paved with pebble-stones. In the high street toward the Common there are faire houses, some of stone." The young colony encouraged commerce and became possessed of many ships, the earliest built at Boston being the bark "Blessing of the Bay" of thirty tons, a noted vessel belonging to Governor Winthrop, and considered a wonder in her time. The first solid wharf was built in 1673. It was Governor Winthrop who put into one of his official messages this chunk of wisdom: "The best part of a community is always the least, and of that part the wiser are still less." Anterior to the Revolution, Boston was the largest and most important American city, then having twenty-five thousand inhabitants.

Boston Harbor covers about seventy-five square miles, having various arms, such as South Boston Bay and Dorchester Bay, and the estuaries of the Charles, Mystic and Neponset Rivers, which enlarge the landing-spaces. The outer harbor has great natural beauty, increased by the improvements and adornments of buildings, the water surface gradually narrowing towards the city, and dotted with craggy, undulating islands, having long stretches of bordering beaches, interspersed with jutting cliffs, broad and bold promontories, and both low and lofty shores. The

adjacent coasts are lined with villages that gradually merge into the suburbs of the great city. In this spacious harbor there are at least fifty large and small islands, and most of these, which were bare in Winthrop's day, are now crowned with forts, lighthouses, almshouses, hospitals and other civic institutions, several being most striking edifices, giving a pleasing variety to the scene. The splendid guiding beacon for the harbor entrance stands upon Little Brewster or Lighthouse Island, at the northern edge of Nantasket Roads. This is Boston Light, elevated about one hundred feet, a revolving light visible sixteen miles. George's Island, near the entrance and commanding the approach from the sea, has upon it the chief defensive work of the harbor, Fort Warren, about two miles west of Boston Light. Farther in, and near the city, off South Boston, is Castle Island, with Fort Independence, the successor of the earliest Boston fort, the "Castle," built by Winthrop in 1634. Opposite and about one mile northward is Governor's Island, containing Fort Winthrop. This island was originally the "Governor's garden," and Winthrop paid a yearly rent of two bushels of apples for it. These forts are nearly all constructed of Quincy granite, but none has seen actual warfare. Long Island spreads its high crags across the harbor, outside of the inner forts, and has a lighthouse on its northern end, while to the eastward is a low, rocky islet, bearing as a warning to the mariner a curious

stone monument, known as Nix's Mate. It was here the colonists used to hang the pirates caught on the New England coasts. Upon Deer and Rainsford Islands are hospitals and reformatories, and upon Thompson's Island, which is fantastically shaped like an unfledged chicken, is an asylum and farm-school for indigent boys. Spectacle, Half Moon and Apple Islands received their names from their shapes.

At the inward, western extremity of the harbor is the pear-shaped Shawmut peninsula of Boston, having water ways almost all around it. Upon the one side is South Boston and upon the other Charlestown, the comparatively narrow intervening water courses of Fort Point Channel and Charles River being in parts nearly roofed over with bridges, that grudgingly open their draws to let through the vessels laden with lumber and coal. To the northeast, upon another peninsula, which formerly was an island, is East Boston, having Chelsea beyond to the northward. Towards the west, across the broadened estuary of Charles River, is Cambridge, this part of the estuary known as the Back Bay having been largely encroached upon to create more land for the crowded and spreading city. To the southward are Roxbury and Dorchester, and to the westward Brookline, Brighton and Somerville. Upon the Shawmut peninsula, the original city of Boston covered only seven hundred and eighty-three acres, but by the reclamations this has been more than doubled.

It absorbed Dorchester Neck to enlarge South Boston; took in Noddle's Island for East Boston; and annexed about all the other suburbs, so that the city now covers forty-three square miles. The hills have been partly levelled and the whole face of the ancient town altered, these improvements and the great changes wrought by fires obliterating the older narrow and crooked streets, having thus wrought a complete transformation. The alignments of the colonial maps can now hardly be recognized, and scarcely a vestige, beyond the three old burying-grounds and a few buildings, remains of primitive Boston. When the first settlers coming from Charlestown saw Shawmut or the Tri-mountain, it seemed to chiefly consist of the three high hills which they called Copp's, Beacon and Fort Hills, the highest of these, the Beacon, being itself a sort of tri-mountain, having three well-developed surmounting little peaks. These, however, were afterwards cut down, although the massive elevation of Beacon Hill, whereon the colonists burnt their signal-fires, remains the crowning glory of the peninsula.

BOSTON COMMON.

The city of Boston has a population of six hundred thousand, and the centre around which it clusters is the well-known Boston Common, set apart in 1634, and always jealously reserved for public uses, the surface rising upon its northern verge towards

Beacon Hill. No matter by what route approached, the city has the appearance of a broad cone with a wide-spreading base, ascending gradually to the bulb-like apex of the gilded State House dome. Occasionally a tall building looms above the mass, or it is surmounted by church-spires and the fanciful towers of modern construction, or by a high chimney pouring out black smoke; but it is a symmetrical scene in the general view, though in many parts the surface of the actual city is very uneven. The Common rises towards the State House from the south and west by a graceful plane interspersed with hillocks. It is crossed by many pleasant walks, and has broad open spaces used for sports and military displays. It is rich in noble old trees, and covers nearly fifty acres, while to the westward is an additional level park of half the size, known as the Public Garden, separated by a wide street accommodating the cross-town traffic. This noted Boston Common was the ancient Puritan pasture-ground, and it is rich in traditions. In the colonial wars, the captured hostile Indians were put to death here, their grinning heads impaled on stakes for a public warning. Murderers were gibbeted, witches burnt and duels fought here. The impassioned George Whitefield, in the middle of the eighteenth century, preached here to a congregation of twenty thousand. An English traveller in the late seventeenth century described the place as "a small but pleasant Common

where the gallants, a little before sunset, walk with their marmalet-madams till the bell at nine o'clock rings them home." Sometimes it was a fortified camp, and it was always a pleasure-ground, while during the great fire of 1872, which destroyed the chief business section with property valued at $70,000,000, enormous piles of hastily saved goods filled the eastern portions next to Tremont Street, bounding it on that side. Beacon Street is the northern border and Boylston Street the southern, there being rows of stately elms upon the walks along these streets and the pathways leading across the Common in various directions.

Flagstaff Hill, the most prominent eminence, near the centre of the Common, is surmounted by the Soldiers' Monument, rising ninety feet, with a colossal statue of America on the apex, overlooking the city. It was designed by Milmore, and is one of the most imposing memorials of the Civil War in the country. Nearby stood the "Old Elm," which was much older than the city, and was blown down in 1876. The adjacent sheet of water is the noted "Frog Pond" of colonial memory, and dear to the hearts of all old Bostonians. Near the northeastern boundary the Brewer Fountain, famous for its magnificent bronzes, the munificent gift of a prominent citizen, pours out its limpid waters. A colossal equestrian statue of Washington adorns the Public Garden. These attractive grounds are additionally

embellished by tasteful little lakes, statues and lovely floral displays. On the southern side of the Common is the old Central Burying-Ground, which contains the grave of Gilbert Stuart, the portrait painter, who died in 1828. Beneath the edge of the Common on the southern and eastern sides is the great Subway, which crosses Boston, giving needed relief to the congested traffic, and was completed in 1898 at a cost of nearly $5,000,000, a most commodious, airy and well-lighted tunnel, accommodating many lines of electric cars, and providing speedy transit across the crowded city.

THE STATE HOUSE.

The famous Boston State House, fronting on Beacon Street at the summit of the hill, stands upon ground which, in the eighteenth century, was John Hancock's cow-pasture, his residence, for many years alongside, having been replaced by the ornamental "swell-fronts" of the Somerset Club. This rounded construction, known as the swell-front, is a distinctive feature of the old-time Boston residential architecture, and in many buildings the effect is heightened by the luxuriant overrunning vines of the Boston ivy, which is especially fine in the autumn. A Corinthian portico fronts the State House, which was built about the beginning of the nineteenth century, but has since been repeatedly enlarged, the latest extension being completed in 1898, so that the

whole building is now four hundred by two hundred and twelve feet, the lantern on the dome rising one hundred and fifty feet. Upon the terrace in front are statues of Daniel Webster and Horace Mann. The eastern side of the last extension has a small park, and here, on top of Beacon Hill, has been erected a reproduction, practically on the original site, of the Beacon Monument, which was put there in 1790 to commemorate the success of the Revolution, but was removed in 1812. Within the State House is the Memorial Hall, containing the battle-flags of Massachusetts regiments and other historical relics. Portraits, busts and statues of the great men of Massachusetts adorn the interior rooms. From the lantern surmounting the dome is the finest view of Boston, with the mass of estuaries penetrating the land on all sides, the harbor and islands, and over the neighboring country for many miles. In the Representatives' Chamber hangs, high on the wall, one of the precious relics of the Old Bay State, the noted carved codfish, typifying a great industry. In the original State House preceding this one, down on Washington Street, in the heart of the older town, on March 17, 1785, Representative Rowe—who is also said to have been the suggester of throwing the tea overboard in Boston harbor—according to the minutes moved, "That leave might be given to hang up the representation of a codfish in the room where the House sit, as a memorial of the importance of the

cod-fishery to the welfare of the Commonwealth, as had been usual formerly." Leave was accordingly given, and this emblem was brought in time to the present State House and hung on the wall, and it has always been an object of interest to visitors, not only as emblematic of sundry fishery problems that perplex the statesmen, but also as recalling a question always of lively interest in New England and elsewhere, "Does the codfish salt the ocean, or the ocean salt the codfish?" Another great treasure is held by the State Library, which has a hundred thousand volumes; and the chief of its possessions, exhibited under glass, is the "History of the Plimouth Plantation," popularly known as the "Log of the 'Mayflower,'" written by Governor William Bradford. This manuscript, discovered in London in 1846, was presented to Massachusetts in 1898.

NOTABLE BOSTON ATTRACTIONS.

A ramble through the older parts of Boston discloses many objects of interest. Near the northern edge of the Common, at the corner of Park and Tremont Streets, is the old "Brimstone Corner," where stands the citadel of orthodoxy, the Puritan meeting-house, Park Street Church. Adjoining is an ancient graveyard, the "Old Granary Burying-Ground," where lie the remains of some of the most famous men of Boston, John Hancock, Samuel Adams, Paul Revere, James Otis, Peter Faneuil, many of the colonial Gov-

ernors, and also the parents of Benjamin Franklin, a prominent monument marking the graves of the latter. The rows of ancient, dark-looking and half-effaced gravestones in this quiet burial-place, in one of the busiest parts of the city, are an antique novelty. Many noted buildings are near it—Tremont Temple, the Horticultural and Music Halls, the Athenæum, and not far away, fronting Pemberton Square, the massive County Court-house of granite in Renaissance style, four hundred and fifty feet long, having in its imposing central hall a statue of Rufus Choate. On Tremont Street was established the first Episcopal Church in Boston, the King's Chapel, the present building replacing the original one in 1754. Adjacent is the oldest burying-place of the colony, where lie the remains of Governor John Winthrop and his sons, with other early settlers. Most of the old gravestones in this yard have been taken away from the graves and reset in strange fashion as edge-stones along the paths. One of these odd old stones of a greenish hue marked the grave of William Paddy, dying in 1658. In an unique poetical effusion it records these quaint words:

"Hear sleaps that blessed one
Whoes lief God help us all
To live that so when tiem shall be
That we this world must liue,
We ever may be happy
With blessed William Paddy."

Adjoining this old-time region is the splendid City

Hall, grandly rising beyond the graveyard, in Italian Renaissance, with an imposing louvre dome. In front, upon School Street, are statues of Benjamin Franklin and Josiah Quincy.

Various intricate streets and passages lead eastward from Tremont Street into Washington Street, these two chief business highways in a certain sense being parallel. Washington Street is the main thoroughfare of the city, having prominent theatres, newspaper offices, many of the largest stores and great office buildings, and it finally crosses over into the South End, being a wider and straighter street in this newer portion. Benjamin Franklin was born in a little old dwelling near Washington Street, where now stands a newspaper office. Alongside is the "Old South Church," the most famous church of Boston, but now an historical relic and museum of Revolutionary antiquities, the congregation having built themselves a magnificent temple, the "New Old South Church," upon Boylston Street, in the fashionable quarter of the Back Bay. This ancient church is a curious edifice of colonial style, built in 1729, when it replaced an earlier building. It has a tall spire and a clock, to which it is said more eyes are upturned than to any other dial in New England. The interior is square, with double galleries on the ends, and its original condition has been entirely restored. It is brimful of history, and was the colonial shrine of Boston, wherein were held the spirited

meetings of the exciting days that hatched the Revolution. Within it were arranged the preliminaries leading to the march from its doors of the party of disguised men who went down to the Liverpool wharf and threw the tea overboard in December, 1773. Behind the pulpit is the famous window through which climbed Dr. Joseph Warren in 1775 to make the oration on the anniversary of the "Boston Massacre," that had so much to do with creating the high condition of feeling producing the final defiance of the British soldiery, culminating in the battle of Lexington. The British afterwards turned the building into a riding-school. Franklin was baptized in the original church, and here Whitefield preached. For nearly two centuries there was delivered, in this noted church, the annual "election sermon" before the Governor and Legislature. It was only by the greatest exertions that the venerable building was saved from the fire of 1872, which halted at its edge. It now belongs to a patriotic society, who maintain it as a precious historical relic.

Also fronting upon Washington Street is the "Old State House," an oblong and unpretending building at the head of State Street, dating from 1748, which was the headquarters of the Massachusetts Provincial Government. The "Boston Massacre," in March, 1770, originating in an encounter between a British sentry and the crowd, resulting in the troops firing upon the populace, occurred in the street on its east-

ern side. Afterwards Samuel Adams, voicing the public indignation, made within the building, in an address to the Executive Council, his memorable and successful demand that the British soldiery should be removed outside the city. It has been restored as far as possible to its original condition, even the figures of the British "Lion and Unicorn," which had been taken down in Revolutionary days, having been replaced on the wings of the roof over the southern front. The upper rooms contain a valuable collection of relics and paintings, and much that is of interest in connection with early Boston history. Opposite are the tall Ames and Sears Buildings of modern construction, while State Street extends northeast through the financial district to the harbor, passing the massive granite dome-surmounted Custom House.

Dock Square is not far away, and Change Alley and other intricate passages lead over to the Boston "Cradle of Liberty," Faneuil Hall. Old Peter Faneuil, a Huguenot merchant, built it for a market and presented it to the city in 1742, but it was unfortunately burnt, being rebuilt in 1761. Within it were held the early town-meetings, and it is still the great place for popular assemblages. It was enlarged to its present size in 1805. This famous Hall is a plain rectangular building, seventy-six feet square inside, the lower floor a market, and the upper portion an assembly room. It is located, with surmounting cupola, in an open square, and when anything excites

the public it is crowded with standing audiences, there being no seats. Across the end is a raised platform for the orators, behind which, on the wall, is Healy's large painting, representing the United States Senate listening to a speech by Daniel Webster, his noted oration in the South Carolina nullification days of 1832, when Webster was the champion of the Union. There are numerous historical portraits on the walls. The "Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company," dating from 1638, occupy the floor above the Hall, while in front of it and extending towards the harbor is the spacious Quincy Market.

At the corner of Washington and School Streets is another ancient building, its quaint gambrels and gables recalling primitive architecture—the "Old Corner Book-store," long a favorite literary haunt. Northward, Washington Street extends to Haymarket Square, and beyond is Charlestown Street, passing by Copp's Hill, now reduced in size. Upon this hill is the oldest Boston church,—Christ Church in Salem Street,—dating from 1723, from whose steeple, on the eve of the battle of Lexington, in April, 1775, were displayed the lights giving warning of the movement of the British troops starting from Boston for Concord. These signals notified Paul Revere, across the Charles River, who made his famous midnight ride that roused the country. The silver-plate, service-books and Bible of the church were gifts from King George II., and in the adjacent

burial-ground are the graves of the three noted Doctors Mather, who had so much to do with colonial affairs and history—Increase, Cotton and Samuel—the last dying in 1785. The great Boston fire of 1872, which ravaged the district east of Washington Street for two days, extended over fifty acres, and destroyed nearly eight hundred buildings. The section was quickly rebuilt, however, with much finer structures, and is now the chief wholesale business district of Boston. The elaborate Government Building, containing the Post-office and Courts, was erected, since the fire, of Cape Ann granite, at a cost of $7,500,000. In this district are enormous office-buildings, insurance-offices, banks, extensive blocks of stores, and the headquaters of the leading trades of New England, the boot and shoe, cotton and woollen, dry goods, paper and wool merchants, Boston being the greatest wool mart in the country. When Boston, having preserved Beacon Hill and reduced in size Copp's Hill, decided to remove the third eminence of the "Tri-mountain," Fort Hill, its earth and rocks were used to give better commercial facilities by filling in and grading the magnificent marginal highway fronting the harbor, Atlantic Avenue. In front of this broad street the wharves project many hundreds of feet, having rows of capacious storehouses in their centres, while on either side are wide docks for the shipping. Here is conducted an extensive traffic with all parts of the world, and to

these wharves come the yacht-like fishing-smacks to unload their catch of cod and mackerel, while there are piles of fish in the stores. Thus is realized the significance of the emblematic codfish hanging in the State House.

BOSTON DEVELOPMENT.

When the great Boston fire had been quenched, and an estimate was being formed of the enormous losses, the significant statement was made that "the best treasure of Boston cannot be burnt up. Her grand capital of culture and character, of science and skill, humanity and religion, is beyond the reach of flame. Sweep away every store and house, every school and church, and let the people with their history and habits remain, and they still have one of the richest and strongest cities on earth." This is the prominent characteristic of Boston public spirit. The people take the greatest pride in their city, its high rank and achievements, and the wealthy and energetic townsfolk are always alert to extend them. There are more libraries, schools, colleges, art and scientific collections, museums, conservatories of music and educational foundations in and near Boston than in any other American city. Magnificent structures, the homes of art, science and education, are scattered with prodigality all about. Next to the Library of Congress, the Boston Public Library is the largest in America. Bostonians love the fine arts, and the many open spaces and public grounds

are adorned with statues of eminent men and groups representing historical events. The people seem to be always studying and investigating, the women as well as the men pursuing the difficult paths of abstruse knowledge, so that armies of them, fully equipped, scatter over the country to impart the learning of the "Modern Athens" to less fortunate communities. There are many fine churches, especially in the newer parts of the West End, whither have removed into grand temples of modern artistic construction quite a number of the wealthy congregations of the older town. Boston is also full of clubs, in endless variety, formed for every conceivable purpose, and several of them very handsomely housed.

To get available room and facilitate business, the city has gathered the terminals of all the railways into two enormous stations on the northern and southern sides of the town, and for nearly a half century it has been filling-in the fens and lowlands to the westward, so that now this reclaimed West End is the fashionable section, containing the finest churches, hotels, and residences. Through this splendid district extends for over a mile the grand Commonwealth Avenue, two hundred and forty feet wide, its centre being a tree-embowered park adorned by statues of Alexander Hamilton, John Glover, William Lloyd Garrison, and Leif Ericson, and having on either side a magnificent boulevard. The bordering resi-

dences are fronted by delicious gardens, and at regular intervals fine streets cross at right angles, their names arranged alphabetically, in proceeding westward, with the well-known English titles, Arlington, Berkeley, Clarendon, Dartmouth, Exeter, Fairfield, Gloucester, Hereford, etc. Parallel to the Avenue are also laid out Boylston, Marlborough, Newbury and Beacon Streets through this favorite residential section. Proceeding out Boylston Street are passed the stately buildings of the Museum of Natural History, and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, with twelve hundred students, the leading institution of its kind in America. Beyond, at the intersection of Dartmouth Street, is Copley Square, displaying around it the finest architectural group in the city, five magnificent buildings, three of them churches. Trinity Episcopal Church, built on the northern side, in free Romanesque, is formed as a Latin cross, with a massive central tower, two hundred and ten feet high. It has elaborate interior decoration and fine windows. The Public Library, on the southern side, is in Roman Renaissance, two hundred and twenty-eight by two hundred and twenty-five feet, and sixty-eight feet high, erected at a cost of nearly $2,400,000. It contains eight hundred thousand volumes, and the interior is excellently adapted to its uses, being tastefully adorned. The Second Unitarian Church, on the northern side of the square, built in 1874, was the church of the three Mathers, and of

Ralph Waldo Emerson. The Museum of Fine Arts, on the eastern side of the square, is constructed of red brick and terra-cotta, and contains extensive collections. The fifth building fronting the square is the "New Old South Church," in Italian Gothic, with a tower rising two hundred and forty-eight feet.

Beyond this fashionable district, the "Back Bay Fens" have been skillfully laid out in a series of boulevards and parks, making a chain extending several miles south and southwest through the suburbs, Franklin Park, covering nearly a square mile, being the chief. Here, on grounds with great natural adornments, in Roxbury, Brookline, and Brighton, is a region of much beauty. The surface is undulating, finely wooded, dotted with lakes, and displaying many costly suburban houses, in full glory of garden and foliage. This pleasant region spreads to Chestnut Hill, where the city has its great water reservoir, holding eight hundred million gallons, the favorite drive from Boston being to and around this reservoir, the route giving splendid views from the hilltop. Jamaica Pond and Jamaica Plain are near by, two of Boston's attractive cemeteries being beyond the latter, Mount Hope and Forest Hills. Here is also the famous Arnold Arboretum, the greatest institution of its kind, now part of the park system, and having a grand outlook from its central hill. In West Roxbury is the Martin Luther Orphan Home, which now occupies the noted "Brook Farm," where

a group of cultivated people, led by George Ripley, and including Hawthorne, Curtis, Dana, Channing, Thoreau, Emerson, and Margaret Fuller, made their famous attempt to found a socialistic community in 1841, but found that it would not work. It was described as an experiment in "plain living and high thinking," the articles of association calling it the "Brook Farm Institute of Agriculture and Education," for the establishment of an "agricultural, literary, and scientific school or college." Pupils were taken, and in its most successful period there were about one hundred and fifty persons in the community; "kitchen and table were in common; very little help was hired, but philosophers, clergymen and poets worked at the humblest tasks, milking cows, pitching manure, cleaning stables, etc., while cultivated women cooked, washed, ironed, and waited at table; all work, manual or intellectual, was credited to members at a uniform rate of ten cents an hour." Later, it became a Fourieristic "phalanstery," under the title of the "Brook Farm Phalanx;" then, in 1845, the chief building burnt down, and financial difficulties following, the experiment, which had excited world-wide comment, was abandoned in 1847.

NONATUM AND SUDBURY.

To the westward of Brighton is the extensive and wealthy suburban city of Newton, a favorite place of rural residence for Bostonians. Here rises, near

Newton Corner, the ancient Nonatum Hill, where the Apostle Eliot first preached to the Indians, the name being now classically modernized into Mount Ida. Eliot converted these Indians, who became the Christian tribe of Nonatum and formed their system of government after the plan set forth in the Book of Exodus, with rulers of hundreds, of fifties, and of tens. For them the Bible was translated into the Indian language by Eliot and printed at Cambridge in 1663. They removed nearer to Charles River, where there were better soils, at Natick, their village consisting of three streets lined with little huts and gardens, a large circular fort, and a building for a church and school, at the same time having a rude bridge constructed over the river. Natick is now a busy shoemaking town, with about ten thousand people, and in South Natick is the old Indian cemetery and Eliot's Oak. To the northward of Natick is Cochituate Lake, the chief source of Boston's water supply, over three miles long, and having with tributary ponds nearly a thousand acres area when full of water in the spring. To the eastward of Natick is Wellesley, where the famous Wellesley Female College, with seven hundred students, has its spacious buildings located in a beautiful park. To the northward is the valley of Sudbury River, into which Lake Cochituate discharges, and here at Sudbury was the old colonial tavern which Longfellow has given renown in his "Tales of a Wayside Inn":

"One autumn night in Sudbury town,
Across the meadows bare and brown,
The windows of the wayside inn
Gleamed red with firelight through the leaves
Of woodbine hanging from the eaves
Their crimson curtains rent and thin.

"As ancient is this hostelrie
As any in the land may be.
Built in the old Colonial day,
When men lived in a grander way,
With ampler hospitality.
A kind of old Hobgoblin Hall,
Now somewhat fallen to decay,
With weather stains upon the wall,
And stairways worn, and crazy doors,
And creaking and uneven floors,
And chimneys huge, and tiled and tall.

"A region of repose it seems,
A place of slumber and of dreams,
Remote among the wooded hills!"

Here Longfellow located his modern Canterbury tales by the landlord, the student, the theologian, the poet, the musician, and other sojourners, which have become interwoven so attractively with our better American literature.

CHARLESTOWN AND BUNKER HILL.

Across the Charles River, northward from the Shawmut peninsula of Boston, is Charlestown, one of the earliest settled suburbs, a large part of the river front being occupied by the Navy Yard, which covers a surface approximating a hundred acres.

Here were built many famous vessels of the older navy, anterior to the change to steel construction, and the first Government dry-dock in the country was placed at this yard, which after the war of 1812 became one of the leading naval stations. Among the historical features of the yard has been the famous ship "Constitution," familiarly known as "Old Ironsides," which is again to be rebuilt for preservation. This noted ship, with others that achieved renown in the war of 1812, was kept at Charlestown, and all of them having rotted, the Navy Department in 1830 decided to destroy them so as to save further trouble, and an article announcing this appeared in a Boston newspaper. Little did the naval authorities, however, appreciate the sentimental love the country had for the old "Constitution." Two days after the newspaper announcement, Oliver Wendell Holmes, then twenty-one years of age, published his poem of "Old Ironsides," which caused such a sensation.

"Aye, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle's shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean's air
Shall sweep the land no more.

"Her deck—once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below—

No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee ;—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea !

"O, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave ;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave :
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail ;
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale !"

These stirring lines of earnest protest touched the popular heart, there was an universal outburst of indignation, and the "Constitution" was saved. The old ship was rebuilt on her original lines, only a few timbers, including the keel, being retained, and the former allegorical figure-head was replaced by one modelled in the image of Andrew Jackson, then President of the United States. This change was sanctioned by the Secretary of the Navy, although Commodore Hull, who had charge of rebuilding the ship, protested against it. The reconstructed "Constitution" was launched in 1834, and anchored, with her figure-head, but a short distance from Charlestown bridge. Politics ran high at the time, and the change caused great controversy, particularly in and around Boston. One stormy night, Captain Samuel W. Dewey, then a hardy young sailor, managed without discovery to saw off Jackson's head, and carried it away. When the mutila-

SALT LAKE CITY

tion was disclosed next day there was another great clamor, and so intense was the excitement that the utmost exertions were vainly made to find the man who did the daring deed. Dewey kept his secret for several weeks, but suddenly, under an unexplainable impulse, decided he would go to Washington and give the sawed-off head to President Jackson himself. He appeared before the Secretary of the Navy, and stating that he was the man who had removed the figure-head from the "Constitution," said he had brought it along to restore it, exhibiting the grim features tied up in a bandana handkerchief. The Secretary was indignant, and spoke of having him arrested, but Dewey said there was no statute that he had violated, and the Secretary, calming down finally, listened to the man's story of how he took away the head, and agreed to take it to President Jackson. He took the mutilated head over to the White House, exhibited it to Jackson, and repeated to him Dewey's story. When Jackson had heard the tale he burst out in loud laughter, and pointing at the head, said: "That is the most infernal graven image I ever saw. The fellow did perfectly right; you've got him, you say; well, give him a kick and my compliments, and tell him to saw it off again." Captain Dewey was afterwards called the "figure-head man," and was given a public dinner in Philadelphia on his return from Washington. He died at an advanced age, in 1899.

The crowning glory of Charlestown is the Bunker Hill Monument, marking the greatest historical event of Boston, the famous battle fought June 17, 1775, when the British stormed the Yankee redoubt on the hilltop north of Charles River, which was then open country, but long ago became surrounded by the buildings of the expanding city, excepting the small space of the battlefield, now reserved for a park around the monument. The granite shaft rises two hundred and twenty-one feet, upon the highest part of the eminence. The Provincial troops had assembled in large numbers north and west of Boston, mainly in Cambridge to the westward, and hearing that the British intended to occupy Bunker and Breed's Hills, in Charlestown, a force was sent under Colonel William Prescott, a veteran of the old French war, in the night, to fortify Bunker Hill. Upon crossing over, they hastily decided that it was better to occupy Breed's Hill, which, while part of the same ridge, was nearer Boston, and they constructed upon it a square redoubt. The British ships in Charles River discovered this at daylight, and began a cannonade; American reinforcements were sent from Cambridge; and in the afternoon General Gage attacked, his onslaught being three times repulsed with heavy slaughter, when, the Americans' ammunition being spent, they could only resist with clubbed muskets and stones, and had to retreat. Facing Boston, in front of the monument, the direction from which

the attack came, is the bronze statue of Prescott, the broad-brimmed hat shading his earnest face, as, with deprecatory yet determined gesture, he uttered the memorable words of warning that resulted in such terrible punishment of the British storming column: "Don't fire until I tell you; don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes." The traces of the hastily constructed breastworks of the redoubt can be seen on the brow of the hill, and a stone shows where Dr. Joseph Warren fell, he being killed in the battle. He came to the fight as a volunteer, and had been made a General in the Provincial army. The top of the tall monument gives a splendid view in all directions over the harbor and suburbs of Boston, with traces of Mount Wachusett far to the westward, and on clear days a dim outline of the distant White Mountains. The corner-stone of the monument was laid by Lafayette on his American visit in 1825, and it was completed and dedicated in 1842, the oration on both occasions being delivered by Daniel Webster. One of his glowing passages thus tells the purpose of the monument:

"We come as Americans to mark a spot which must forever be dear to us and to our posterity. We wish that whosoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eye hither, may behold that the place is not undistinguished where the first great battle of the Revolution was fought. We wish that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that

event to every class and every age. We wish that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from eternal lips, and that weary and withered age may behold it and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests. We wish that labor may look up here and be proud in the midst of its toil. We wish that in those days of disaster which, as they come upon all nations, must be expected to come upon us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward, and be assured that the foundations of our national powers are still strong."

CAMBRIDGE AND HARVARD.

Various long causeways over the wide expanse of Charles River where it spreads out to form the Back Bay, and passing in front of the newly filled-in West End, lead from Boston to the academic city of Cambridge. This populous city, best known from Harvard University, is beautifully situated on a plain, has important manufacturing industries, handsome public buildings, and a large number of elegant private residences in spacious grounds ornamented with fine old trees, shrubbery and flower-gardens. Cambridge was settled soon after Boston, as the "Newe Towne," in 1630. Its Common contains the venerable "Washington Elm," over three hundred years old, under which, after the battle of Bunker Hill, General Washington assumed command, July 3, 1775, of the American army besieging Boston. Opposite the southern

end of the Common are old Christ Church, built of materials sent out from England, and the First Parish Church, with a Gothic steeple, having between them the burying-ground of the old town. Of these, Oliver Wendell Holmes has written:

> "Like Sentinel and Nun they keep
> Their vigil on the green;
> One seems to guard and one to weep
> The dead that lie between."

In the suburbs of Cambridge, adjoining Charles River, is Boston's chief place of interment, Mount Auburn Cemetery, a romantic enclosure of hill and vale, covering one hundred and twenty-five acres, with a grand development of tombs and landscape. The tower upon the summit of the Mount gives a beautiful outlook over the winding Charles River valley and the Brookline, Brighton and West Roxbury villa and park districts beyond, the distant view being closed by the charming Blue Hills of Milton. In this cemetery are interred many of the famous men of Massachusetts, including Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Everett, Sumner, Motley, Choate, Quincy, Agassiz and Prescott.

The great Cambridge institution, however, is Harvard University, the oldest, largest and wealthiest seat of learning in America. In 1636 the Massachusetts Legislature founded a school at the "Newe Towne," voting £400 for the purpose, and in 1638

John Harvard, who had been for a short time a pastor in Charlestown, died at the age of thirty-one, and left to this school his library of two hundred and sixty volumes and half his estate, valued at about £800. Then the school was made a college and named Harvard, and the town was called Cambridge by the Legislature. The monument of the youthful patron is in Charlestown, and, cast in heroic bronze, he now sits in a capacious chair in front of the Harvard Memorial Hall. This great University far antedates its rival Yale at New Haven, for its first class was graduated in 1642, and in 1650 "The President and Fellows of Harvard College" were incorporated. In fact, Harvard was founded only ninety years later than the great College of English Cambridge—Emmanuel. John Harvard and Henry Dunster, who was the first President of Harvard, and several other prominent Boston colonists, had been students at Emmanuel, and thus from the older Puritan foundation came the younger, and it was natural to adopt for the town the name of the English University city. The first New England printing-press was set up in 1639 at Cambridge, and in the Riverside Press and the University Press of to-day it is succeeded by two renowned book-making establishments. Closely allied, in a scientific way, has also been at Cambridgeport for many years the works of Alvan Clark & Co., the noted makers of telescope lenses.

Harvard University has sent out many thousands of famous graduates, and Longfellow, Holmes and Lowell have been members of its faculty. It is liberally endowed, has ample grounds, and there are over sixty buildings devoted to the purposes of the University, the annual disbursements exceeding $1,000,000. Its government was formerly a strictly religious organization, most of the graduates becoming clergymen, but it was recently secularized so that no denominational religion is now insisted upon, and comparatively few graduates enter the pulpit. There are schools of law, medicine, dentistry, divinity, agriculture, the arts and sciences, all the learned professions being provided for, but everything is elective. In the various departments there are more than four thousand students, taught by about four hundred professors and instructors. It has some seven hundred acres of land, interest-bearing endowments exceeding $8,000,000, receives, besides, annual gifts sometimes reaching $400,000, and has a library of five hundred thousand volumes and almost as many pamphlets. Much attention is given outdoor sports and athletic training, Harvard having the finest gymnasium in the country, and an athletic field of twenty acres south of the river. Among the graduates have been two Presidents, John Adams and his son John Quincy Adams; also his grandson, Charles Francis Adams, William Ellery Channing, Edward Everett, George Bancroft, Jared Sparks, William H.

Prescott, Emerson, Holmes, Sumner, Lowell, Motley and Thoreau.

The University buildings are in the centre of the old city, enclosing two large quadrangles shaded by elms. Massachusetts Hall, the oldest building now standing, dates from 1720, Harvard Hall from 1766, and University Hall from 1815. The most elaborate modern building is the Memorial Hall, a splendid structure of brick and Nova Scotia stone, three hundred and ten feet long, having a cloister at one end and a massive tower at the other. This was erected in memory of the Harvard graduates who fell in the Civil War; and in the grand Vestibule which crosses the building like a transept, having a marble floor and rich vaulted ceiling of ash, and fine windows through which pours a mellowed light, there are tablets set in the arcaded sides bearing the names of the dead. Upon one side of this impressive Vestibule is the spacious Saunders Theatre, used for the commencements and public services, having as an adornment the statue of Josiah Quincy, a President of the College and long the Mayor of Boston. Upon the other side of the Vestibule is the college Great Hall, one hundred and sixty-four feet long and eighty feet high, with a splendid roof of open timber-work and magnificent windows. This is the refectory where a thousand students can dine, and in it centre the most hallowed memories of Harvard, portraits and busts of the distinguished graduates and bene-

factors adorning it, with the great western window in the afternoon throwing a flood of rich sunlight over the scene. Harvard has been patterned much after the original Cambridge, thus adding to the English vogue of many things seen about Boston. When Charles Dilke visited America he wrote of Harvard, "Our English Universities have not about them the classic repose, the air of study, which belongs to Cambridge, Massachusetts; our Cambridge comes nearest to her daughter-town, but even the English Cambridge has a breathing street or two, and a weekly market-day, while Cambridge in New England is one great academic grove, buried in a philosophic calm, which our universities cannot rival as long as men resort to them for other purposes than work." The people at Boston told Dilke, when he was here, that they spoke "the English of Elizabeth," and they heartily congratulated him at the same time upon using what they said was "very good English for an Englishman."

Adjoining Cambridge Common is Radcliffe College, for women, named in honor of the English Lady Anne Radcliffe, afterwards Lady Moulson, the first woman giving a scholarship to Harvard (in 1640). Some four hundred women receive instruction here from Harvard professors, and the graduates are granted the college degrees. Near by, in Brattle Street, is the Craigie House, dating from 1759, which was Washington's headquarters in 1775–6, and later, for

nearly a half century, was the home of Henry W. Longfellow, until he died in 1882. Longfellow was for twenty years Professor of Modern Languages in Harvard, being succeeded in 1854 by James Russell Lowell, whose home of Elmwood, an old colonial house, is farther out Brattle Street. Lowell was born in Cambridge in 1819, dying in 1891. Oliver Wendell Holmes was born in Cambridge in 1809, and being a skillful physician as well as a *litterateur*, he was Professor of Anatomy and Physiology at Harvard from 1847 till 1882. He resided in Boston on Beacon Street, dying in 1894. Margaret Fuller, the noted transcendentalist, was born in Cambridge in 1810, and after writing several books, and achieving fame as a linguist and conversationalist, she went abroad, marrying the Marquis d'Ossoli in Rome, and returning to New York, they were both lost by shipwreck at Fire Island in 1850.

LEXINGTON AND CONCORD.

Following up the Charles River, about ten miles west of Boston is Waltham, with twenty-two thousand people, noted for the works of the American Waltham Watch Company, the largest in the world, producing nearly six hundred thousand watches and movements in a year. The extensive factory buildings spread along the river, and there are also large cotton mills. General Nathaniel P. Banks was a native of Waltham. To the northward and about

twelve miles from Boston is the quiet village of Lexington, chiefly built on one long tree-shaded street, which terminates at its western end in a broad Green of about two acres, whereon a plain monument recalls the eight Revolutionary patriots killed there April 19, 1775. A handsome Memorial Hall of brick is built on the Green to commemorate the Lexington soldiers who fell in the Civil War. It also contains statues of John Hancock and Samuel Adams, and of the "Minute Man of 1775" and the "Volunteer of 1861."

The British commander in Boston, having learnt that the Massachusetts patriots had collected arms and military stores at Concord, about twenty miles northwest of Boston, on the night of April 18, 1775, despatched a force to destroy them, and incidentally to capture Hancock and Adams, who were at Lexington. The roads leading westward out of Boston were picketed to prevent news being carried of the expedition, but the signals from the old Christ Church on Copp's Hill enabled Paul Revere to start from Charlestown through Cambridge, and he made his rapid horseback ride, arriving by midnight at Lexington. The bells of the village churches rang out the alarm, signal-guns were fired, and messengers were sent in every direction to arouse the people. About five o'clock in the morning Major Pitcairn with six British companies arrived at Lexington, where the patriots, numbering about seventy, were drawn up in line on the

Green. Pitcairn rode forward and shouted "Disperse, ye rebels; throw down your arms and disperse!" They held their ground, and a volley was fired over their heads, when, not dispersing, a second volley was fired, killing eight and wounding ten men, the first blood shed in the American Revolution. The American commander, seeing resistance was useless, withdrew and dispersed his little band, some, as they retired, discharging their muskets at the British, three of the latter being wounded and Pitcairn's horse struck. Then the British made a rapid movement to Concord, and some of the military stores which had not been removed were found and destroyed. Meanwhile about four hundred Minute Men gathered near the North Bridge over Concord River, about a mile from the Common, and under orders they attacked and drove away the British infantry, who had been placed on guard there. As the morning advanced, the whole country became aroused, and armed patriots assembled from every direction, those of Lexington having rallied and placed themselves along the Concord road. The British commander was greatly alarmed and ordered a retreat. They marched back to Boston under a rattling fire, every house, barn and stone wall being picketed by patriot sharpshooters, so that the road was strewn with dead and dying British. Passing through Lexington, the British met reinforcements, but they were still pursued to Cambridge and Charlestown, the slaughter only ceasing when they had got

under protection of the guns of the fleet. The British loss was about two hundred and seventy, and the Americans lost one hundred. In Concord the British graves and the battle monuments are on one side of the historic bridge, and on the other is a fine bronze statue of the "Minute Man." This Concord fight was the first organized attack made by the Americans upon the British in the Revolution, thus beginning the patriot rebellion against British rule, as the Minute Men were acting under authority of the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts, assembled in Concord, and protecting their military stores.

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

Concord has about six thousand people, and is also famous for its literary history and associations. It is near the tranquil Concord River and the junction of the little Assabet and Sudbury Rivers, a pleasant tree-embowered quiet place of rural residence. Peter Bulkley, an English rector, who was oppressed by Archbishop Laud, fled to New England, and in 1636 buying of the Indians their domain of Musketaquid, founded the town and church of Concord, thus naming it because of its peaceful acquisition. In the nineteenth century it became noted as the home of some of the greatest men of letters in America. Near Concord bridge is an ancient gambrel-roofed house

built for Parson William Emerson in 1765, and from its windows he watched the fight. This is the "Old Manse" in which Ralph Waldo Emerson, himself once a clergyman, and descended from seven generations of clergymen, was born in 1803. Emerson was known as the "Sage of Concord," or, as Fredrika Bremer the novelist, who visited him there, described him, the "Sphinx in Concord," and was the head of the modern school of transcendental philosophy. He died in 1882. Nathaniel Hawthorne lived for awhile in the "Old Manse" at Concord, and there wrote his "Mosses from an Old Manse." The house was afterwards burnt. Hawthorne died in 1864. Both Emerson and Hawthorne are buried in the attractive little Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, Emerson's grave being marked by a large block of pink quartz. Henry D. Thoreau, the eccentric but profound scholar and naturalist, in 1845 built himself a hut on the shores of the sequestered Walden Pond near Concord, leading the life of a recluse, raising a few vegetables, and now and then, to get a little money, doing some work as carpenter or surveyor. He was profoundly skilled in Oriental and classic literature, and was an ardent naturalist, delighting in making long pedestrian excursions to the forests, lakes and ocean shores of New England. He never voted, nor paid a tax, nor entered a church for worship, and of himself he said, "I am as unfit for any practical purpose as gossamer is for ship-timber."

Emerson tells us that "Thoreau dedicated his genius with such entire love to the fields, hills and waters of his native town, that he made them known and interesting to all; he grew to be revered and admired by his townsmen, who had at first known him only as an oddity." Dying in 1862, he, too, is buried in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery. In the Orchard House in Concord lived the Alcotts, of whom Louisa M. Alcott, author of *Little Women*, is so widely known. Adjacent is the building used by the "Concord School of Philosophy," established in 1879 by A. Bronson Alcott. They also rest in the little Cemetery. Thus is Concord famed, and it has well been said of this historic old place that "it is dangerous to turn a corner suddenly for fear of running over some first-class saint, philosopher or sage."

THE MASSACHUSETTS NORTH SHORE.

The outer verge of Boston Harbor may be described as protected on the south by the long projection of Nantasket Beach, while on the northern side there comes out, as if to meet it, another curiously-formed peninsula, making the bluffs of Winthrop, and a strip beyond terminating in the rounded headland of Point Shirley. Deer Island, almost connected with the Point, stretches farther, and we were anciently told it was so called "because of the deare who often swim thither from the maine when they are chased by the wolves." All these places are pop-

ular resorts, and their odd formations assist in making the Boston surroundings picturesque. Some distance up the coast, and eleven miles from Boston, is the shoemaking city of Lynn, with seventy thousand people, the flourishing society of the "Knights of St. Crispin" ruling the shoemakers' "teams" and largely running the politics of the town. Most of the work is done by machinery, there being over two hundred factories, making more women's shoes than any other place in the country. The first colonists were brought by their pastor from Lynn-Regis, England, in 1629, and thus the town was named. It spreads broadly along the water-front, its attractive City Hall seen from afar, and many ornamental villas adorning the shore. Out beyond it, thrust into the sea, is the long, low and narrow sand-strip barely a hundred yards wide, leading for nearly four miles to Nahant. This is a most curious formation, the name meaning the "Lovers' Walk," a mass of rocks and soil at the outer end of the sand-strip covering nearly five hundred acres, and crowned with villas, the neat tower of a pretty white church rising on the highest part near the centre. The Bostonians have made Nahant, thus surrounded by the ocean, one of their most fashionable suburban sections, and it is popularly known as "Cold Roast Boston." This strange rocky promontory was originally bought from the Sagamore Poquanum for a suit of clothes, and it is now valued at over $10,-

000,000. Many are the poems written about this curious projection, and N. P. Willis says of it: "If you can imagine a buried Titan lying along the length of a continent, with one arm stretched out into the midst of the sea, the spot to which I would transport you, reader mine, would be, as it were, in the palm of the giant's hand." Invocations have been addressed to Nahant by Longfellow, Whittier and Mrs. Sigourney; there Longfellow wrote part of *Hiawatha*, Motley began his *Dutch Republic*, Prescott wrote his Spanish histories, and Agassiz composed *Brazil*.

The region beyond Lynn and Nahant is the famous Massachusetts "North Shore," stretching to the extremity of Cape Ann, a domain of villas and summer homes, pleasant sea-beaches, and brisk towns with interesting past history, now devoted largely to shoemaking and the fisheries. From Boston State House to the extremity of the Cape at Halibut Point, or the Land's End, is thirty-one miles, and Lucy Larcom thus attractively describes the route along the shore:

"You may ride in an hour or two, if you will,
From Halibut Point to Beacon Hill,
With the sea beside you all the way,
Through pleasant places that skirt the bay;
By Gloucester harbor and Beverley beach,
Salem's old steeples, Nahant's long reach,
Blue-bordered Swampscott, and Chelsea's wide
Marshes laid bare to the drenching tide,
With a glimpse of Saugus' spire in the west,
And Malden Hills in their dreamy rest."

Saugus, Lynn, Nahant, Swampscott, Salem and Marblehead were originally the Indian domains of Saugus, Naumkeag and Massabequash. Beyond Lynn, most of the coast has undergone a modern evolution from fishery stations to smart summer resorts; and here, around the swamps and marshes, abounding crags protrude, with many fine villas in another fashionable Boston suburb, Swampscott, as populous and almost as famous as Nahant, with huge hotels down by the seaside. Swampscott merges into Clifton, and then an uneven backbone of granite covering about six square miles is thrust into the ocean in the direction of Cape Ann, and is hedged about with rocky islets. On one side this granite peninsula forms Salem harbor, while on the other a miniature haven is made by a craggy appendage to the southeastward, attached to the main peninsula by a ligature of sand and shingle. The quaint old town of Marblehead occupies most of the surface, and the appendage is the modern yachtsmen's headquarters, Marblehead Neck. This is a very ancient place, dating back to the early seventeenth century, and was once pre-eminently nautical and the second port in Massachusetts; but the sailors and fishermen are missing, excepting those who man the summer yacht fleets, and the people, like so many other Massachusetts communities, have gone largely into shoemaking, the big shoe-factories being scattered about. The crooked narrow streets run

COTTON PICKING IN THE SOUTH

in all directions among and over the rocks, which appear everywhere and have gained the mastery. When George Whitefield, the preacher, visited Marblehead, he gazed in astonishment upon these superabundant rocks, and asked, in surprise, "Where do they bury their dead?" Out on the headland is the superannuated little Fort Sewall, once protecting the port and commanding both harbors, and though the walls are decaying, it is preserved as a memento of the past. Fine villas are all about, and the numerous islands add picturesqueness to the sea-view. Elbridge Gerry, of "Gerrymander" fame, was a native of Marblehead, and its hardy sailors formed most of the crew of the old ship "Constitution" when she fought and captured the "Guerriere," and afterwards the "Cyane" and "Levant." Marblehead was also the scene of "Skipper Ireson's Ride," which Whittier has made historic:

> "Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
> Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
> By the women of Marblehead!"

He had refused to take some of his townsmen off a drifting wreck, because it would cost too much to feed them on the way home.

SALEM AND THE WITCHES.

Westward of the Marblehead peninsula, there stretches into the mainland another noted haven of

the olden time, Salem harbor, dividing it into two arms, the North and South Rivers, having between them the town, chiefly built upon a peninsula about two miles long. This was the Indian domain of Naumkeag, a name preserved in many titles there, and meaning the "Eel-Land." It was the mother-colony on Massachusetts Bay, the first house being built in 1626, and old John Endicott having got a grant from Plymouth for the colony, he came out and founded the town two years afterwards, calling it Salem, "from the peace which they had and hoped in it." But despite this peacefulness, the people soon developed warlike tendencies. They scourged Philip Ratcliffe, and cut off his ears and banished him soon after the founding, for "blasphemy against the First Church," and when the port had got well under way, an annual trade statement showed imports of $110,000 in arms and cannon, against $90,000 in everything else. The "First Church," formed in 1629, was the earliest church organization in New England, and it still exists. There were then ten houses in the town, besides the Governor's house, which the early history describes as "garnished with great ordnance;" adding, "thus we doubt not that God will be with us, and if God be with us, who can be against us?" John Winthrop was here as Governor, briefly, in 1630, soon migrating to Shawmut, to found Boston for the capital of the colony. After the Revolution, Salem was the leading seaport of New

England; but its glory has departed, and the trade has gone to Boston. In 1785 it sent out the first American vessel that doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and during a half century afterwards it held almost a monopoly of the East India and China trade with the United States, having at one time fifty-four large ships thus engaged. The Salem ships also went to the Southern seas, Japan and Africa. This trade gave its people great wealth and influence, and it was said, about 1810, that a Salem merchant was then the largest shipowner in the world. But this has retired into the dim past, and now it is a restful city of about forty thousand people, its leading townsmen, the descendants of the merchants and captains, living in comfortable mansions surrounding the Common and along the quiet elm-shaded streets in the residential section. The rest of the population have gone into shoemaking and other manufactures.

George Peabody, the philanthropist, was the most noted citizen of Salem, born in the suburb of Danvers (since changed to Peabody) in 1795, and, dying in 1869, his remains rest in Harmony Grove Cemetery. In the Peabody Institute, which he founded in Danvers, is kept as a sacred relic Queen Victoria's portrait, her gift to him in recognition of his benefactions. General Putnam, Nathaniel Bowditch, William H. Prescott, the historian, W. W. Story, the sculptor, and Nathaniel Hawthorne, were natives of Salem. The East India Marine Hall is its most noted institu-

tion, a fine building filled with a remarkable Oriental collection, gathered in the many voyages made by Salem ships, and also having a valuable Natural History Museum, designed to show the development of animal life. In the Essex Institute are interesting historical paintings and relics, including the charter given by King Charles I. to the colony of Massachusetts Bay. Also, carefully kept near by, is the original "First Church," built in 1634 for the organization formed in 1629, and of which Roger Williams was the pastor before the Puritans banished him from the colony. When the enlarging congregation built a more spacious church, this quaint little house, with its high-pointed roof, diamond-paned windows and gallery, which is revered as the shrine of Salem, was removed to its present location. In Essex Street is also the old "Roger Williams House," a low-roofed structure with a little shop in front, his home for a brief period in 1635–36. This house has acquired additional fame as a relic of the witchcraft days, for in it was held the court trying some of the witches in 1692, who were afterwards taken to the gallows or Witch Hill, on the western verge of the town, to be put to death. The witchcraft delusion began in the Danvers suburb and soon overran most of New England, the prosecutions continuing more than a year. Nineteen proven witches were executed, while one, under the ancient English law, was pressed to death for standing mute when told to plead. Old Cotton

Mather, the historian and pastor, was a leader in the movement against the witches.

The North Shore, beyond Salem Harbor, stretches far along the rock-bound coast of Cape Ann. Here all the old fishing towns have become modern villa-studded summer resorts, picturesque and attractive in their newer development. Beverley, Manchester-by-the-Sea and Magnolia all have grand headlands and fine beaches. Beverley also has shoe-factories, and is proud of the memory of Nathan Dane, the eminent jurist, who named Dane Hall, the Harvard Law School. Manchester has the "Singing Beach," where the white sand, when stirred, emits a musical sound. Magnolia, on a rocky bluff, is adjoined by the attractive Crescent Beach, and has around it very fine woodland. To the eastward is Rafe's Chasm, sixty feet deep and only a few feet wide, and off shore, almost opposite, is the bleak reef of Norman's Woe. Inland is Wenham Lake, near Beverley, noted for its ice supply, upon which all these places depend, while beyond, the Ipswich River comes down through the pleasant town of Ipswich, covering both banks with houses, and flowing into Ipswich Bay north of the peninsula of Cape Ann. To the westward is Andover, where the thrifty Puritan Fathers, having bought the domain from the Indians "for twenty-six dollars and sixty-four cents and a coat," established the noted Andover Theological Seminary of the Congregational Church, where its ablest divines have been taught in

what has been called "the school of the prophets." Here, on "Andover Hill," abstruse theology has been the ruling influence and intense religious controversies have been waged, over three thousand clergymen having been graduated. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe lived here after publishing *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and is buried here. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps was born here, and wrote *Gates Ajar* in the venerable "Phelps House." The Seminary buildings, the local guide-book tells us, cause visitors to wonder "if orthodox angels have not lifted up old Harvard and Massachusetts Halls and carried them by night from Cambridge to Andover Hill." Ipswich, too, has a famous Seminary, but it is for the opposite sex. We are told that one reason for the popularity of Ipswich Female Seminary is that its location tends to softening the rigors of study, as this is the place "where Andover theological students are wont to take unto themselves wives of the daughters of the Puritans." The indented shore of Ipswich Bay was ancient Agawam, of which Captain John Smith, coasting along in 1614, recorded in his narrative that he saw "the many cornfields and delightful groves of Agawam." The fertile valley of Ipswich River is a veritable oasis among the rocks, moors and salt-marshes that environ it.

THE MERRIMACK RIVER.

Near the northern boundary of Massachusetts is the famous Merrimack River, flowing northeastward

into the Atlantic, and noted for the enormous water-powers it provides for the various mill-towns that line its banks. It is a vigorous stream, having frequent waterfalls and carrying a powerful current, the name appropriately meaning "the swift water." Oliver Wendell Holmes writes of it in *The School Boy:*

> "Do pilgrims find their way to Indian Ridge,
> Or journey onward to the far-off bridge,
> And bring to younger ears the story back
> Of the broad stream, the mighty Merrimack?"

The Merrimack drains the southern slopes of the White Mountains, and takes the outflow of Lake Winnipesaukee, a vast reservoir, the waters being regulated at its outlet to suit the wants of the mills below. It flows southward through New Hampshire into Massachusetts, turning northeast to the ocean. The river passes near Salisbury, where Daniel Webster was born in 1782; then, seventy-five miles northwest of Boston, comes to Concord, the capital of New Hampshire, which has a fine Capitol building and quarries of excellent granite; and eighteen miles below, it reaches Manchester, the chief city of New Hampshire, having sixty thousand people and many large mills owned by wealthy corporations. Here are the Amoskeag Falls (the Indian name meaning the "fishing-place"), the largest on the Merrimack, having fifty-five feet descent, and their water-power being utilized through two canals. The chief prod-

ucts are textile goods, locomotives and steam fire-engines. Eighteen miles farther southward the Nashua River comes up from the southwest, having passed the industrial town of Fitchburg on the way, and here at its confluence with the Merrimack is Nashua, another busy factory town. At Amherst, not far away, Horace Greeley was born in 1811. Crossing the boundary into Massachusetts, the river comes to the Pawtucket Falls, having thirty-two feet descent, and furnishing the water-power, twenty-six miles northwest of Boston, for the great mills of Lowell, the third city of Massachusetts, having a hundred thousand people, and spreading along the Merrimack at its confluence with Concord River, coming up from Concord Bridge of Revolutionary fame. The first mill was built at Lowell in 1823, and its industries have assumed a wide range and enormous output, though the operatives are nearly all French Canadians, and the language heard in this once Yankee mill-town is now mainly French. The Merrimack, having turned northeast, next comes to Lawrence, where it descends rapids of twenty-eight feet in the course of a half-mile. Here the Lawrence family, of which the noted Abbott Lawrence was the chief, established a town of cotton and woollen mills, utilizing the rapids by constructing a huge dam nine hundred feet long and thirty feet high, in 1845, at a cost of $250,000. Here are the great Pacific Mills, among the largest textile works in the world, and the

city has over sixty thousand inhabitants. Nine miles farther down the river is Haverhill, another manufacturing town, with forty thousand people, largely engaged in shoemaking. The poet John G. Whittier was born in 1807 near Lake Kenoza, the scene of his *Snowbound*, on the northeastern verge of Haverhill.

Below Haverhill the Merrimack is a navigable, tidal stream, broadening into a spacious harbor at its mouth in the town of Newbury, where the "ancient sea-blown city" of Newburyport is built on the southern shore, while five miles to the westward, on the Pow-wow River, is Amesbury, long the home of Whittier, who died in 1892, after having celebrated this whole region in his poems. His house is maintained as a memorial. Newburyport long since turned its attention from commerce to making shoes and other manufactures, and it now has about eighteen thousand population. Its splendid High Street, upon the crest of the ridge, one of the noted tree-embowered highways of New England, stretches several miles parallel to the river, down towards the sea, bordered by the stately mansions of the olden time. The Merrimack sweeps grandly along in front of them with a broad curve to the ocean, three miles below. The Newburyport Marine Museum contains foreign curiosities brought home by the old-time sea captains, and the Public Library, endowed by George Peabody, occupies an impressive colonial mansion,

which has been flavored by the entertainment of Generals Washington and Lafayette. The Old South Presbyterian Church has the body of the famous preacher George Whitefield, who died in Newburyport in 1770, interred in a vault under the pulpit. In a little wooden house behind this church, William Lloyd Garrison, the Abolitionist, was born in 1805. Caleb Cushing the jurist and John B. Gough the temperance lecturer lived in Newburyport: but its resident who probably achieved the greatest notoriety in his day was "Lord" Timothy Dexter, an eccentric merchant of the eighteenth century, who made a large fortune by singular ventures, among them shipping a cargo of warming-pans to the West Indies, where they were sold to the planters at a stiff profit for boiling sugar.

Whittier's home was on the Merrimack, and he has written for the river a noble invocation:

"Stream of my fathers! sweetly still
The sunset rays thy valley fill;
Poured slantwise down the long defile,
Wave, wood, and spire beneath them smile.

"Centuries ago, that harbor bar,
Stretching its length of foam afar,
And Salisbury's beach of shining sand,
And yonder island's wave-smoothed strand,
Saw the adventurer's tiny sail
Flit, stooping from the eastern gale;
And o'er these woods and waters broke
The cheer from Britain's hearts of oak,

As, brightly on the voyager's eye,
Weary of forest, sea and sky,
Breaking the dull continuous wood,
The Merrimack rolled down his flood.

"Home of my fathers! I have stood
Where Hudson rolled his lordly flood:
Seen sunrise rest and sunset fade
Along his frowning Palisade;
Looked down the Appalachian peak,
On Juniata's silver streak;
Have seen along his valley gleam
The Mohawk's softly winding stream;
The level light of sunset shine
Through broad Potomac's hem of pine;
And autumn's rainbow-tinted banner
Hang lightly o'er the Susquehanna;
Yet wheresoe'er his step might be,
Thy wandering child looked back to thee:
Heard in his dreams thy river's sound
Of murmuring on its pebbly bound,
The unforgotten swell and roar
Of waves on thy familiar shore."

THE BRIDAL OF PENNACOOK.

It was in the valley of the Merrimack that Whittier located the scene of his famous poem, the "Bridal of Pennacook." This American epic tells—

"A story of the marriage of the chief
Of Saugus to the dusky Weetamoo,
Daughter of Passaconaway, who dwelt
In the old time upon the Merrimack."

Winnepurkit was the son of Nanapashemet, or the New Moon, and was the Sagamore of Saugus, Naum-

keag, and the adjoining domain. He was of noble blood and valor, and for his bride chose the daughter of Passaconaway, the great chief, ruling all the tribes in the Merrimack Valley, who lived at Pennacook, now Concord. Not only was Passaconaway a mighty chief, but he was also the greatest Powah or wizard of his time, the colonial annalists gravely telling that he could make trees dance, waters burn, and green leaves grow in winter, through his necromancy. When Winnepurkit married this wizard's daughter, great was the feasting at this "Bridal of Pennacook." Then Passaconaway caused a select party of warriors to escort his daughter to her husband's home at Saugus, where they received princely entertainment. Not long afterwards the bride expressed a wish to again see her father and her home at Pennacook, whereupon her husband sent her thither, escorted by a trusty band, who were graciously received and rewarded. After some time Weetamoo desired to return to Saugus, and her father sent word of this to his son-in-law by messengers, requesting that a suitable guard be provided to escort her down. But Winnepurkit liked not this method, and bade the messengers return with this reply, "That when his wife departed from him he caused his own men to wait upon her to her father's territories, as did become him; but now that she had an intent to return, it did become her father to send her back with a convoy of his own people, and that it stood not with

Winnepurkit's reputation either to make himself or his men so servile as to fetch her again." This reply, as may be imagined, ruffled the old chief, and he sent a sharp answer "That his daughter's blood and birth deserved more respect than to be slighted in such a manner, and therefore, if Winnepurkit would have her company, he were best to send or come for her." Neither would yield the point of Indian etiquette, and the colonial narrator leaves it to be inferred that she then remained with her father, though it is supposed she subsequently rejoined her husband. The poet has made good use of the story, illustrating the scenery of the region with great felicity, but giving the tale a highly dramatic ending. Whittier makes the heart-broken bride, in her effort to return to her husband, launch her canoe upon the swollen Merrimack above the falls at Amoskeag when a spring freshet was bringing down masses of ice :

"Down the vexed centre of that rushing tide,
The thick, huge ice-blocks threatening either side,
The foam-white rocks of Amoskeag in view,
With arrowy swiftness sped that light canoe.

"Sick and aweary of her lonely life,
Heedless of peril, the still faithful wife
Had left her mother's grave, her father's door,
To seek the wigwam of her chief once more !

"Down the white rapids, like a sere leaf whirled,
On the sharp rocks and piled-up ices hurled,
Empty and broken, circled the canoe,
In the vexed pool below—but where was Weetamoo ?"

CAPE ANN.

Out in front of the region we have been describing projects the famous "ridge of rocks and roses," the gaunt headland of Cape Ann. This is a ponderous mass of hornblende granite, advanced forward twelve to fifteen miles into the ocean, with Thatcher's Island beyond, on which are the twin lighthouses that guard the mariner, forty-two miles north of the Highland Light on Cape Cod. The granite hills of the iron-bound headland are fringed with forests, while jagged reefs and rocky islets surround it, against which the sea beats in perpetual warfare. The surface is strewn with boulders, many of large size, and beds of the finest white sand are interspersed. The Indians called this promontory Wingaersheek, and when Captain John Smith came along he named it Cape Tragabizonda, in memory of a Moslem princess who had befriended him when a prisoner in Constantinople, also calling three small islands off the cape the "Three Turks' Heads." But King Charles I. would have none of this, however, and called the headland Cape Ann, after his royal mother, and thus it has remained. The haven on the southern side, Gloucester harbor, was early sought as a fishing station, being known in 1624, and it received its name in 1642, most of the early settlers coming from Gloucester in England. Champlain found it a safe harbor when in peril, and writes of it

as "Le Beau Port." In August, 1892, this famous fishery port celebrated its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary with great fervor.

The prosperity of Gloucester has come from the fisheries, it being the greatest cod and mackerel port in America, and having the most extensive fleet of fishing-boats in the world, exceeding six hundred, employing over six thousand men. The population approximates thirty thousand, and it is said their earnings on the fishery product are over $4,000,000 annually. The earliest form of the Cape Ann fishing-smack was known as the "Chebacco," two-masted, cat-rigged, and of ten or twelve tons, made sharp at both ends, and getting the name from the first place of building, Chebacco Parish, in Ipswich, adjoining the Cape. From this was developed the popular American build of vessel known as the schooner, the first one being launched at Gloucester in 1713. After sliding down the launching-ways, she so gracefully glided out upon the water that a bystander exclaimed in admiration, "See how she schoons!" and thus was she unexpectedly named, for a "schooner" has that style of vessel been ever since called. Gloucester surrounds its spacious harbor as a broad crescent, having Ten Pound Island in front sentinelling the entrance to the inner haven, so named because that was the price said to have been paid the Indians for it. The deeply indented harbor opens towards the southwest, being protected from the ocean by the

long peninsula of Eastern Point, having a fort and lighthouse on its extremity. Some seventy wharves jut out from the circular head of the bay, with granite hills rising behind, up which the town is terraced. Shipping of all kinds are scattered about, including large salt-laden ships, while fishermen and sailors wander through the streets and assemble around the docks, spinning yarns and preparing for fishing ventures out to the "Banks." The odd old town around the harbor has seen little change for years, but the newer portions are greatly improved, having many imposing buildings, including a fine City Hall. The numerous churches have gained for it the title of "Many-spired Gloucester," and no place could disclose more picturesque sea views.

But the fishery interest pervades the whole town, dwarfing everything else. The main street winds about the head of the harbor, bending with the sinuosities of the shore, and from it other streets, without much regularity, go down to the wharves. Fishing-boats are everywhere, with new ones building, and on most of the open spaces are "cod-flakes," or drying-places, where the fish are piled when first landed, preparatory to being cut up and packed in the extensive packing-houses adjoining the wharves. Here many hundreds are employed in preparing the fish for market, both men and women working. The best fish are either packed whole or cut into squares, so they may be pressed by machinery into what are

known as "cod-bricks," one and two-pound bricks being put into forty-pound boxes for shipment. When packed whole, the best fish are known as "white clover," in this stage of what is called the fishery "haymaking." This fish-packing is an enormous industry, and the Gloucester product goes to all parts of the world. But the fishery has its sombre side; the vessels are small, rarely over one hundred tons, and the crews are numerous, so that wrecks and loss of life are frequent. Often a tremendous storm will destroy a whole fleet on the "Banks," with no tidings ever received; and scarcely a family exists in Gloucester or its neighborhood that has not lost a member at sea. Sometimes the badges of mourning are universal.

An enormous development of rocks and boulders is seen everywhere in and around Gloucester. The houses are built upon rocks, the sea beats against rocks; but though excellent building-material is here, the houses are mostly of wood throughout the whole Cape Ann district. There is almost universally an ocean outlook over a sea of deepest blue. The outer extremity of the harbor to the westward is a long granite ridge ending in the popular watering-place of Magnolia Point. Down on the Eastern Point, alongside its terminating lighthouse, is a curious granitic formation, the rocks reproducing an elderly dame with muffled form and apron, known as "Mother Ann," this rude image being locally regarded as rep-

resenting, in the eternal granite, the lady who named the Cape, the royal mother of King Charles I. The white flashing light upon Ten Pound Island between them is said to have for one of its chief duties the guiding of the mariner past the treacherous reefs of Norman's Woe, just west of the harbor entrance, which Longfellow has immortalized in his poem *The Wreck of the Hesperus*. One "Goodman Norman" and his son were among the first settlers near there, and hence the name, but no record is found as to the "Woe" he may have had. Neither is it known that any wreck ever occurred on this famous reef. In the winter of 1839 a terrific storm caused many disasters around Cape Ann, and forty dead bodies, one being a woman lashed to a spar, were washed on the Gloucester shore. Longfellow read in a newspaper the story of these wrecks and the horrible details, one of the vessels being named the "Hesperus," and he somewhere saw a reference to "Norman's Woe." This name so impressed him that he determined to write a ballad on the wrecks. Late one night, as he sat by the fireside smoking his pipe, he conjured up the vivid scene and wrote the ballad. He retired to bed, but, as he relates, it was not to sleep; new thoughts crowded his mind, and he rose and added them to the ballad, and at three o'clock in the morning had finished his immortal poem. There was no such wreck at the place, but his genius has associated it with the iron-bound coast of Cape Ann,

and Norman's Woe is a monument consecrated to one of America's greatest poets.

"It was the schooner Hesperus
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter
To bear him company.

"And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

"She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks they gored her sides
Like the horns of an angry bull.

"Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

"At daybreak on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

"The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

"Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this
On the reef of Norman's Woe!"

THE LAND'S END.

The impressive scenery and bold picturesqueness all about attract many artists, who haunt the rocks and sea views of Cape Ann. The whole district is full of summer-homes, with flower-gardens and shrubbery amid the rocks and boulders, and the cliffs and ocean presenting an endless variety of changing scenery. The outer extremity of the Cape, long called Halibut Point, has been modernized into the Land's End, thus being rightly named as the termination of the great Massachusetts granite ridge, which falls away sharply into the sea. Upon the one hand Pigeon Cove, with its adjacent Sandy Bay, indents the rocky buttress, while upon the other side is Whale Cove. Just off the Land's End is the noted Thatcher's Island, low-lying on the sea, elongated, narrow and barren, with its tall twin lighthouses, and having nearby, in front of Whale Cove, the diminutive Milk Island. To the northward, off Pigeon Cove, is another barren rock surmounted by a lighthouse, Straitsmouth Island. These three outlying islands were the "Three Turks' Heads," as originally named by Captain John Smith. Thatcher's Island has about eighty acres of mainly gravelly surface strewn with boulders, being named from Anthony Thatcher's shipwreck there in 1635 in the most awful tempest known to colonial New England. Rockport is a town of quarries extended around

Sandy Bay, protected by breakwaters, behind which vessels come to load stone almost alongside the quarry. Pigeon Cove is the port for shipping stone taken out of Pigeon Hill, where the granite ridge is humped up into a grand eminence. Lanesville, to the north, is another large exporter of paving-blocks and building-stone. Alongside is Folly Point, guarding Folly Cove, at the northeastern extremity of the Cape, and to the westward are the villages of Bay View and Annisquam, with more quarries, and having, not far away, flowing out to Ipswich Bay through a lovely valley in the very heart of the Cape, the attractive little Squam River. The people of Cape Ann outside of Gloucester are almost all quarrymen, their product, largely paving-blocks, being shipped to all the seaboard cities. So extensive is this trade that it is difficult to decide which now brings the district most profit, the granite or the fish. There is no doubt, however, that the greatest fame of this celebrated Cape comes from its fisheries and the venturesome men who make them so successful. Edmund Burke, in the British House of Commons, in 1774, thus spoke of these Massachusetts fishermen: "No sea but what is vexed by their fisheries; no climate that is not witness of their toils; neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise, ever carried their most perilous mode of hardy industry to the extent to which it has

been pursued by this recent people—a people who are yet in the gristle, and not yet hardened into manhood."

For three centuries, almost, this perilous trade has been carried on, and they are fully as daring and even more enterprising now than in the colonial days. Thus Whittier describes them:

"Wild are the waves which lash the reefs along St. George's Bank,
Cold on the shore of Labrador the fog lies white and dank;
Through storm and wave and blinding mist, stout are the hearts which man
The fishing-smacks of Marblehead, the sea-boats of Cape Ann.

"The cold North light and wintry sun glare on their icy forms
Bent grimly o'er their straining lines, or wrestling with the storms;
Free as the winds they drive before, rough as the waves they roam,
They laugh to scorn the slaver's threat against their rocky home."

THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF NARRAGANSETT.

XVI.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF NARRAGANSETT.

The State of Rhode Island—Narragansett Bay—Point Judith—Aquidneck—Conanicut Island—Jamestown—Beaver Tail Light—Patience, Hope and Despair Islands—The Starved Goat—Durfee Hill—Narragansett Indians—Canonicus—Miantonomoh—The Narragansett Fort Fight—Uncas—Norwich—Sachem's Plain—Nanuntenо—Yantic Falls—Narragansett Pier—Commodore Perry—Stuart the Artist—Wickford—Clams—Rocky Point—Blackstone River—Seeconk River—Vinland—Roger Williams—What Cheer Rock—Providence—General Burnside—Malbone's Masterpiece—Brown University—Pawtucket—Samuel Slater—Central and Valley Falls—William Blackstone—Study Hill—Woonsocket—Worcester—George Bancroft—Lake Quinsigamond—Ware—Mount Hope Bay—The Vikings—Taunton Great River—Bristol Neck—Taunton—Dighton Rock—The Skeleton in Armor—Bristol—Mount Hope—King Philip—Last of the Wampanoags—Massasoit—Death of Philip—Fall River—Watuppa Ponds—Newport—Brenton's Point—Fort Adams—William Coddington—Bishop Berkeley—The Cliff Walk—Newport Cottages—The Casino—Bellevue Avenue—Judah Touro—Touro Park—The Old Stone Mill—Buzzard's Bay—Acushnet River—New Bedford—The Whale Fishery—Clark's Point—Fort Taber—Nonquitt—Vineyard Sound—Bartholomew Gosnold—No Man's Land—Elizabeth Islands—Cuttyhunk—Sakonnet Point—Hen and Chickens—Sow and Pigs—Gay Head—Naushon—Penikese—Nashawena—Pasque Island—James Bowdoin—Wood's Holl—Martha's Vineyard—Vineyard Haven—Thomas Mayhew—Cottage City—Edgartown—Chappaquaddick Island—Cape Poge—Nantucket—Manshope—Thomas Macy—Wesco—Whaling—Nantucket Sound—Nantucket Shoals—Nantucket Town—Siasconset—Wrecks.

THE STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

Narragansett Bay is one of the finest harbors on the New England coast. It stretches thirty miles inland, the rivers emptying into it making the water-power for the numerous and extensive textile factories of Rhode Island, which embraces the shores surrounding and the islands within the bay. It opens broadly, having beautiful shores, lined with pleasant beaches which dissolve into low cliffs and water-worn crags; for the character of the coast gradually changes from the sandy borders of Long Island Sound to the rocks of New England. Its western boundary, stretching far out into the sea, is the famous Point Judith, a long, low, narrow and protruding sandspit thrust into the Atlantic, a headland dreaded by the traveller, to whom "rounding Point Judith" and its brilliant flashing beacon, thus changing the course over the long ocean swells, when voyaging upon a Sound steamer, means a great deal in the way of tribute to Neptune. This headland was always feared by the mariner, and we are romantically told that in the colonial days a storm-tossed vessel was driven in towards this shore, her anxious skipper at the wheel, when suddenly his bright-eyed daughter, Judith, called out, "Land, father, I see the land!" His dim vision not discerning it, he shouted, "Where away? Point, Judith, point!" She pointed; he was warned; and quickly

changing the course, escaped disaster. This story was often repeated, so that in time the sailors gave her name to the headland. It is an interesting tale, but there are people, more prosaic, who insist that the Point was really named after Judith Quincy, wife of John Hull, the coiner of the ancient "pine-tree shillings," who bought the land there from the Indians. But, however named, and whoever the sponsor, Judith is usually well-remembered by those circumnavigating the dreaded Point.

Within Narragansett Bay, the chief island is Aquidneck, or Rhode Island, about fifteen miles long and of much fertility, having the best farm land in New England, and at the southern end the noted watering-place of Newport. This island furnishes the first half of the long official title of the little State—"Rhode Island and Providence Plantations." The memory of the old Narragansett chieftain, Canonicus, is preserved in Conanicut Island, west of Rhode Island, and seven miles long, there being between the two islands the capacious anchorage-ground of Newport Harbor. This island in 1678 was named Jamestown in honor of King James, and at its southern end, near the ruins of an old British fort, is the famous Beaver Tail Light, the guide into Newport harbor, the oldest lighthouse in America, dating from 1667. Roger Williams, who founded the "Providence Plantations," distributed various names to the other islands, several of them now

popular resorts, among these titles, which represent the varying phases of his early emotions, being Prudence, Patience, Hope and Despair, while some later colonists with different ideas, evidently named Dutch Island, Hog Island, and the Starved Goat. Rhode Island is the smallest State in the Union, though among the first in manufactures, and in wealth proportionately to population. It has barely twelve hundred square miles of surface, of which more than one-eighth is water, and the highest land, Durfee Hill, is elevated only eight hundred feet.

THE LAND OF THE NARRAGANSETTS.

The region back of Point Judith and around Narragansett Bay was the home of the Narragansett Indians, who were early made, by Roger Williams, the friends of the white man. When the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, there were said to be thirty thousand of them, but they were afterwards wasted by pestilence, and when Williams fled to Providence and was received by them, he said they had twelve towns within twenty miles, and five thousand warriors. They fought the Pequots, to the westward, but were friendly with the tribes of Massachusetts, to which they really gave the name, for, living in a comparatively flat country, they described these tribes as belonging "near the great hills or mountains," which is the literal meaning of the word, they telling Williams it meant the many hills of that State, including

the "blue hills of Milton." Canonicus and Miantonomoh were the great chiefs of the Narragansetts, described by the early colonists as wise, brave and magnanimous. The former made the grant of the lands at Providence to Roger Williams, and was his firm friend. The latter, the nephew and successor of Canonicus, joined the Puritans under Mason at Pequot Hill in the attack and defeat of the Pequots. In their original theology they looked forward to a mystic realm in the far southwest where the gods and pure spirits dwelt, while the souls of murderers, thieves and liars were doomed forever to wander abroad. Their friendship with the whites ended in 1675, however, when King Philip incited them to join in his war, and the colonists attacked them on a hill in a pine and cedar swamp near Kingston, west of Narragansett Bay, where scanty remains still exist of their fortifications. It was in December, amid the winter snows, and after a furious struggle their wigwams were fired, and in the most blinding confusion a band of warriors dashed out and covered the retreat of fully three thousand of their people, leaving the whites in possession. Both sides had heavy losses, but the result was the scattering and final annihilation of the tribe. This was the famous "Fort Fight in Narragansett," of which the memorial of the Connecticut Legislature says, "The bitter cold, the tarled swamp, the tedious march, the strong fort, the numerous and stubborn enemy they

contended with for their God, King and country, be their trophies over death."

To the westward, beyond the Rhode Island border, lived Uncas, the enemy of Miantonomoh. His domain extended to the river Thames, and he had been a chief of the Pequots, who revolted in 1634 against the Sachem Sassacus and joined the Mohicans, being chosen their chief sachem. He was friendly to the colonists, and by sagacious alliances with them increased the power of his tribe, which had previously been in a relatively subordinate position. He helped defeat the Pequots, and became so strong that he was described as the "most powerful and prosperous prince in New England." He sold the shores of the Thames River to the whites, reserving a small tract on the river bank, and in 1660 disposed of the present site of Norwich, Connecticut, to a nomadic church from Saybrook, for £70. He held his people friendly to the colonists, even in King Philip's war, frequently visited their capitals at Hartford and Boston, and after reigning nearly fifty years, died in 1683. He is described as crafty, cruel and rapacious, but, as the head of a savage people, far-sighted and sagacious; skillful and fearless as a military leader. His holding aloof from the Indian alliances adverse to the colonists and fighting with the whites against the powerful hostile tribes, are regarded as having really saved colonial New England. His quarrel with Miantonomoh resulted in the battle of Sachem's Plain, on the

outskirts of Norwich, in 1643. This was then a Mohican village, and Miantonomoh marched to attack it with nine hundred Narragansetts, Uncas defending with five hundred warriors. By a preconcerted plan, Uncas invited him to a parley, and while it was going on, and the Narragansetts were off their guard, the Mohicans made a sudden onslaught, defeating and pursuing them for a long distance. Hundreds of the Narragansetts were slain, and Miantonomoh, being captured, was taken prisoner to the English at Hartford. He was ultimately surrendered back to Uncas, who took him again to the Sachem's Plain, where he was put to death, the historian says, "by the advice and consent of the English magistrates and elders." A monument marks the place of execution, inscribed "Miantonomoh, 1643." His son, Nanunteno, who succeeded, led the tribe into King Philip's war, as he hated the colonists, and being captured, he declined to treat with them for a pardon, saying, when threatened with death, "I like it well; I shall die before my heart is soft or I have spoken anything unworthy of myself," whereupon he was shot. He was "acting herein," says old Cotton Mather, "as if, by a Pythagorean metempsychosis, some old Roman ghost had possessed the body of this Western Pagan, like Attilius Regulus."

A few miles south of Norwich is the ancient fortress of Uncas on a hill, and a handful of weak half-breeds are all that remain of his famous people. In

the city, on Sachem Street, near the Yantic Falls, is a little cemetery in a cluster of pine trees. This, centuries ago, was the burial-place of the Mohican chiefs, and the whole line of sachems is here interred, down to the last of them, Mazeen, buried in 1826 in the presence of a small remnant of the tribe. Ancient stones mark their graves, and in the centre is an obelisk in memory of Uncas, of which President Andrew Jackson laid the foundation-stone. The Yantic and Shetucket Rivers unite at Norwich to form the Thames, and the town has arisen around their admirable water-powers, which serve many mills. The city has about twenty thousand people, being in a beautiful situation between and on the acclivities adjoining the two rivers. The praises of the Yantic Falls were sung by Mrs. Sigourney and others, but their glory has departed, for the stream has been diverted into another channel, leaving a deep cutting in the hard rock, the bottom filled with curiously-piled and water-worn boulders.

ASCENDING NARRAGANSETT BAY.

On the western shore of Narragansett Bay, just inside of Point Judith, stood the little fishing village of Narragansett Pier, originally named from its ancient, sea-battered and ruined pier, built for a breakwater in early times, which has since become one of the most fashionable New England coast resorts, having many large hotels spreading in impos-

ing array along the shore. The smooth sands of its bathing-beach look out upon Newport far over the bay and behind Conanicut Island in front. Upon the southern border of this beach there are precipitous cliffs against which the Atlantic Ocean breakers dash, the last rocks on the coast of the United States until the Florida reefs are reached. The famous Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry was a native of this town, born in 1785, a midshipman in the war with Tripoli, and the victor in the naval battle on Lake Erie in 1813. His brother, Commodore M. C. Perry, born in Newport in 1794, commanded the noted expedition to Japan in 1852–54, and concluded the treaty with that country, cementing the friendly relations with the United States ever since existing. The celebrated portrait painter Gilbert Stuart was also a native of this place, born in 1755, his portrait of Washington being regarded as the best existing. The western shores of the bay north of the Pier are lined with coast resorts. Here is quaint old Wickford, on Coweset Bay, which has a ferry twelve miles across to Newport, and still exhibits the "Rolling Rock," where Canonicus and Roger Williams are said to have signed their compact, and the old Blockhouse built for a defense in 1641. Farther northward is the ancient Shawomet, whither Samuel Gorton came, changing its name to Old Warwick in honor of his friend and patron, the Earl of Warwick. It appears that Gorton, a layman, who had a penchant

for theological disputation, made himself obnoxious to the Plymouth Puritans in the early colonial time, and they banished him in 1637. He went to Newport and expressed his opinions too freely, and was banished thence in 1641. Wandering to Providence, he was driven from there to Cranston, nearby, the next year, and again expelled from Cranston a few months later, and he finally settled at Shawomet. But they still pursued him, and in 1643 a detachment of troops came from Boston and took him and ten others back as prisoners, and they were tried and sentenced as "damnable heretics" to banishment from America. Gorton sought Warwick's protection, and the Earl sent him back to Shawomet, where he lived undisturbed, but, after changing its name, spent the rest of his life in publishing pamphlets attacking Massachusetts and Rhode Island, among them being the "Antidote Against Pharisaic Teachers" and "Simplicitie's Defence against Seven-Headed Policy." The next thing of note occurring in Warwick was the disfranchisement, in 1652, of the clerk of the unfortunate town on seven charges: first, calling the officers of the town rogues and thieves; second, calling all the town rogues and thieves; third, threatening to kill all the mares in town, etc. In 1676 the Indians attacked and burnt it, and since, it has had little history. General Greene was a native of Warwick, born in 1742.

In sailing up Narragansett Bay, one is struck with

the universality of the prolific crop of these waters,—the clam. Many of the inhabitants seem to spend much of their time gathering them; men and boys in boats are dredging all the coves and shallows for the clams, seizing enormous numbers by the skillful use of their handy double rakes. These people are proud of their home institution, the Rhode Island "clam-bake," which is a main-stay of all the shore resorts, and is considered a connecting link, binding them to the Narragansetts, who originated it. To properly conduct the "clam-bake" a wood fire is built in the open air, upon a layer of large stones, and when these are sufficiently heated, the embers and ashes are swept off, the hot stones covered with sea-weed, and clams in the shells, with other delicacies, put upon it, being enveloped by masses of sea-weed and sail-cloths to keep in the steam. The clams are thus baked by the heated stones, and steamed and seasoned by the moisture from the salt sea-weed. The coverings are then removed, the clams opened, and the feasting begins. With appetite whetted by the delicious breezes coming over the bright waters of the bay, the meal is relished beyond description. There are millions of clams thus consumed, but their growth is enormous, and the supply seems perennial. The chief of these places is Rocky Point, a forest-covered promontory, the favorite resort of the population of the Rhode Island capital, where the "clam-bakes" have acquired great fame.

ROGER WILLIAMS.

There flows southeastward out of Massachusetts the Blackstone River into Rhode Island, and going over Pawtucket Falls it then becomes for a brief space the Pawtucket River, and finally, at its mouth, the Seeconk River, making part of Providence harbor and one of the heads of Narragansett Bay. The shores of this river swarm with industrial operatives, for its valley is one of the greatest regions of textile mills in the world, and half the people of Rhode Island live in the chief city on its banks, Providence. Nine centuries ago the Norsemen are said to have sailed up into this region, which they called Vinland, but the first settlement was not made until 1636. The brave and pious Welshman, Roger Williams, the heretical Salem preacher whom the Puritans in 1635 banished from Massachusetts, went afoot through the forest to the Seeconk Plains along the lower Blackstone River, and halting there, lived with the Narragansetts, who were always his firm friends. But the wrathful Puritans would not long permit this, and ordered him to move on, so that in the spring of 1636, with five companions, he embarked in a log canoe and floated down the Seeconk River, his movements being watched by Indian groups upon the banks. He crossed over the stream finally, and landed on what has since been called "What Cheer Rock," on the eastern edge of Providence, thus

named because, when Williams stepped ashore, some of the Indians saluted him with the pleasant greeting, "What cheer, Notop?" (friend)—words that are still carefully preserved throughout Providence and the State in the names of banks, buildings, and various associations. He regarded this as a decidedly good omen, and started a settlement, calling it Providence, "in grateful acknowledgment of God's merciful providence to him in his distress." His exalted piety was beyond question, and not only is the religious spirit in which the city was founded indicated by its name, but even in the titles of the streets are incorporated the cardinal virtues and the higher emotions, as in Joy Street, Faith Street, Happy Street, Hope Street, Friendship Street, Benefit Street, Benevolent Street, and many more. We are told that his early colonists adopted the Indian foods, such as parched corn, which the aborigines called "anhuminea," from which has come the name of hominy, and the famous Narragansett mixture of corn and beans, the "m'sickquatash," which has become succotash.

Roger Williams in Rhode Island, in 1639, became a Baptist, and the "Society of the First Baptist Church," which he founded that year in Providence, claims to be the oldest Baptist organization in America. But Williams seems to have been somewhat unstable, for he only remained with this church as pastor four years, then withdrawing, as he had

grave doubts of the validity of his own baptism. It appears that when this church was started, a layman, Ezekiel Holliman, first baptized Williams, and then Williams baptized Holliman and the others. When he withdrew, it was not only from the pastoral relation, but he ceased worshipping with the brethren, and his conscientious scruples finally brought him to the conclusion that there is "no regularly constituted church on earth, nor any person authorized to administer any church ordinance, nor could there be until new apostles were sent by the great Head of the Church, for whose coming he was seeking." During many years thereafter he held his religious meetings in a grove. This venerable Baptist society which Roger Williams founded built a new church in 1726, and in its honor they had a "grand dinner." The elaborate banquet of those primitive days consisted of the whole congregation dining upon one sheep, one pound of butter, two loaves of bread, and a peck of peas, at a cost of twenty-seven shillings. Their white wooden church, with its surmounting steeple, overlooks the city from a slope rising above Providence River.

THE CITY OF PROVIDENCE.

Providence is beautifully situated on the hills at the head of Narragansett Bay, and its centre is a fine new Union Railway Station, completed in 1897. Near by is the massive City Hall, one of the chief

public buildings in Rhode Island, a granite structure costing $1,500,000. In high relief upon its front is a medallion bust of the founder of the little State, Roger Williams, wearing the typical sugar-loaf hat. A feature of this impressive building is the magnificent stair-hall, lighted from above; and from the surmounting tower there is a wide view over the city and suburbs, and far down the bay towards the ocean. In front is the public square, with a stately Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument of blue Westerly granite, bearing the names of nearly seventeen hundred men of Rhode Island who fell in the Civil War, and guarded by well-executed bronze statues representing the different arms of the service. Facing it is a statue in heroic bronze of the Rhode Island General Burnside, who died in 1881. These works are artistic, but the priceless art gem in Providence is the exquisite little picture of "The Hours," painted on a sheet of ivory six by seven inches, in London, by the great portrait and miniature painter, Edward Greene Malbone, of Newport—the three Grecian nymphs, Eunomia, Dice and Irene, representing the Past, Present and Future. The President of the Royal Academy said of it, "I have seen a picture, painted by a young man of the name of Malbone, which no man in England could excel." This is his masterpiece, one of the most admired paintings in America, and is kept carefully in the Athenæum (to which it was presented by a public subscription in

1853), a solid little granite house built on the hillside, not far from the Baptist church.

Farther up this hill are the campus and rows of buildings of Brown University, the great Rhode Island Baptist College with seven hundred students, founded in 1764, and bearing the name of one of the leading families of the wealthy manufacturing house of Brown & Ives. The campus is shaded with fine old elms, and some of the newer buildings are handsome and elaborate structures. Around this university, and all through the extensive suburbs, are the splendid homes of the capitalists and mill-owners of the State, who have made this hill, rising between the Providence and Seeconk Rivers, the most attractive residential section. Benefit Street, on the hill, is lined with the palaces of these textile millionaires. Providence is, in fact, a city of many hills, and its houses are mostly of wood. Extensive sections can be traversed without seeing a single brick or stone building. There is a large railway traffic, but only a small trade by sea, beyond bringing coal and cotton, though the city formerly enjoyed an extensive China trade. Like all the Rhode Island towns it has many mills and much wealth, and there are thirty or forty banks to take care of its money. Besides textiles, its mills make locomotives and Corliss steam-engines, silverware and jewelry, cigars, rifles and stoves, gimlet-pointed wood-screws, tortoise-shell work and cocoanut dippers, cottonseed and peanut oils, and many other

things, not overlooking the famous "Pain-killer," for the ills of humanity, which is consumed by the hundred thousand gallons in all parts of the world. The "Pain-killer" factory was always one of the lions of the town, although now the new Rhode Island State House, finished in 1898, also commands great public admiration. This is a huge dome-surmounted building in Renaissance, constructed of Georgia marble and pink granite. But Providence, above everything else, reveres the memory of Roger Williams, who died in 1683, and is interred in the old North Burying Ground. On Abbott Street is carefully preserved, as a precious relic, a small old house with quaint peaked roof, built in the seventeenth century, and reverenced as the place where he held some of his religious meetings. His bronze statue ornaments the Roger Williams Park to which Broad Street leads, a beautiful tract of about one hundred acres, surrounding the quaint gambrel-roofed house in which lived his great-great-granddaughter, Betsy Williams, for many years, who gave this domain to the city in 1871, as her tribute to his memory. Here are refreshments served at "What Cheer Cottage." But the most treasured memorial of the founder is his original landing-place of "What Cheer Rock," where the Indians greeted him alongside the Seeconk River,—a pile of slaty rocks, enclosed by a railing, near the foot of Williams Street, down by the waterside.

PROVIDENCE TO WORCESTER.

We ascend the Seeconk River to Pawtucket, about five miles distant, a busy manufacturing town of thirty thousand people, noted as the place where Samuel Slater introduced the cotton manufacture into the United States in 1790, the original Slater mill still standing. The Pawtucket Falls of fifty feet give the valuable water-power which has made the place, and here are some of the greatest thread factories in the world. The town extends up into the villages of Central and Valley Falls, and the enormous power furnished by the river is drawn upon at different levels from several dams. All sorts of cotton textiles, muslins and calicoes are made, and the slopes running up from the valley, with the plateaus above, are covered with the operatives' houses. This town has the most attractive situation on the Blackstone River, which here changes its name to the Pawtucket, and finally to the Seeconk. Samuel Slater, who started it, was a native of Belper, in Derbyshire, England, having worked there for both Strutt and Arkwright, the fathers of the textile industries. Learning that American bounties had been offered for the introduction of Arkwright's patents in cotton-spinning, he crossed the ocean, landing at Newport in 1789. Here he heard that Moses Brown had attempted cotton-spinning by machinery in Rhode Island. He wrote Brown, telling what he

could do, and received a reply in which Brown said his attempt had been unsuccessful, and added: "If thou canst do this thing, I invite thee to come to Rhode Island and have the credit and the profit of introducing cotton manufacture into America." Slater went to Pawtucket, and on December 21, 1790, he started three carding-machines and spinning-frames of seventy-two spindles. He afterwards became very prominent, building large mills at Pawtucket and elsewhere, and the impetus thus given the place made it the leading American manufacturing centre for a half-century. The Indian name of the falls was retained by the city.

The Blackstone River was named after the recluse Anglican clergyman, Rev. William Blackstone, who, as heretofore stated, first settled Boston about 1625. When he found, after a brief experience, that he could not get on with the Puritan colonists, who came in there too numerously, he sold out and "retired into the wilderness." He wandered for over forty miles into the forests, and during more than forty years made his home on the banks of this stream among the Indians, not far above Pawtucket Falls. He lived there in his hermit home at Study Hill among his books, the river rushing by, and the Providence and Worcester Branch of the New Haven Consolidated Railroad now cuts its route deeply through his hill, running among the dams, and in some cases over them, on its way up the busy valley

of this very crooked river. Its waters, which do such good service for so many mills, become more and more polluted as they descend, so that its lower course is a malodorous and dark-colored stream. The river is about forty-five miles long, rising in the hills adjacent to Worcester and flowing in winding reaches towards the southeast, descending over five hundred feet to Providence. The mills, however, have grown vastly beyond its capacity as a water-power, so that auxiliary steam is now largely used. Numerous ponds and other feeders accumulate a vast amount of water for the Blackstone in Southern Massachusetts, and its lower course for nearly thirty miles is a succession of dams, canals and mills, making one of the greatest factory districts in existence. Over a half-million people work and live in this busy valley, the operatives being chiefly French Canadians, Swedes, and the various British races, the French preponderating in some of the towns. The Yankees long ago left, seeking better pay elsewhere, being replaced by a more contented people satisfied to work in mills. Most of the huge factories lining the river are owned by wealthy corporations having their head offices in Boston or Providence, and it is said that, the buildings being without signs or names, many of the operatives actually do not know who they work for. These mills are four and five stories high, often a thousand feet long, with hundreds of windows and ponderous stairway-towers.

Ascending the river, the factory settlements of Lonsdale, Ashton, Albion and Manville are passed, and we come to Woonsocket Hill, one of the highest in Rhode Island. Here the river goes around various bends admirably arranged for conducting its waters through the mills, and the town of Woonsocket is built where twenty thousand people make cotton and woollen cloths, the noted "Harris cassimere" having been long the chief manufacture at the Social Mills. To the northward, Woonsocket spreads into the towns of Blackstone and Waterford, also industrial hives; and finally, having followed the river up to its sources, the route leads to Worcester, the second city of Massachusetts, forty-five miles west of Boston, styled the "heart of the Commonwealth," with a population of over one hundred thousand people. Its chief newspaper, the *Massachusetts Spy*, is noted as having actually started as a spy upon the royalists in the exciting times preceding the Revolutionary War, and is still a prosperous publication. It was at a Worcester banquet in 1776 that the "Sons of Freedom" drank the noted toast: "May the freedom and independence of America endure till the sun grows dim with age and this earth returns to chaos; perpetual itching without the benefit of scratching to the enemies of America!" Worcester is a great manufacturing city, but has almost lost its New England population from the steady Yankee migration westward, they being replaced in its numerous mills by

French Canadians, Swedes and Irish, the latter predominating. It has a noble Soldiers' Monument, a splendid railway station, and the fine buildings of the Massachusetts Lunatic Asylum standing on the highest hill in the suburbs. Its new white marble City Hall, completed in 1898, is an imposing edifice. The huge Washburn & Moen Wire Works are on Salisbury Pond, in the outskirts. Among the interesting old dwellings is the Bancroft House, where the historian, George Bancroft, was born, in 1800, dying in 1891. The great attraction of Worcester is Lake Quinsigamond, on the eastern verge, a long, deep, narrow loch, stretching among the hills four miles away, with little gems of islands and villa-bordered shores. Scattered over the distant rim of enclosing hills are several typical Yankee villages, with their church-spires set against the horizon. Worcester had a chequered colonial career, the Indians repeatedly driving out the early settlers, until they built a fortress-like church on the Common, where each man attended on the Sabbath, carrying his musket. These resolute colonists were Puritans, bent on enforcing their own ideas, for when a few Scotch Presbyterians came in 1720, and built a church of that creed, it was declared a "cradle of heresy" and demolished. A considerable number of the French Acadians, exiled from Nova Scotia in the eighteenth century, came to Worcester, and their descendants are now among its prominent people.

New England, as is well known, was forced to adopt manufacturing, because the inhabitants could not extract a living from the soil. It is difficult to say where is the most sterile region, but in Massachusetts it seems to be generally agreed that the town of Ware, on the Ware River, northwest of Worcester, is hard to beat in this respect. It is a picturesquely located mill-village, with a soil that is stony and sterile. The original grant of the land was made to soldiers as a reward for bravery in King Philip's War. They thankfully accepted the gift and went there, but after examination left, and sold all their domain at the rate of about two cents an acre. President Dwight, of Yale College, rode through the town, but never wanted to see it again, saying regretfully, in describing the land: "It is like self-righteousness; the more a man has of it, the poorer he is." Someone wrote a poem describing the creation of the place, of which this a specimen stanza:

> "Dame Nature once, while making land,
> Had refuse left of stone and sand.
> She viewed it well, then threw it down
> Between Coy's Hill and Belchertown,
> And said, 'You paltry stuff, lie there,
> And make a town, and call it Ware.'"

MOUNT HOPE BAY.

On the northeastern verge of Narragansett Bay is Mount Hope Bay, its shores attractive alike in lovely scenery and the most interesting tradition. It is also

a region of most venerable antiquity in America. Hither came the ancient Norsemen Vikings, who explored it, and sojourned there almost a thousand years ago. These wandering Norsemen, early colonizing Iceland and Greenland, are said to have discovered the mainland of North America in the tenth century, the energetic Leif, a son of Eric the Red, afterwards, in the year 1001, sailing along the American coast, and finding first, Helluland, or the "Flat Land," supposed to be Newfoundland, then Mark Land, or the "Wood Land," now Nova Scotia, and Vinland, or the "Vine Land," being the coasts of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and wintering in Narragansett and Mount Hope Bays. The next year Leif's brother, Thorvald, came along these coasts with thirty men, and also passed a winter in Mount Hope Bay. The following season he sent a party of explorers hither, and in the year 1004 he again came personally, and was killed in a skirmish with the Indians, his companions returning to Greenland. There seem to have been subsequent Norsemen visits, and the name of Vinland was given by them on account of the profusion of vines growing on the shores and islands, which was a novelty to these wanderers from the far north.

Mount Hope Bay is the broadening estuary of Taunton Great River, and the elongated peninsula of Bristol Neck divides it from Narragansett Bay to the westward, stretching up to Providence. Upon

HOLDING A HERD, TEXAS

Taunton Great River is a magnificent water-power which has produced the success of Taunton, a busy manufacturing town of thirty thousand people, where they make locomotives and tacks, bricks, screws and britannia ware, its name coming from Taunton in Somersetshire, its founder having been Elizabeth Pool, a pious Puritan lady of that place. When the first settlers explored the river they made a wonderful antiquarian discovery. Upon the shore, below Taunton, and opposite what are now the gardens and pleasure-grounds of Dighton, was found the famous "Writing Rock," lying partly submerged by the waterside, and when the tide is out, presenting a smooth face slightly inclined towards the river. It is a large greenstone boulder, the color changed to dusky red by the elements, and it now has the faint impression of hieroglyphics on its surface that have been almost effaced by the action of the water. In the early colonial days these marks were very distinct, and even after the beginning of the nineteenth century they could be plainly distinguished from the deck of a passing vessel. These inscriptions on the Dighton rock excited much wonder, and were generally attributed to the Norsemen. Old Cotton Mather described it, saying that among the "curiosities of New England, one is that of a mighty rock, on a perpendicular side whereof, by a river which at high tide covers part of it, there are very deeply engraved, no man alive knows how or when, about

half a score lines, near ten foot long and a foot and a half broad, filled with strange characters." Another learned man speaks of them as "Punic inscriptions which remain to this day," made by the Phœnicians. Below, and near Fall River, many years ago, there was exhumed a skeleton in sitting posture, wearing a brass breast-plate and a belt of brass armor. Much marvel resulted from this important discovery, which was thought to have produced a veritable dead Viking, and it is said to have inspired Longfellow's poem of "The Skeleton in Armor":

"Speak! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me!

"Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?"

Thus he answers:

"I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee!

"Take heed, that in thy verse,
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse;
For this I sought thee."

And then the poet unfolds his weird and romantic history. Despite the Norsemen traditions, however,

it is regarded as more probable that both the hieroglyphics and the skeleton were of Indian origin.

KING PHILIP.

Upon the western shore of Mount Hope Bay is the town of Bristol, quiet, with wide, grassy, tree-shaded streets leading down to the waterside, now a pleasant summer-resort, having a ferry over to Fall River. Farther up the peninsula is Warren, with its factories. In Bristol rises the splendid isolated eminence of Mount Hope, which gives the bay its name. Its rounded summit is a mass of quartzite rock, almost covered by grass. It is hardly three hundred feet high, but being the most elevated spot anywhere around, has a grand outlook, every town in Rhode Island being visible from it, and all the islands of Narragansett Bay, while far to the southward, upon distant Aquidneck, Newport gleams in the sunlight. Eastward, across Mount Hope Bay, the city of Fall River, with its rising terraces of huge granite mills, is built apparently into the sloping side of a ledge of rocks. Upon this mountain lived the famous chief, King Philip, and from it, with his warrior band, he sallied forth to carry slaughter and rapine among the Puritan settlements. The eastern side of Mount Hope falls off precipitously to the bay, and when he was finally surprised by the colonists in his lair, he is said to have rolled down this steep declivity like a barrel. The mountain top is now known as "King

Philip's Seat;" there is a natural excavation in the mountain side, called "King Philip's Throne;" and from the foot the waters of "Philip's Spring" flow away, a little purling brook, out to Taunton River. One disgruntled early colonial annalist described the place as "Philip's Sty at Mount Hope." The greatest tradition of this region tells of the ambush, surprise and death of this famous sachem, the "Last of the Wampanoags."

The name of Wampanoag means "the men of the East Land," or the Indians to the eastward of Narragansett Bay. When the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, the noted Massasoit was the Grand Sachem of the Wampanoags, or Pokanokets, whose territory embraced most of the country from Narragansett Bay to Cape Cod. The tribe had previously numbered thirty thousand, but a pestilence had reduced them to a small figure, barely three hundred, not long before the arrival of the "Mayflower." Massasoit felt his weakness and made friends with the colonists, his treaties of peace being faithfully kept for a half-century. The old sachem lived north of Mount Hope, at Sowamset, now the town of Warren, where his favorite "Massasoit Spring" still pours out its libations. He died in 1661, at the age of eighty, leaving two sons, Mooanum and Metacomet. Shortly after his death, these sons went to Plymouth to confirm the treaties with the whites, and were so much pleased with their reception that they asked to be

given English names. The colonial court accordingly conferred upon them the names of Alexander and Philip. The former was chief sachem, but died within a year, Philip succeeding. During the next decade he lived in comparative friendliness, but was always unsatisfied and restless. He grew to distrust the colonists, and never could be made to comprehend their religion. When John Eliot, the Indian apostle, who converted so many, preached before him, Philip pulled a button off Eliot's doublet, saying in contempt that he valued it more than the discourse, a remark which led pious old Cotton Mather to exclaim, in horror, "the monster!" It was not long before the peaceful relations were broken, and, after 1671, Philip travelled among the tribes throughout New England, exciting them to a crusade against the colonists, and forming a powerful league, including the Narragansetts, who had been friendly. The result was the most desolating Indian war from which the colonies ever suffered. The whites were everywhere attacked, but made heroic defense, and in 1675–6 they defeated all the tribes, the Narragansetts and Wampanoags being practically annihilated.

KING PHILIP'S DEATH.

Defeated, and left without resources, the savage king was then hunted from one place to another, finally seeking refuge in his eyrie on Mount Hope, with a handful of followers. Here Captain Church attacked

him, and on August 12, 1676, he was killed by a bullet fired by an Indian. In Church's annals of that terrible war the story is told of the death of this chief, the last of his line. Philip was ambushed and completely surprised on the mountain, and running away, rolled down its side, the Indians trying to escape through a swamp at the foot. The attacking party was posted around the swamp in couples, hidden from view. Philip, partly clad, ran directly towards two of the ambush, an Englishman and an Indian. The former fired, but missed him; then the Indian fired twice, sending one bullet through his heart and the other not more than two inches from it. Philip fell dead upon his face in the mud and water; most of his companions escaped. In Church's recital is told what followed:

"Captain Church ordered Philip's body to be pulled out of the mire on to the upland. So some of Captain Church's Indians took hold of him by his stockings, and some by his small breeches, being otherwise naked, and drew him through the mud to the upland; and a doleful, great, naked, dirty beast he looked like. Captain Church then said that, forasmuch as he had caused many an Englishman's body to lie unburied and rot above ground, not one of his bones should be buried. And, calling his old executioner, bid him behead and quarter him. Accordingly he came with his hatchet and stood over him, but before he struck, he made a small speech, direct-

ing it to Philip, and said 'he had been a very great man, and had made many a man afraid of him, but so big as he was, he would now chop him in pieces.' And so went to work and did as he was ordered. Philip having one very remarkable hand, being very much scarred, occasioned by the splitting of a pistol in it formerly, Captain Church gave the head and that hand to Aldermon, the Indian who shot him, to show to such gentlemen as would bestow gratuities upon him, and accordingly he got many a penny by it. This being on the last day of the week, the Captain with his company returned to the island (Aquidneck), tarried there until Tuesday, and then went off and ranged through all the woods to Plymouth, and received their premium, which was 30 shillings per head for the enemies which they had killed or taken, instead of all wages, and Philip's head went at the same price. Methinks it is scanty reward and poor encouragement, though it was better than what had been some time before. For this much they received four shillings and sixpence a man, which was all the reward they had, except the honor of killing Philip."

When the party brought Philip's head to Plymouth, the Puritan meeting was celebrating a solemn thanksgiving, and quoting, again, the words of old Cotton Mather, "God sent them in the head of a leviathan for a thanksgiving feast." This head was exposed on a gibbet at Plymouth for twenty years, as the arch-

enemy of the colony. But things were different afterwards. The "monster" of the seventeenth century became a martyr in the nineteenth century. Irving wrote King Philip's biography; Southey was his bard; and Edwin Forrest nobly impersonated him. Thus the great Metacomet, in the light of history, is regarded as sinned against as well as sinning, for he was trying to drive the invader from his native land. The resistless westward march of the white man overcame him, the first of a long line of famous Indians to fall in front of American colonization.

FALL RIVER.

Across Mount Hope Bay is Fall River, in Massachusetts, now the leading American city in cotton-spinning and the manufacture of print cloths. Its huge granite mills stand in ranks, like the platoons of a marching regiment, upon the successive rising terraces of the eastern shore. Nestling among the hills above the town are the extensive Watuppa ponds, long and narrow lakes, spreading eight or ten miles back upon the higher plateau. These, with other tributary ponds, cover about twelve square miles surface, discharging through a comparatively small stream, yet one carrying a large volume of water. This is the Fall River, dammed at the outlet of the ponds, and barely two miles long, but running so steeply down hill that within about eight hundred yards distance it descends one hundred and thirty-

six feet, thus being appropriately named, and in turn giving its name to the town gathered around this admirable water-power. The mills, however, have grown so far beyond the ability of the water-wheels that they now run chiefly by steam, and Fall River has a population approximating one hundred thousand. The prolific granite quarries in the surrounding hills have furnished the stone for these imposing mills, and also for the chief buildings. Although a New England manufacturing city of the first rank, it is not a Yankee settlement, for the operatives are chiefly English, Irish, Welsh and French Canadians. When the settlement began, it was called Freetown, and afterwards Troy, but the name of the stream finally became so popular that the others were discarded, and Fall River was adopted officially upon its incorporation as a city. The rocky environment enabled it to cheaply construct the grand mill buildings, and thus had much to do with its success.

NEWPORT OF AQUIDNECK.

The eastern side of Narragansett Bay is chiefly occupied by Aquidneck, or Rhode Island, upon which is the queen of American seaside resorts, Newport. Aquidneck is the Indian "Isle of Peace," the word literally meaning "floating on the water," and its southwestern extremity broadens into a wide peninsula of almost level and quite fertile land, making a plateau elevated about fifty feet above the sea. The

island is fifteen miles long and from three to four miles wide, and this plateau rests upon rock, the strata making cliffs all around it, with coves worked into them by the waters, presenting smooth sand beaches having intervening bold promontories. The southeastern border of this plateau, facing the Atlantic, has an irregular front of little bays and projections, with the waves dashing against the bases of the cliffs and among the rocks profusely strewn beyond them. Behind the western extremity of the island is Brenton's Point, projecting in such a way as to protect the inner harbor of Newport. Here are the wharves, facing the westward, and the ancient part of the town, its narrow streets and older houses covering considerable surface. The harbor is protected by a breakwater, and beyond is Conanicut Island. This was "Charming Newport of Aquidneck," as the colonial histories recorded it, then a leading seaport of New England. Thames Street, fronting it, was, in the eighteenth century, one of the busiest highways of America. Protecting the harbor entrance, upon Brenton's Point, is Fort Adams, which was a formidable fortification before modern-gunnery improvements superseded the old systems, and, next to Fortress Monroe, it is the largest defensive work in the United States, having accommodations for a garrison of three thousand men. It was built during the Presidency of John Adams, and named for him, being then hurried to completion as a de-

fense against French attacks, war with that country seeming to be imminent, and the French particularly desiring to possess Newport. All around the ancient town, and spreading over the plateau, to which the surface slopes upward in gentle ascent from the harbor, is the modern Newport of the American nineteenth century multi-millionaires. From the older town, southward across the plateau, stretches the chief street, Bellevue Avenue, through the fashionable residential district.

William Coddington, whose name is preserved in various ways, but whose descendants are said to have been degenerate, founded Newport. He led a band of dissenters from the Puritan church in Massachusetts and bought Aquidneck from the Indians, starting his colony in 1639. Most of the earlier settlers, in fact, were people of various religious sects driven out of the strictly Puritan New England towns. Having abandoned England because they objected to a State Church, we are told that the Puritans forthwith proceeded to set up in Massachusetts what was very like a State Church of their own, and soon made it hot for the unbelievers. They drove out both William Blackstone and Roger Williams. Blackstone, when he had to go over the border and establish his hermitage at Study Hill on Blackstone River, said: "I came from England because I did not like the Lords Bishops, but I cannot join with you, because I would not be under the Lords Brethren." After

Blackstone and Williams, many others came to Rhode Island and settled at Newport, for there they enjoyed the completest liberty of conscience. The Quakers were unmolested and came in large numbers; the Baptists flocked in and built a meeting-house; the Hebrews came, solid business men, originally from Portugal, and established the first synagogue in the United States; the sternest doctrines of the Calvinists were preached; the Moravians held their impressive love-feasts; and orthodox Churchmen fervently prayed for the English King. There were all shades of belief, and dissenters of all ilks, and many having no belief at all, so that the fair town on Aquidneck was pervaded with such an atmosphere of religious toleration and cosmopolitan irregularity that it became famous for its sharp contrast with the stern rigidity of New England. Hence it was not unnatural that at the opening of the nineteenth century President Dwight should have declared that an alleged laxity of morals in Stonington was due to "its nearness to Rhode Island." But despite these peculiarities the Newport colony got on well, so that the growing settlement on the "Isle of Peace" in time came to be designated as the "Eden of America." Dean Berkeley, afterwards Bishop, visited Newport in 1729, remaining several years, and gave the colony an elevated literary tone. An Utopian plan for converting the Indians brought him over from England, but he soon discovered that it was impracticable, and

went back home to become a Bishop. His favorite resort is shown at the part of the Newport Cliffs called the "Hanging Rocks," and it is said he there composed his *Alciphron, or the Minute Philosopher*, and the noble lyric closing with the famous verse proclaiming the patriotic prophecy which Leutze made the subject of his grand mural painting in the Capitol at Washington:

"Westward the course of empire takes its way."

NEWPORT DEVELOPMENT.

Newport, before the Revolution, was a most important seaport. When Dean Berkeley was there it had about forty-five hundred inhabitants, and they had grown to twelve thousand when the Revolution began. The preceding half-century was the era of its greatest maritime prosperity, when Newport ships circumnavigated the globe. The salubrity of the climate and advantages of the harbor providing safe anchorage but a few miles from the ocean attracted many merchants and a large trade, and in those days the Quakers and the Hebrews were the leading citizens. In 1770 Boston alone surpassed Newport in the extent of its trade, which then was much greater than that of New York. It was about this time that a visitor to New York wrote back to the *Newport Mercury* that "at its present rate of progress, New York will soon be as large as Newport." The Revolutionary War, however, almost ruined the town,

and annihilated its commerce. The port was at first held by the English, and afterwards by the French, both battering and maltreating it, so that it emerged from the conflict in a dilapidated condition, with the population reduced to barely five thousand. The French learned to love the attractive island, and sought earnestly after the war to have it annexed to France, in return for the aid given the Americans, but Washington strongly opposed this and prevented it. The trade was gone, never to return, the merchants went away to Providence, New York and Boston, and it existed in quiet and uneventful neglect until the nineteenth century had made some progress, when people began seeking its pleasant shores for summer recreation. In 1840 two hotels were built, and this began the *renaissance*. The Civil War made vast fortunes, and their owners sought Newport, and it has since become the great summer home of the fashionable world of America, where they can, in friendly rivalry, make the most lavish displays possible for wealth to accomplish at a seaside resort.

Unlike most American watering-places, Newport is not an aggregation of hotels and lodging-houses, but it is pre-eminently a gathering of the costliest and most elaborate suburban homes this country can show. Built upon the extensive space surrounding the older town, and between it and the ocean, south and east, modern Newport is a galaxy of large and

expensive country-houses, each in an enclosure of lawns, flower-gardens and foliage, highly ornamental and exceedingly well kept. Many of them are spacious palaces upon which enormous sums have been expended; and in front of their lawns, for several miles along the winding brow of the cliffs that fall off precipitously to the ocean's edge, is laid the noted "Cliff Walk." This is a narrow footpath at the edge of the greensward that has the waves dashing against the bases of the rocks supporting it, while inland, beyond the lawns, are the noble palaces of Newport. Each is a type of different architecture, and no matter how grand and imposing, each is called a "cottage." The greatest rivalry has been shown in construction, and the styles cover all known methods of building—Gothic, Elizabethan, Tudor, Swiss, Flemish, French, with every sort of ancient house in Britain or Continental Europe, imitated and improved upon, and in some cases widely varying systems being condensed together. Some of these "cottages" have thus become piles of buildings, with all sorts of porticos, doorways, pavilions, dormers, oriels, bow-windows, bays and turrets, towers, chimneys, gambrel roofs and gables, the whole being charmingly elaborated into wide-spreading, imposing and sometimes astonishing houses. Occasionally the villa is elongated into the stable, in an extended house, which includes the family, horses, hounds, domestics and grooms, all living under the same roof.

A low and rambling style of architecture, with many gables and prominent colors, is the favorite for various Newport cottages. To the southward of the town are the Ocean Avenue and Ocean Drive, skirting the whole lower coast of the island for some ten miles, and displaying fine marine views.

There have been lavished upon these palaces of Newport, in construction and decoration, large portions of the greatest incomes of the multi-millionaires of New York and Boston, and hither they hie to enjoy the summer and early autumn in a sort of fashionable semi-seclusion, mingling only in their own sets, and rather resenting the excursions occasionally made by the plebeian folk into Newport to look at their displays. These princes of inherited wealth have made Newport peculiarly their own, and, their expenditures being on a scale commensurate with their millions, the growth and improvement of the newer part of the place have been extraordinary. Land in choice locations is quoted above $50,000 an acre, and a Newport "cottage" costs $500,000 to $1,000,000 to build, with more for the furnishing. Once, when I asked what was the qualification necessary to become a director of one of the great banks of New York, I was told that it was the ownership of ten shares of stock and a cottage at Newport. The sense of newness is sometimes impressive in gazing at these Aladdin palaces, for while the architecture reproduces quaint and ancient forms, the ancestral ivy does

not yet cling to the walls, and the trees are still young. But there are older sites in Newport, back from the sea-front, where some of the estates, existing many years, have smaller and more subdued houses with signs of maturity, where the ivy broadly spreads and the trees have grown. Some of the foliage-embowered lanes, leading through the older suburbs, are charming in leafy richness and make scenes of exquisite rural beauty.

The Casino is the fashionable centre of Newport, a building in Old English style, fronting on Bellevue Avenue, having reading-rooms, a theatre, gardens and tennis-court, and here the band plays in the season, and there are concerts and balls. During the fashionable period, Bellevue Avenue is the daily scene of a stately procession of handsome equipages of all styles, as it is decreed that the great people of Newport shall always ride when on exhibition, and they thus pass and repass in the afternoons in splendid review. In the earlier times the town's chief benefactor was Judah Touro, who gave it Touro Park. His father was the rabbi of Newport synagogue, which now has no congregation. Judah spent fifty years in New Orleans amassing a fortune, which was bequeathed to various charities. He also liberally aided the fund for building Bunker Hill Monument. The synagogue, with the beautiful garden adjacent, the Jewish Cemetery, is maintained in perfect order. Touro Park is a pretty enclosure in the older town,

containing statues of Commodore M. C. Perry and William Ellery Channing, who were natives of Newport, and a statue of the former's brother, Commodore Oliver H. Perry, the victor of Lake Erie, is also at the City Hall, not far away. In Touro Park is the great memorial around which the antiquarian treasures of this famous place are clustered, the "Old Stone Mill," a small round tower, overrun with ivy and supported on pillars between which are arched openings. Its origin is a mystery, and this is the antiquarian shrine at which Newport worships. Longfellow tells weirdly of it in his *Skeleton in Armor*, and some of the wise men suggest that it was built by the Norsemen when they first came this way and found Vinland so long ago. But the more practical townsfolk generally incline to the belief that an early colonist put it up for a windmill to grind corn, the weight of the evidence appearing to favor the theory that it was erected by Governor Benedict Arnold, of the colony, who died in 1678, and described it in his will as "my stone-built wind-will." It is, however, of sufficient antiquity and mystery to have a halo cast around it, and is the great relic of the town. The seacoast rocks that make the Newport Cliffs show some wonderful formations of chasms and spouting rocks. A fine fleet of yachts is usually in Newport water, and it is a favorite naval rendezvous, having the Training Station, War College and Torpedo Station, and a new Naval Hospital. This most

famous of American seaside watering-places has a permanent population approximating twenty-five thousand, considerably increased by the summer visitors.

NEW BEDFORD.

To the eastward of Narragansett another bay is thrust far up into the land of Massachusetts, Buzzard's Bay, which almost bisects the great defensive forearm of Massachusetts, Cape Cod. This bay is thirty miles long and about seven miles wide. Between it and Narragansett are the tree-clad hills of the sparsely-settled regions which the Indians called Aponigansett and Acoaksett, out of which the Acushnet River runs down to its broadening estuary, now the harbor of New Bedford. Originally this city was peopled by Quakers of the English Russell family, of which the Duke of Bedford is the head, so that the colony was named from his title. A numerous Portuguese migration to the early settlements has caused one of the suburbs to still retain the name of Fayal. New Bedford stretches two miles along the western river-bank and far back upon the gradually ascending surface, and the population, including the opposite suburb of Fairhaven, numbers seventy thousand. Early a shipping port, it grew into celebrity with the advance of the whale fishery, which became its chief industry, and it was then said to be the wealthiest city in the country in proportion to population, having in 1854 four hundred

and ten whaling ships, with ten thousand sailors, its fleets patrolling the remotest seas. When this fishery died out, the people went to manufacturing, and now they have numerous large mills busily spinning cotton, its noted product being the Wamsutta muslins. There still remain a few of the little bluff-bowed and flush-decked old whalers rotting at the wharves, with huge overhanging davits, and still redolent of oil—the relics of an almost obsolete industry. The ample fortunes originally gathered in the fishery enabled the marine aristocracy of the town to build their stately and comfortable old mansions which now enjoy an honorable repose in ample grounds along the quiet streets on the higher plateau back from the river.

When Samuel de Champlain came into the St. Lawrence River, he wrote that whales were killed by firing cannon-balls at them, and later explorers described how the Indians captured them. The colonists early began the fishery along the New England coasts, and New Bedford sent out its first ships in 1755. The period of greatest success in whaling was between 1820 and 1857. The advent of gas and petroleum, financial reverses, the gradual extermination of the whales, which had been pursued to the remotest regions, the substitution of steel for whalebone, and the use of hard rubber, all contributed to the decline of the business, and it was given its death-blow by the ravages of the Confederate privateers among the Pacific whaling fleets. Its

memory is kept alive, however, by many romances of the sea, it having furnished an extensive and interesting literature. Not long ago it was related that the unfortunate sculptor who had carved the figure-heads for the whaleships was since compelled to earn a precarious livelihood by chopping out rude wooden idols for the South Sea islanders. Acushnet River is dammed in its upper waters, making an immense reservoir, furnishing power to the extensive mills. The harbor gradually broadens as it opens into Buzzard's Bay, and Clark's Point stretches far into the bay, having on the extremity an old-time square stone fort, with bastions at the corners, formerly the trusted defender of the harbor and the town, Fort Taber. Now, its only use is to furnish, on the outer corner, a foundation for a lighthouse lantern. The whaling fleet it formerly guided is all gone, but now it is the beacon for an enormous trade in coal, landed here for distribution by railway throughout New England. Another little stone fort is also built on the opposite side of the harbor, on a rock at the lower end of Fairhaven. Outside is the broad surface of the bay, a noble inland sea, with irregular and generally thinly populated shores, but with attractions that have drawn to it, in various localities, a large summer population, with many ornate villas of modern fashion. Just below Clark's Point is villa-studded Nonquitt, upon an upland among the undulating hills, where lived General

Philip Sheridan, and to which he was brought home in a United States warship to die, in July, 1888. They tell us that when the venturesome Norsemen came along here, the bay was given the name of the Straum Fiord, but the antiquary is at a loss to find a satisfactory derivation for the present name of Buzzard's Bay. Far over its waters, as seen from Clark's Point, is the low, dark, gray forest-clad eastern shore, stretching down to the distant strait of Wood's Holl, leading out of the bay into Vineyard Sound. Spread across the bay entrance to the southward, and protecting it from the open sea, are the Elizabeth Islands.

VINEYARD SOUND.

After Captain Bartholomew Gosnold had discovered Cape Cod in May, 1602, he coasted along its shores, and coming down into what is known as Vineyard Sound, found himself in an archipelago of islands. He halted at the one called "No Man's Land," and gave it the name of Martha's Vineyard, which is now applied to the largest of these islands. Who his favorite Martha was, and why she should have been immortalized, old Bartholomew never told, thus disappointing many industrious people who have vainly sought the lady's personal history. "The Vineyard," as it is familiarly called, lies southeast of Buzzard's Bay, across which is the extended and narrow range of the Elizabeth Islands, trending far away to the southwestward, and ending with Cutty-

hunk, where the first English spade was driven into New England soil. It was upon this, the outermost island, that Gosnold landed and planted his colony, naming it Elizabeth, in honor of his queen, a title afterwards given the entire range. The island had a pond in which was a rocky islet, and here, as they feared the Indians, the colonists built a fort and resided while they gathered a cargo of sassafras for their ship, that being then a much-prized specific in Europe. The settlement was brief; frightened by savage threats and rent by quarrels, they soon abandoned the place, loading their ship and returning to England disheartened. This settlement antedated by eighteen years the arrival of the "Mayflower" at Plymouth.

The Elizabeth group is a range of sixteen islands, stretching in a long line from the Cape Cod shore for eighteen miles southwest to the extremity of Cuttyhunk. It makes the southeastern boundary of Buzzard's Bay, with Martha's Vineyard beyond, there being between them the long and rather narrow channel of Vineyard Sound. The mariner going eastward out of Long Island Sound passes Sakonnet Point at the eastern verge of Narragansett Bay, and finds in front a chain of beacons posted across the route. Two of these are lightships, marking reefs to which are given the bucolic names of the "Hen and Chickens" and the "Sow and Pigs." If the shipmaster wishes to enter Buzzard's Bay for New Bed-

ford, he sails between these two unromantic shoals, passing a lightship on either hand, and being further guided by a lighthouse on the extremity of Cuttyhunk. But if he wishes to follow the great maritime route to the eastward around Cape Cod, he gives the "Sow and Pigs" a wide berth to the northward and passes between it and the splendid flashing red and white beacon on Gay Head, the western extremity of Martha's Vineyard, south of Cuttyhunk. Gosnold was the first Englishman who saw the brilliant and variegated coloring of this remarkable promontory when the sun shone upon it, and appropriately called it the Gay Head. Its magnificent Fresnel lens, the most powerful in this region, is elevated one hundred and seventy feet above the sea, and is thirty miles east of Point Judith. The breadth of the entrance to Vineyard Sound from this lighthouse across to the lightship is about seven miles.

The northeastern extremity of the Elizabeth Islands is Naushon, and between it and the main land of Cape Cod are the strait and harbor formerly known to the sailor as Wood's Hole, but now refined into Wood's Holl, just as "Holmes's Hole," another popular harbor over on "the Vineyard," has since become Vineyard Haven. Both of these "holes," and particularly the latter, have always been favorite places for schooner skippers to run into and avoid adverse winds. The Elizabeth group has four large islands, the others being small. Narrow and often

ENTRANCE TO THE GOLDEN GATE, SAN FRANCISCO

tortuous channels separate them. Cuttyhunk is about two and one-half miles long, and the present successor of Gosnold's ill-starred colony is a club from New York who have a seaside establishment there. Not far away, to the northward, is Penikese Island, covering about one hundred acres, which was formerly the location of Professor Agassiz's "Summer School of Natural History." East of Cuttyhunk is Nashawena, three miles long, and next comes Pasque Island, also the abiding-place of an attractive club comfortably housed. Naushon is the largest island, eight miles long, stretching from Pasque almost to Wood's Holl, and having opposite each other, on its northern and southern shores, two noted harbors of refuge, the Kettle and Tarpaulin Coves. Upon Naushon, early in the nineteenth century, lived James Bowdoin, the diplomatist and benefactor of Bowdoin College in Maine, which was named for his father. Naushon is a very pretty island, and was described in those days by a distinguished English lady traveller as "a little pocket America, a liliputian Western world, a compressed Columbia." Clustering around its northeastern extremity are some of the smaller islets of the group—the Ram Islands, and Wepecket, Uncatina and Nonamesset. The strait at Wood's Holl forms a rocky gateway leading from Buzzard's Bay into Vineyard Sound, and just beyond, on the Cape Cod shore, is its guiding beacon on the point of Nobska Hill. Wood's Holl has but a small

harbor on the edge of the contracted and tortuous passage, which is full of rocks, difficult to navigate, and generally having the tide running through like a millrace. The settlement is small, displaying attractive cottages on the adjacent shores, and here are located the station and buildings of the United States Fish Commission and the Marine Biological Laboratory.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

Between the Elizabeth Islands and Martha's Vineyard is the great route of vessels passing to and from New England waters, and the lighthouse keeper at the entrance has counted more than a thousand of them passing in a single week. Aquatic birds skim the waters, and all about the Sound are islands great and small, their granite coasts contrasting with the blue waters they protect from the severity of ocean storms. A tale is told of the origin of the names of some of the islands, which is original, if apocryphal. The story comes as a tradition from the "oldest inhabitant" of these parts, who is said to have been the owner of all these islands, and who determined, before he died, to bestow the chief ones upon his four favorite daughters. Accordingly, Rhoda took Rhode Island; Elizabeth took hers; Martha was given "the Vineyard;" and there was left for Nancy the remaining large island—so "Nan-took-it."

Martha's Vineyard is shaped much like a triangle, and is twenty-three miles long and about ten miles

broad in the widest part. Vineyard Haven, its chief harbor, is deep and narrow, opening like a pair of jaws at the northern apex of the triangle, the entrance being guarded by the pointed peninsulas of the East Chop and West Chop, each provided with a lighthouse. Within is one of the most fairly constructed natural harbors ever seen, a spacious haven of protection, often crowded with vessels, which run in there to escape rough treatment outside. Here is the pleasant village of Vineyard Haven, prettily located upon the sloping banks of a small cove inside, and having down at the end of the harbor a Government Marine Hospital. "The Vineyard's" famous western promontory of Gay Head is composed of ponderous cliffs, falling off steeply to the water, and presents an interesting geological study. The inclined strata rise about two hundred feet above the sea, being gaily colored in tints of red, white, yellow, green, and black. About forty-five hundred people reside on this island, including fishermen, sailors and farmers, but mostly gaining a livelihood by ministering to the wants of the large population of summer visitors. The first colonist was Thomas Mayhew, a Puritan from Southampton, who came in 1642, being then the grantee both of Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket.

Cottage City is the chief settlement, built upon the eastern ocean shore of "the Vineyard," a wonderful place attracting twenty to thirty thousand people in

the summer. The bluff shore rises precipitously for thirty feet from the narrow beach forming the verge of the sea, and there are myriads of cottages, many hotels, and a complete summer town spreading over a large surface. Here are held the great Camp Meetings which are the attraction in August—one Methodist and the other Baptist. The former is the "Martha's Vineyard Camp Meeting Association," first established and meeting in the Wesleyan Grove, back from the sea. The other is the "Oak Bluffs Association," out by the ocean's edge. This place, thoroughly alive in summer, is dormant, however, for nearly nine months of the year. From it a railroad runs several miles southward along the shore to the little village of Edgartown, the place of original colonization, and the county-seat of Dukes County, Massachusetts, which is composed of all these islands. Towards the southeast, out of sight, is the distant island of Nantucket. Nearer is seen the misty outline of old Chappaquadick Island, called "the Old Chap," for short, with its long terminating extremity of Cape Poge. To the northward is the hazy mainland of Cape Cod, a streak upon the horizon, whence, long ago, these islands are supposed to have been sliced off during the glacial epoch, and going adrift, were thus anchored out in the ocean.

NANTUCKET.

The island of Nantucket, dropped in the Atlantic, everyone has heard of, but few visit. We are told

by tradition that it was originally formed by the mythical Indian giant, Manshope, who, when he was tired of smoking, emptied here into the sea the ashes from his pipe. It was also the smoke from this pipe which created the fogs so plentifully abounding around the place. These fogs are very dense, and it is said of a certain noted Nantucket skipper going away on a long voyage that he marked one of them with his harpoon, and returning to the harbor three years later, at once recognized the same fog by his private mark. Old Manshope, the giant, was the tutelary genius of all the Indian tribes on the islands of Vineyard Sound and the adjacent mainland, and his home was on the cliffs of Gay Head, in an ancient extinct volcanic crater, now called the Devil's Den. He feasted here on the flesh of whales, which he broiled on live coals, obtaining fuel by uprooting huge trees. His firelight, thus made, is said to have been the earliest beacon seen by superstitious sailors passing the headland, and as it flickered in his midnight orgies, they solemnly shook their heads, saying, "Old Manshope is at it again." This powerful giant seems to have waded around Vineyard and Nantucket Sounds and regulated all the affairs of the neighborhood. But finally the sailors and colonists became so numerous that he waxed very wroth. With a single stroke of his ponderous club he separated "No Man's Land" from "the Vineyard," and then transformed his children into fishes. His wife lamented this cruelty,

and he seized and threw her over to the mainland on Sakonnet Point, where she still lies, a misshapen rock. Then the disgusted giant vanished forever.

The Norsemen first named the island Nautikon, appropriately meaning the "Far Away Land." From this, on an early map, it appears as Natocko, then as Nantukes, and finally it became Nantucquet, from which the present name is derived. When Gosnold came along in 1602, he first saw its great eastern promontory, Sankaty Head, describing the island as covered with oak trees and populous with Indians. After the original grant was made to Thomas Mayhew, he sold it in 1659 to the "ten original purchasers" for £30 and two beaver hats, one for himself and one for his wife, he reserving one-tenth. These purchasers colonized the island, Thomas Macy, a Quaker who fled from Puritan persecution in New England, beginning the first settlement, and Peter Foulger, who came there somewhat later, had a daughter, who was the mother of Benjamin Franklin. John G. Whittier, the good Quaker poet, thus sings of Macy's flight to the island:

"Far round the bleak and stormy cape
The vent'rous Macy passed,
And on Nantucket's naked isle
Drew up his boat at last."

Macy landed at the site of the town of Nantucket, then the Indian village of Wesco, or the "White Stone," which lay on the shore of the harbor, and

afterwards had a wharf built over it. The whale fishery, which made Nantucket's prosperity, began early, in boats from the island, and the population had increased by the Revolution to about forty-five hundred, Sherburne, as it then was called, being the chief whaling port in the world, with one hundred and fifty whale ships. The island was covered with trees, but they were all destroyed during the Revolution, and it was then made almost a desert, losing also the greater part of its population and much of the fishery fleet. There was a revival subsequently, and Nantucket reached its maximum prosperity in 1840, with nearly ten thousand population. Afterwards came the final decline of whaling, and the sandy, almost treeless island now has about three thousand people, who depend for a living chiefly on the summer visitors. It is without a whaleship, but it has many snug cottages, and those going for health and rest can well say, with Whittier:

> "God bless the sea-beat island!
> And grant forever more
> That charity and freedom dwell,
> As now, upon her shore."

Nantucket is southeast of Martha's Vineyard and south of Cape Cod, the sea between them being known as Nantucket Sound. The island is an irregular spherical triangle, sixteen miles long and three to four miles wide, the outer coast bent around like

a bow, as the Gulf Stream currents wash the shores. To the south and east are the great Nantucket Shoals, dangerous to the navigator, but acting as a breakwater, preventing the island being entirely washed away by the sea, which makes constant encroachments. The harbor of Nantucket town presents sandy beaches and bluff shores, rising with some boldness from the water, the sand dunes stretching away in regular lines behind them. The town is snugly located at the bottom of a deep and secure harbor, having a breakwater outside, and its chief daily event is the arrival of the steamboat from the mainland, from which it is frequently cut off for days together by winter ice and stormy weather. There are various ancient and dilapidated wharves, fronting a collection of strange-looking old gabled houses, many having raised platforms on top of the peaked roofs, where the former inhabitants used to go up to watch for vessels. It is a healthy place, with modern hotels, tree-lined, pleasant streets, many gardens, and a magnificent climate, the winter rigors corrected by the closeness of the Gulf Stream. The surrounding country, outside the town, is almost everywhere a flat prairie-land, with the one horizon all around, of the distant blue sea. A narrow-gauge railroad leads over to the southeastern coast at Siasconset, the quaint original gem of the island, familiarly called 'Sconset, a curious little village of fishermen's huts, existing now about the same as in the primitive

days. Its outlook is over the South Shoals, but not a sail is to be seen, for these shoals are the grave of every vessel getting upon them. It is a dismal reminder of vanished maritime prestige to see about the Nantucket coasts the gaunt ribs of the old hulks, half sunken in the sands where they have been cast ashore, as year by year they gradually break up in the great storms and slowly disappear. In the Boston *Daily Advertiser* a poet plaintively mourns the fate of these marine skeletons seen "at midnight off the coast":

"Half-tombed in drifting sands upon the shore
Are ye, and heedless lashed by angry seas,
As through your blackened ribs the breeze
Exultant plays, and crested breakers roar,
And screeching sea-gulls round thee, prostrate, soar.
Wert thou allured by sighs of moaning trees,
As sirens sought to charm with songs like these
Ulysses and his brave companions o'er
To reefs deep hidden, silent, save in storm?
The rolling thunder of the sullen surge,
The mournful sobbing of the gathering gale,
Plain answer make, as round the spectre form
Of these gaunt skeletons they ceaseless scourge
The giant's battered coat of oaken mail!"

THE CONNECTICUT RIVER AND WHITE MOUNTAINS.

XVII.

THE CONNECTICUT RIVER AND WHITE MOUNTAINS.

The Long Tidal River—Middletown—Wethersfield—Blue Hills of Southington—Meriden—Berlin—Hartford—The Charter Oak—Samuel Colt and the Revolver—New Britain—Enfield Rapids—Windsor Locks—Agawam—Springfield and the Armory—Westfield River—Brookfield—Chicopee Falls—Hadley Falls—Holyoke—Mount Tom—Mount Holyoke—Nonotuck—Northampton—Old Hadley and its Street—The Ox-Bow—Goffe and Whalley—Mount Holyoke College—Amherst—Deerfield River and Old Deerfield—Greenfield—Shelburne Falls—Brattleboro'—Ashuelot River—Keene—Mount Monadnock—Williams River—Bellows Falls—Lake Sunapee—Windsor, Vermont—Ascutney Mountain—White River—Olcott Falls—Hanover—Dartmouth College—Mooseilauke—Newbury—Wells River—Littleton—Passumpsic River—St. Johnsbury—Lake Memphramagog—Dixville Notch—Lake Umbagog—Rangeley Lakes—Connecticut Lakes—Source of the Connecticut—White Mountains—Ammonoosuc River—Bethlehem—Gale River—Sugar Hill—Franconia Notch—Coös—Echo Lake—Profile Lake—Old Man of the Mountain—Pemigewasset River—Flume and Pool—North Woodstock—Plymouth—Squam Lake—Ethan's Pond—Thoreau and the Merrimack—White Mountain Notch—Israel River—Jefferson—Lancaster—Fabyan's—Crawford's—The Presidential Range—Saco River—Willey Slide—View from Mount Willard—Giant's Grave—Mount Washington—Grand Gulf—The Summit and View—Tuckerman's Ravine—The Glen—Pinkham Notch—Peabody River—Gorham—Androscoggin River—Ellis River—Jackson—Lower Bartlett—Intervale—North Conway—Mount Kearsarge—Pequawket—Madison—Ossipee—Lake Winnepesaukee—Sandwich Mountains—Chocorua—Wolfboro'—Weirs—Alton Bay—Centre Harbor—Red Hill—Whittier's Poetry on the Lake and the Merrimack.

THE LONG TIDAL RIVER.

THE greatest New England river, the Connecticut, was first explored by the redoubtable Dutch navigator, Captain Adraien Blok. When he made his memorable voyage of discovery from New Amsterdam along Long Island Sound, Blok ascended the Connecticut to Enfield Falls. Its source is in the highlands of northern New Hampshire upon the Canadian boundary, at an elevation of twenty-five hundred feet, and it flows four hundred and fifty miles southward to the Sound. Its Indian title was Quonektakat, or "the long tidal river," from which the name has been derived. It is noted for beautiful scenery and has many cataracts, the chief being Olcott Falls, at Wilder in Vermont, South Hadley in Massachusetts, and Enfield in Connecticut. The soils of its valley are extremely fertile, making a garden-spot in the otherwise generally sterile New England, the most luxuriant crop being the tobacco-plant, known as "Connecticut seed-leaf," used largely for cigar-wrappers, and often yielding two thousand pounds to the acre. Steamboats navigate the river to Hartford, about fifty miles from the Sound. The blazing red beacon of the Cornfield Point Lightship is the outer guide for the mariner entering its mouth, while the white lights of Saybrook guard the inner channel. The lower Connecticut flows through a region of farms, enriched by copious dressings of

manures made from the fish caught in the stream, and it passes picturesque shores and pleasant villages in the domain of Haddam, an extensive tract which the Indians originally sold to Hartford people for thirty coats.

Middletown, the "Forest City," at a great bend in the lower river, has many mills making pumps, tapes, plated wares, webbing and sewing-machines, its shaded streets leading up the hill-slopes, bordering the water, that have in them valuable quarries of rich brown Portland stone. The county Court-house of Middletown is a quaint little miniature of the Parthenon. The Wesleyan Methodist College, having three hundred students, is located here, the chief buildings being the Memorial and Judd Halls, built of the native Portland stone, the latter the gift of Orange Judd. The large buildings of the Connecticut Insane Hospital, also of Portland stone, overlook the river from a high hill southeast of the city, and are in a spacious park. To the northward of Middletown, level green and exceedingly fertile meadows adjoin the river, their product being the noted onion crops of Wethersfield, which permeate the whole country. This was the earliest Connecticut settlement in 1635, and here in the next year convened the first Connecticut Legislature to make the arrangements for the war against the Pequots which annihilated that tribe. In one of its old mansions General Washington had his headquarters, where, in conjunc-

tion with the French officers, the plans were prepared for the campaign closing the Revolution by the victory at Yorktown.

To the westward of the river are the famous "Blue Hills of Southington," the most elevated portion of the State of Connecticut, and nestling under their shadow is Meriden, the hills rising high above its western and northern verge, in the West Peak and Mount Lamentation. Here are gathered over thirty thousand people in an active factory town, the neat wooden dwellings of the operatives forming the nucleus of the city adjacent to the extensive mills, and having as a surrounding galaxy the attractive villas of their owners, scattered in pleasant places upon the steep adjacent hills. They are industrious iron and steel, bronze, brass and tin workers, and the Meriden Britannia and electro-plated silver wares are famous everywhere. The Meriden Britannia Company has enormous mills, and is the greatest establishment of its kind in the world. Meriden and Berlin, a short distance northward, have long been the headquarters of the peripatetic Connecticut tin-pedler, who goes forth laden with all kinds of pots and pans, and other bright and useful utensils, to wander over the land, and charm the country folk with his attractive bargains. Berlin began in the eighteenth century the first American manufacture of tinware. There are scores of villages about, cast almost in the same mould. Each has the same beau-

tiful central Public Green, the charm of the New England village, shaded by rows of stately elms; the tall-spired churches; the village graveyard, usually on a gently-sloping hillside, with the lines of older white gravestones, supplemented in the modern interments by more elaborate monuments; the attractive wooden houses nestling amid abundant foliage, and surrounded by gardens and flower-beds, that are the homes of the people, and the huge factories giving them employment. Some of these villages are larger than others, thus covering more space, but excepting in size, all are substantially alike.

HARTFORD.

The high gilded dome of the Capitol at Hartford and the broad fronts of the stately buildings of Trinity College surmounting Rocky Hill, above a labyrinth of factories, are seen rising on the Connecticut River bank to the northward. This is the noted city, with about seventy thousand people, which has reproduced in New England the name in the mother country of the ancient Saxon village just north of London at the "Ford of Harts," whence some of its early settlers came. The brave and pious Thomas Hooker led his flock from the seacoast through the wilderness in 1636 to Hartford, to establish an English colony at the Indian post of Suckiang, the Dutch three years before having built a fort and trading-station at a bend of the Connecticut, where

the little Park River flowing in gave a water-power which turned the wheels of a small grist-mill, to which all the country around afterwards brought grain to be ground. Cotton Mather, the quaint historian, described Hooker as "the renowned minister of Hartford and pillar of Connecticut, and the light of the Western churches." Hartford is known as the "Queen City," and its centre is the attractive Bushnell Park, fronting on the narrow and winding Park River. An airy bridge leads from the railway station over this little stream, to the tasteful Park entrance, a triumphal brownstone arch with surmounting conical towers, erected as a memorial to the soldiers who fell in the Civil War. A grand highway then continues up the hill to the Connecticut State Capitol, which cost $2,500,000 to build, one of the finest structures in New England, an imposing Gothic temple of white marble, three hundred feet long, the dome rising two hundred and fifty feet, and all the fronts elaborately ornamented with statuary and artistic decoration. The statue of General Putnam, who died at Hartford in 1790, is in the Park, and his tombstone, battered and weatherworn, is kept as a precious relic in the Capitol. The "Putnam Phalanx" is the great military organization of Hartford. In the east wing of the Capitol is the bronze statue of Nathan Hale, whom the British hanged as a spy in the Revolution. It is a masterpiece, the almost living figure seeming animated with

the full vigor of earnest youth, as with outstretched hands he actually appears to speak his memorable words: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." The Connecticut law-makers of to-day who meet in this sumptuous Capitol are milder legislators than their ancestors who made the "blue laws" of the olden time, when the iron rule of the Puritan pastors governing the colony enacted a Draconian code, inflicting death penalties for the crimes of idolatry, unchastity, blasphemy, witchcraft, murder, man-stealing, smiting parents, and some others, with savage punishment for Sabbath-breaking and the use of tobacco.

The celebrated Charter Oak is the great memory of Hartford. In 1850 the old tree was blown down in a storm, and a marble slab marks where it stood. The remains of the tree were fashioned into many precious relics, and our friend of humorous memory, Mark Twain, who lives in Hartford, says he has seen all conceivable articles made out of this precious timber, there being, among others, "a walking-stick, dog-collar, needle-case, three-legged stool, bootjack, dinner-table, tenpin alley, toothpick, and enough Charter Oak to build a plank-road from Hartford to Great Salt Lake City." This ancient tree concealed the royal charter of the Connecticut colony, granted by the King, when, in 1687, the tyrannical Governor Andros came to Hartford with his troops and demanded its surrender. While the subject was

being discussed in the Legislature, the lights were suddenly put out, and in the darkness a bold colonist seized the precious document, and running out, concealed it in the hollow of the oak. The fine statue surmounting the Capitol dome and overlooking the city is now, with extended arm, crowning the municipality with a wreath of Charter Oak leaves, and the oak leaf is repeated in many ways in the decoration of the Capitol and of many other buildings in the city. The Charter Oak Bank and Life Insurance Company are also flourishing institutions. In proportion to population, Hartford is regarded as the wealthiest city in America, and it is financially great, particularly in Life and Fire Insurance Companies, whose business is wide-spread. It has many charitable foundations, book-publishing houses, banks, manufacturing establishments and educational institutions, the most noted of the latter being Trinity College, in the southern part of the city, its brownstone Early English buildings having a grand view across the intervening valley to the hills of Farmington and Talcott Mountain, nine miles westward.

Picturesque suburbs adorned by magnificent villas environ the built-up parts of Hartford, making a splendid semi-rural residential section, where arching elms embower the lawn-bordered avenues, many localities being adorned by superb hedges. There is a fine artistic and historical collection in the Wadsworth Atheneum, where, among other precious

relics, are kept General Putnam's sword and the Indian King Philip's club. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, and Mrs. Sigourney, the poetess, were long residents of Hartford. The citizen whom it holds in steadfast memory, however, is Colonel Samuel Colt, who invented the revolving pistol. He was born in Hartford, and his remains rest under a fine monument in Cedar Hill Cemetery. His widow built as his memorial a beautiful little brownstone chapel, the Church of the Good Shepherd, which is not far away from the huge works of the Colt Arms Company, the chief industrial establishment of the city. Colt, when a boy, ran away from home and went to sea, and is said to have there conceived the idea of his great invention. He sought vainly during several years to establish a factory to make it, but did not prosper until 1852, when he started in Hartford; and with the great demand for small-arms then stimulated by the opening of the California gold mines and the exploration of the Western plains, afterwards expanded by the Civil War, his factory grew enormously. The heraldic "colt rampant" adopted by the inventor is stamped on all the arms and reproduced in all the decorations of these vast works. Among other large factories is also the Pope bicycle works. A short distance west of Hartford is New Britain, where there are twenty thousand people engaged in making hardware, locks and jewelry, its noted resident having

been Elihu Burritt, the "Learned Blacksmith," who was born there in 1810 and died in 1879.

SPRINGFIELD AND THE ARMORY.

To the north of Hartford is a fertile intervale, the rich meadows of Mattaneag, where the Connecticut River pours down the Enfield Rapids, and the diverted water flows through a canal formerly used to take the river-craft around the obstruction, but now giving ample power to many paper and other mills at Windsor Locks. The original colony was started here by John Warham, said to have been the first New England pastor who used notes in preaching. He sustained the "blue laws," but his colony to-day is a great tobacco-growing section, through which the Farmington River flows down from the western hills. At South Windsor, John Fitch, the steamboat inventor, was born. The Hazardville Powder Works, one of the greatest gunpowder factories in the world, are beyond, and also Thompsonville, a prodigious maker of carpets, and then the boundary is crossed into Massachusetts. Just north of the line, the Connecticut River sweeps grandly around in approaching Springfield, built on the eastern bank, and spreading for a long distance up the slopes of the adjacent hills. It is a busy manufacturing city, with sixty thousand population and an important railway junction, where the roads along the river cross the route from Boston to Albany and the West. This

was the Indian land of Agawam—"fish-abounding"—to which the Puritan missionary William Pynchon led his hardy flock in 1636, and the statue of Miles Morgan, a noted soldier of the early time, representing the "Puritan," stands, matchlock in hand, in heroic bronze on the Public Square. Springfield is noted for its great firearms factories, having the extensive works of the Smith & Wesson Company, and also the United States Armory. This enormous Government factory, making rifles for the army previously on a large scale, quadrupled its output during the Spanish War of 1898. It occupies an extensive enclosure on Armory Hill, up to which the surface gradually slopes from the river, giving an admirable view over the city. The chief buildings stand around a quadrangle, making a pleasant stretch of lawn, with regular rows of trees crossing it. There are a few old cannon planted about, giving a military air, and here are made the Springfield rifles. During the Revolution most of the arms for the American army were made here, and the cannon were cast that helped defeat Burgoyne at Saratoga. In the Civil War the main works were constructed, and they ran day and night for four years, making nearly eight hundred thousand rifles for the Union armies. The Arsenal, a large building on the western side of the quadrangle, contains two hundred and twenty-five thousand arms, tastefully arranged, and rivalling the collection at the Tower of London.

This armory is the chief industrial establishment of Springfield, and Longfellow has thus described its great Arsenal:

"This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ rise the burnished arms;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

"Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the death-angel touches those swift keys!
What loud lament and dismal Miserere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

"I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

. . . . . .

"Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts:

"The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain!

"Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say 'Peace!'

"Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of Love arise."

At Springfield the Agawam River flows from the westward into the Connecticut, and along its broad bordering meadows comes the Boston and Albany Railroad. This is one of the Vanderbilt lines, crossing Massachusetts from the Berkshires to Boston, and it was among the earliest railways built in New England, being in construction from 1833 to 1842. The project while zealously pushed was then generally derided as chimerical, the Boston *Courier* of that time saying the road could only be built at "an expense of little less than the market value of the whole territory of Massachusetts, and, if practicable, every person of common sense knows it would be as useless as a railroad from Boston to the moon." Yet it was built, and prospered so much that, to break its profitable monopoly, Massachusetts had afterwards to bore the costly Hoosac Tunnel on the only available route, to provide a competing line. The railroad climbs up the Taghkanic range from the Hudson River Valley, crosses the Berkshire Hills, going through Pittsfield and over Hoosac Mountain at an elevation of fourteen hundred and fifty feet, then coming down a wild and picturesque defile made by a mountain brook flowing into Westfield River, which in turn flows into the Agawam. It is a route of magnificent scenery, gradually leading from a mountain gorge to a broadening intervale, where it passes the fertile Indian domain of Woronoco and the pleasant town of Westfield, noted for its whips and cigars. Then the wind-

ing reaches of the Agawam lead through broad meadows and past many mills to Springfield. The various streams around the Armory City, like so much of the clear waters elsewhere in Massachusetts, are largely devoted to paper-making, and eastward from Springfield the railroad ascends the valley of the swift-flowing Chicopee, meaning the "large spring," among more paper-mills. This is a vast industry developed by the pure, clean waters of Central Massachusetts. Farther eastward, however, the character of the mills changes, and at Brookfield shoemaking villages appear, while elsewhere there are textile and leather factories. Brookfield was the birthplace, in 1818, of the noted female agitator Lucy Stone, its Quaboag Pond furnishing the water turning the mill-wheels, and then flowing off through Podunk meadows by the Sashaway River to the Chicopee. At Spencer, not far away, was born in 1819 Elias Howe, the inventor of the sewing-machine. Farther eastward the railway route leads to Worcester, and thence to Boston.

THE LAND OF NONOTUCK.

The valley of the Connecticut north of Springfield is a hive of busy industries where are made most of the finer papers used in the United States. All the tributary water-courses teem with factories. Four miles above Springfield the Chicopee flows in from the eastern hills, there being a population of twenty thousand, and the mills, served by the power from its

falls two miles eastward, working cotton and wool, brass and bronze, as well as making paper. Chicopee Falls was the home of Edward Bellamy, author of *Looking Backward*, who died in 1898. A few miles above the Chicopee, on the Connecticut, are the Hadley Falls, the greatest water-power of New England, and the creator of Holyoke, with fifty thousand people, the chief manufactory of fine papers in the world. In a little more than a mile the river descends sixty feet in falls and rapids, and by a system of canals the water is led for three miles along the banks, thus serving the factories, which have great advantages of position, as the river winds around them on three sides, and its flow is also supplemented by steam-power. The water, from its great descent, is used several times over. The main Hadley fall descends thirty feet, and to prevent erosion is aproned with stout timbers sheathed with boiler iron. The river is bridled by a huge dam one thousand feet long, and has a boom to catch the floating logs.

The scenery above the Hadley Falls grows more attractive; the hills approach nearer the river and rise sharply into mountains; the river winds about their bases, and, abruptly turning, goes through a gorge between them. Upon the western side is the Mount Tom range, and upon the eastern bank Mount Holyoke, with inclined-plane railways ascending both, Mount Tom rising twelve hundred and fifteen feet, and Mount Holyoke nine hundred and fifty-five

feet. The Connecticut flows out between them from the extensive valley above. These guardian peaks of Tom and Holyoke bear the names of two pioneers of the valley, who are said to have first discovered the pass, and the tradition is that the broad and fertile plain above, spreading almost to the northern Massachusetts boundary, was once a lake with the outlet towards the west, behind Mount Tom, until the waters broke a passage through the ridge, and made the Connecticut River route to the Sound. The origin of these mountains was evidently volcanic, being built up of trap-rock lifting its columned masses abruptly from the level floor of the valley, and almost without foothills to dwarf the greater elevation. The broad vale beyond is the fertile land of Nonotuck, bought from the Indians in 1653 for "one hundred fathoms of wampum and ten coats." Here to the westward of the river is Northampton, a most lovely and attractive town, well described as "the frontispiece of the book of beauty which Nature opens wide in the valley of the Connecticut." The fairest fields surround it, with thrifty farmers cultivating their rich bottom-lands, and the people have a splendid outlook in front of their doors, in the glorious panorama of the noble mountains, with the river flowing away through the deep gorge. The place was named Northampton because most of the original settlers came from that English town. Solomon Stoddart was the sturdy Puritan pastor, ruling the flock at Nono-

tuck for over a half-century, the village being for protection surrounded by a palisade and wall. The little church in which he preached measured eighteen by twenty-six feet, being built in 1655 at a cost of $75, and the congregation were summoned to meeting armed and by the blasts of a trumpet:

> "Each man equipped on Sunday morn
> With psalm-book, shot and powder-horn,
> And looked in form, as all must grant,
> Like th' ancient, true Church militant."

This renowned pastor was of majestic appearance, and as good a fighter as he was a preacher. He never hesitated to lead his people in their Indian wars, and once he is said to have got into an ambush, but the awestruck savages, impressed by his noble bearing, hesitated to shoot him, telling their French allies, "That is the Englishman's god." The present stone church is the fifth built on the original site. During nearly a quarter-century the noted Jonathan Edwards was the Northampton pastor, but he was dismissed in 1750, because, owing to the growing laxity of church members, he insisted upon "a higher and purer standard of admission to the communion-table." Northampton is famed for its educational development, the chief institution, endowed by Sophia Smith in 1871, being Smith College for women, having a thousand students and possessing fine buildings, with an art gallery, music hall and gymnasium. There are various attractive

public buildings, including an Institution for Mutes and the State Lunatic Asylum. The level land of Nonotuck raises much tobacco, the Connecticut River winding in wide circular sweeps among the fields and meadows, but making little progress as it goes around great curves of miles in circuit. Upon an isthmus thus formed, with the broad river loop stretching far to the westward, is "Old Hadley," the Connecticut having made a five-mile circuit to accomplish barely one mile of distance. Across the level isthmus from the river above to the river below, stretching through the village, is the noted "Hadley Street," the handsomest highway in natural adornments in the Old Bay State. Over three hundred feet wide, this street is lined by two double rows of noble elms, with a broad expanse of greenest lawn between, and nearly a thousand ancient trees arching their graceful branches over it. This very quiet street has perfect greensward, for it is almost untravelled, and its inhabitants grow tobacco and make brooms. Another of these wayward river loops is the great "ox-bow" of the Connecticut, where the river used to flow around a circuit of nearly four miles and accomplished only one hundred and fifty yards of actual distance, until an ice-freshet broke through the narrow isthmus and made a straight channel across it, which has become the course of the river. The abandoned channel of the "ox-bow" is now usually stored with logs awaiting

the sawmill. Hadley was the final home and burial-place of Goffe and Whalley, the regicides, who fled there from New Haven. When their house was pulled down, it was said the bones of Whalley, who died in 1679, were found entombed just outside the cellar-wall. It was the house of the pastor, and they were concealed in it fifteen years, from 1664 to 1679, their presence known only to three persons. Once, during the hiding, Indians attacked the town, and after a sharp fight the people gave way, when there suddenly appeared "an ancient man with hoary locks, of a most venerable and dignified aspect," who rallied them to a fresh onslaught, driving the Indians off. He then disappeared, the inhabitants attributing their deliverance to a "militant angel." This was Goffe, and the tale is the chief legend of "Old Hadley." General Joseph Hooker of the Civil War was born in Hadley. At South Hadley is the Mount Holyoke College for girls, almost under the shadow of the mountain, amid magnificent scenery, a noted institution with four hundred students, where, during the past century, have been educated many missionary women for their labors in distant lands.

MOUNT HOLYOKE AND BEYOND.

There is a grand view from the summit of Mount Holyoke, spreading almost from Long Island Sound to the White Mountains, and from the Berkshire

Hills in the west to the cloud-capped mountains Monadnock and Wachusett, fifty miles to the eastward. This is regarded as the finest view in New England, for the wide and highly cultivated valley of the Connecticut, with its wayward, winding stream flowing apparently in all directions over the rich bottom-lands cut up into diminutive farms and fields like so many "plaided meadows," gives a charm that is lacking in most other mountain views. The grand panorama displays parts of four New England States. Off to the northeast several miles is seen the town of Amherst, with four thousand people, the seat of another noted educational institution, Amherst College, having over four hundred students and a fine archæological museum.

The Hoosac Mountain range in the Berkshires sends down various streams on its eastern slopes through wild and romantic gorges into the Connecticut Valley, and one of these is Deerfield River, coming into the main stream some distance north of Mount Holyoke. Here is the village of "Old Deerfield," settled in 1670, on the Indian domain of Pocomtuck, and named from the abundance of deer found in the forests. Its streets often ran with blood in King Philip's and the later Indian Wars, and its young men were then described by the quaint Puritan chronicler as "the very flower of Essex County, none of whom were ashamed to speak with the enemy in the gate." Its guardian peaks are the Sugar Loaf,

rising seven hundred and ten feet, and on the opposite eastern side of the river Mount Toby, nearly thirteen hundred feet high. King Philip, in his attack upon the settlers here in 1675, made the tall and isolated Sugar Loaf his lookout station, whence he directed the movements of his forces, and a crag on the top is yet called "King Philip's Chair." Nearby, a monument marks the battlefield of Bloody Brook in 1675, where the Indians killed Captain Lathrop and eighty young men of Essex County. The Fitchburg Railroad from Boston through Fitchburg comes across the Connecticut Valley, and passing the village of Greenfield, takes advantage of the winding canyon of Deerfield River to ascend westward to the wall of Hoosac Mountain, where the great tunnel is pierced. The route is in a wild and picturesque defile, in the heart of which is the pleasant village of Shelburne Falls, where the stream glides down a series of cataracts and rapids having one hundred and fifty feet descent. Here are mills making cutlery, hooks, gimlets and other things, and there are sheep-pastures on the mountain sides, and the people also tap the maple trees for sugar. There are more villages among these mountains farther up the gorge, where it may broaden to give a little arable land, and at one of these, under the shadow of the great Pocomtuck Mountain, was born in 1797 Mary Lyon, the devout and noted teacher who founded Mount Holyoke College for girls. Finally

the railway reaches the Hoosac wall, and leaving the little Deerfield River which comes down from the north, disappears westward in the tunnel.

The Connecticut River beyond the Massachusetts northern boundary divides the States of New Hampshire and Vermont, and its scenery, as ascended, becomes more romantic and mountainous. At Northfield, near the boundary, lived Dwight L. Moody, the evangelist. Above the boundary, the Massachusetts colony, as a protection to the river settlements, in 1724 built Fort Dummer, which was often attacked by the French and Indians in their forays from Canada, but never captured, and near it was made the first settlement in Vermont, a village named in 1753 Brattleborough, in honor of Colonel Brattle of Boston, one of the landowners. The Whetstone Brook flows in, making a fine water-power, and the town, now having six thousand people, is charmingly situated on an elevated plateau, surrounded by lofty hills. Brattleboro' is the centre of the Vermont maple-sugar industry, and it has the largest organ-works existing, those of the Estey Company. Just south of the town rises Cemetery Hill, overlooking it with a fine view, and here is the grand monument erected in memory of the notorious James Fisk, Jr., who was a native of the place. It bears emblematic female statues representing Railroads, Commerce, Navigation and the Drama, and was executed by Larkin G. Mead, the sculptor, also a native of the

town. It is recorded that when a lad, Mead worked one long winter night on a snow figure at the head of the Main Street, and next morning, the people were surprised to see there a beautiful figure of the Recording Angel, modeled in the purest snow. Southwest of Brattleboro' is Sadawga Lake, in the town of Whitingham, near which, in a poor log hut, Brigham Young was born in 1801. He was a farmer's son, educated in the Baptist Church, and afterwards emigrating to Ohio, joined the Mormons there when about thirty years old. When Rudyard Kipling had his home in Vermont, it was about three miles north of Brattleboro'.

From the eastern highlands of New Hampshire the Ashuelot River flows into the Connecticut below Brattleboro', and to the northeast in its alluvial valley is Keene, the centre of an agricultural district, and having about eight thousand people, some of whom make leather goods, furniture and wooden ware. The Ashuelot means a "collection of many waters," and the place was named before the Revolution in honor of Sir Benjamin Keene, a British friend of Governor Wentworth of New Hampshire, in consequence of which the colonial historian recorded that "Keene is a proud little spot." To the southeast boldly rises Mount Monadnock, its high and rugged top elevated nearly thirty-two hundred feet, and having a hotel half-way up its side. This mountain is about eighty miles from Boston, and the town

of Jaffrey, at its southeastern base, has an old church, the frame of which was raised on the day of the battle of Bunker Hill, the workmen claiming that they heard the cannonading. The Williams River, coming from the slopes of the Green Mountains, flows into the Connecticut on the Vermont side, at Bellows Falls, a picturesque summer resort located at the river rapids, where there is a descent of forty-two feet in about a half-mile, the power being availed of for various factories. Above, at Claremont, the Sugar River flows in from New Hampshire, and to the eastward is the charming Lake Sunapee, nine miles long, and surrounded by wooded highlands, which has been often called the American Loch Katrine. Over on the Vermont side, north of Claremont, is Windsor, where it is recorded that during a fearful thunder-storm, and with the appalling news of the loss of Fort Ticonderoga ringing in their ears, the deputies of Vermont adopted the State Constitution, July 2, 1777. Southwest of the village rises Ascutney Mountain, its Indian name meaning the "Three Brothers," being supposed to refer to three singular valleys running down the western slope. Its summit is elevated thirty-three hundred and twenty feet. William M. Evarts, who was a native of Boston, has his summer home Runnymede near Windsor, and at Cornish, nearby, Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase was born in 1808, emigrating to Ohio in 1830.

HANOVER TO MEMPHRAMAGOG.

The White River, coming out from the Green Mountains, flows into the Connecticut at a noted railway junction, while a short distance above is the Olcott Falls, a cataract amid picturesque surroundings which provides power for large paper-mills at Wilder, Vermont. To the northward is Hanover, in New Hampshire, the seat of the most famous educational foundation of northern New England, Dartmouth College, having some seven hundred students. Rev. Eleazer Wheelock began it in 1770, and his name is preserved in the chief hotel. He started a school in the forest to educate missionaries for the Indians, having twenty-four students domiciled in rude log huts. He also educated several Indians, giving them Master's degrees; but after some of them had returned to savage life he changed his plan, and this object was subordinated to the purposes of general and higher education, the College, which was named for the Earl of Dartmouth, entering upon a successful career subsequently to the Revolution. Among the graduates have been Daniel Webster, Amos Kendall, Levi Woodbury, Benjamin Greenleaf, George P. Marsh, George Ticknor, Rufus Choate, Thaddeus Stevens and Salmon P. Chase. There are numerous buildings surrounding an extensive elm-shaded campus, and also a spacious college park. The Connecticut River above Hanover winds

about the level fertile intervale, making numerous "ox-bow" bends, and there appear numerous mountain peaks which are outlying sentinels of the Franconia Mountains to the eastward. The best known of these is Moosilauke, rising forty-eight hundred feet, which formerly was the "Moose Hillock" of the colonists. On the western river bank is the Vermont town of Newbury, founded by General Bailey of Massachusetts. It is related that during the Revolution a detachment of British troops came there to capture him, but a friend who learned their object went out where he was ploughing and dropped in the furrow a note, saying, "The Philistines be upon thee, Samson!" Bailey, returning down the long furrow, saw the note, took the hint and escaped. The crooked little Wells River flows out of the Green Mountains and falls into the Connecticut at the village of Wells River, nestling in a deep basin among the high hills; and here is another important railway junction, with routes going westward to Lake Champlain, northward to Canada, and eastward to the White Mountains. The latter route is up the Ammonoosuc River valley, past Littleton, with its glove factories and summer boarding-houses, on the edge of the mountain district, and thence to Bethlehem and into the heart of the White Mountain region.

The Passumpsic River flows from Vermont into the Connecticut a few miles above, and about ten

miles up that winding and hill-environed stream is the picturesque town of St. Johnsbury, with about seven thousand people, noted as the location of the extensive Fairbanks Scale Works. St. John de Crevecœur, the French Consul at New York, was very popular in the Revolutionary times and a benefactor of Vermont, and this town, settled in 1786, was named in his honor. It is related that in 1830, when there was a good deal of excitement about hemp-culture in the United States, the Fairbanks Brothers established a hemp-dressing factory here, and one of them conceived the idea of a platform-scale to weigh the hemp, which construction was the origin of their extensive business, the works sending scales all over the world. The railroad route to Montreal and Quebec ascends the Passumpsic, crosses the watershed, passing Lake Memphramagog at Newport, and then enters Canada. This noted lake is on the national boundary, more than two-thirds of it being in Canada, and is thirty miles long. Memphramagog means the "beautiful water," and the mountain ranges enclosing it with their wooded slopes present fine views. The national boundary is marked by clearings in the forests on either side of the lake. The massive rounded summit of the Owl's Head rises thirty-three hundred feet on the western shore in imposing magnificence, and many other peaks are sentinelled all around. Steamboats ply on the lake from Newport to Magog at the foot, where its waters discharge northward

into Magog River and thence flow over the vast plain of Canada, which is so conspicuously contrasted with the mountains to the southward, until at Sherbrooke they reach St. Francis River, and finally the St. Lawrence. Lake Memphramagog has its Indian legends of massacre and escape, but its chief modern tradition is of a noted smuggler named Skinner, who in the early nineteenth century performed prodigious feats of skill in eluding the revenue officers. Near the boundary is Skinner's Island, having a spacious cavern on its northwestern side. The smuggler usually disappeared near this island, which came in time to be named for him, and it is related that one night the officers, having had a long chase, found his boat on this island and turned it adrift on the lake. The smuggler never appeared afterwards, but some years later a fisherman, seeking shelter from a squall under the lee of the island, discovered the cave hidden under foliage and explored it.

"And what do you think the fisherman found?
Neither a gold nor a silver prize,
But a skull with sockets where once were eyes;
Also some bones of arms and thighs,
And a vertebral column of giant size;
How they got there he could not devise,
For he'd only been used to commonplace graves,
And knew naught of 'organic remains' in caves;
On matters like those his wits were dull,
So he dropped the subject as well as the skull.
'Tis needless to say
In this latter day,

'Twas the smuggler's bones in the cave that lay :
All I've to add is—the bones in a grave
Were placed, and the cavern was called 'Skinner's Cave.'"

SOURCES OF THE CONNECTICUT.

The Connecticut River comes from the northeast to its confluence with the Passumpsic, a stream of reduced volume, flowing down rapids. There is only sparse population above, and in New Hampshire, some distance east of Colebrook, is the famous Dixville Notch. This is an attractive ravine about ten miles long, cut through the isolated Dixville Range. It is not a mountain pass in the usual sense, but a wonderful gorge among high hills, the cliffs being worn and broken down into strange forms of ruin and desolation. Theodore Winthrop describes the Dixville Notch as "briefly, picturesque—a fine gorge between a crumbling, conical crag and a scarped precipice—a place easily defensible, except at the season when raspberries would distract sentinels." Approached from Colebrook to the westward, the view is disappointing, as it is entered at a high level, but after an abrupt turn to the right, the tall columnar sides are seen frowning at each other across the narrow chasm ; cliffs of decaying mica slate presenting a scene of shattered ruin that is mournful to behold. To the right of the Notch, Table Rock rises five hundred and sixty feet above the road, being elevated nearly twenty-five hundred feet

above the sea, and is ascended by a rude stairway of stone blocks called Jacob's Ladder. Its summit is a narrow pinnacle only eight feet wide, with precipitous sides. It gives an extensive view over the Connecticut Valley northward to the Connecticut Lakes, and over the upper Androscoggin Valley to the southeastward. Its most impressive sight, however, is much nearer, the narrow dreary chasm immediately below, with its broken palisades that seem almost ready to fall. Beyond is the Ice Cave, a deep ravine where snow and ice remain throughout the summer. Washington's Monument and the Pinnacle, remarkable rock formations, rise high on the north side of the Notch. Beyond the Notch southeastward is the Androscoggin, which small steamboats ascend to Lake Umbagog on the Maine boundary. Still farther eastward and deep in the Maine forests are the noted fishery waters of the Rangeley Lakes, which have polysyllabic names, such as Mooselucmaguntic, Mollychunkamunk, and Welokenebacook. They are elevated fifteen hundred feet above the sea and cover eighty square miles of surface.

We have now ascended the picturesque Connecticut River to its mountain sources. It has become only a brook, and having followed it up to the Canadian boundary of Vermont, it is found to come out of Northern New Hampshire, flowing westward from the Connecticut Lakes. The main lake of this group

is twenty-five miles northeast of Colebrook, covering about twelve square miles, a favorite haunt of anglers, and navigated by a small steamboat. The second lake, four miles farther northeast through the forest, has about five square miles of surface, and the third lake is to the northward, covering two hundred acres. The Canadian northern boundary of New Hampshire is a low mountain range, and on its southern slope is the fourth and highest lake, at twenty-five hundred feet elevation above the sea, a pond of about three acres, in which the great New England river has its head. These Connecticut Lakes are in an almost unbroken forest.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

To the eastward of the Connecticut River, which we have explored from its mouth to the source, lies one of the most attractive regions in America, the White Mountain district. It covers about thirteen hundred square miles, stretching forty-five miles eastward from the Connecticut to the Maine boundary, and being thirty miles wide from the Ammonoosuc and Androscoggin on the north to the base of the Sandwich range on the south. There are some two hundred of these mountains rising from a plateau elevated generally sixteen hundred feet above the sea. They cluster mainly in two groups, separated by a broad table-land ten to twenty miles wide, the western group being the Franconia Mountains

and the eastern group the Presidential range, or White Mountains proper. Their great mass is of granite, overlaid by mica slate; their scenery is varied and beautiful; and the country has nowhere a more popular resort than these mountains in the summer. They send out from their glens and notches various rivers, westward to the Connecticut, eastward to the Androscoggin and Saco, and southward to the Merrimack. The Indians called the White Mountains Agiochook, meaning "the Mountains of the Snowy Forehead and Home of the Great Spirit," and held them in the utmost reverence and awe. They rarely ascended the peaks, as it was believed no intruder upon these sacred heights was ever known to return. The legend was that the Great Spirit once bore a blameless chief and his squaw in a mighty whirlwind to the summit, while the world below was overspread by a flood destroying all the people. It was said that the great Passaconaway, the wizard-king at Pennacook, was wont to commune with celestial messengers on the summit of Agiochook, whence he was finally borne to heaven. The first white man who visited these mountains was Darby Field, who came up from Portsmouth on the seacoast in June, 1642, by the valley of the Saco. The Indians tried to dissuade him, saying he would never return alive, but he pressed on, attended by two seashore Indians, passing through cloud-banks and storms, reaching the highest peak, whence he

saw, as he related, "the sea by Saco, the Gulf of Canada, and the great lake Canada River came out of;" and he found many crystals that he thought were diamonds, from which the range long bore the name of the "Chrystal Hills." Towards the close of the eighteenth century colonists began moving into the outlying glens; in 1792 Abel Crawford lived on the Giant's Grave, now Fabyan's; in 1803 a small inn was built there; and in 1820 a party of seven ascended and slept on the summit of Mount Washington, giving the principal peaks the names they now have.

From the Connecticut River the chief route of entrance to the White Mountain region is by railway up the Ammonoosuc River alongside its swift-flowing amber waters, and through the villages of North Lisbon and Littleton, then coming to Bethlehem Junction, whence a short narrow-gauge railroad leads steeply up the hill-slope westward to Maplewood and Bethlehem. This is one of the most populous resorts of the district—Bethlehem Street—a well-kept highway, stretching two miles along a plateau upon the northern hill-slope at an elevation of almost three hundred feet above the river. When old President Dwight, in his early wanderings over New England, first saw this place, it was known as the "Lord's Hill," and he recorded it as remote and sterile, having "only log huts, recent, few, poor and planted on a soil singularly rough and rocky," but he saw "a

magnificent prospect of the White Mountains and a splendid collection of other mountains in this neighborhood." It is now an aggregation of fine hotels and summer boarding-houses, the whole "Street" having a grand view of the imposing Presidential range, seen nearly twenty miles to the eastward over the Ammonoosuc Valley, while other mountain ranges are to the north and west, so that Bethlehem is in a vast amphitheatre, presenting, when the clouds permit, an environment of unsurpassed magnificence. To the southward, the visitors climb Mount Agassiz, rising twenty-four hundred feet, formerly known as the Peaked Hill, and get an unrivalled view of mountains all around the horizon, the Green Mountains of Vermont being plainly visible beyond the Connecticut River to the westward. The southern flanks of Mount Agassiz are drained by the pretty little Gale River, flowing through a deep glen westward to the Ammonoosuc at North Lisbon. Down in this glen, to the southwest of Bethlehem, is the village of Franconia, with numerous hotels and boarding-houses, while to the southwest of the glen rises Sugar Hill, another popular resort, with its great hotels set high on the hilltop, and having superb views of the Franconia and White Mountains to the eastward, and far away westward over the Connecticut Valley where the horizon is enclosed by the long line of the Green Mountains. It is a breezy and health-giving place.

THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

To the southward of Bethlehem is the Franconia group, of which Mount Lafayette is the crowning peak, its pyramidal summit rising fifty-two hundred and seventy feet. A notch is cut down into the group, and through this, the Franconia or Profile Notch, another narrow-gauge railway going up-hill for ten miles in the forest, traverses the flanks of Lafayette and leads to the Echo Lake and Profile House, the most extensive hotel in the region. This is in Coös County, the mountain county of northern New Hampshire, getting its strangely pronounced name from the Indian word *cooash*, meaning the "pine woods," with which almost the whole country was then covered. Here lived the Abenaqui tribe, known as the "swift deer-hunting Coosucks." At the highest part of the Notch, where its floor broadens sufficiently for a few acres of smooth surface between the enormous enclosing mountains, is built the hotel and its attendant cottages, standing between two long, narrow lakes at the summit of the pass, the waters flowing out respectively north and south, from the one, Echo Lake to Gale River and the Ammonoosuc, and from the other, Profile Lake to the Pemigewasset, seeking the Merrimack. The Pemigewasset means "the place of the Crooked Pines," and Profile Lake used to be called the "Old Man's Washbowl." On its western side rises Mount Cannon, forty-one hun-

dred feet high, on the southeastern face of which is the "Old Man of the Mountain," the noted Franconia Profile. The mountain rises abruptly from the edge of the lake, and twelve hundred feet above the water is this "Great Stone Face," about which Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote so famously. It is a remarkable semblance of the human countenance, and can be properly seen from only one position. Move but a short distance either north or south from this spot, and the profile becomes distorted and is soon obliterated. It is composed of three distinct ledges of granite projecting from the face of the mountain, one forming the forehead, another the nose and upper lip, and a third the chin. These three ledges are in different vertical lines, the actual length of the profile being forty feet, and they make an overhanging brow, a powerful and clearly-defined nose, and a sharp and massive projecting chin, the very mark of complete decision of character, so that the realism of the profile is almost startling. The Old Man's severe and somewhat melancholy gaze is directed towards the southeast over the lake, as if looking earnestly down the Notch.

The white man's discovery of this profile was made in the early nineteenth century by two road-makers, mending the highway through the Notch. Stooping to wash their hands in the lake, just at the right spot, they casually looked up and saw it, being struck instantly by the wonderful facial resemblance.

"That is Jefferson," said one of them, Thomas Jefferson then being President of the United States, and the stern countenance certainly looks like some of his portraits. There he is, gazing far away, with sturdy, unchanging expression, as he has done for thousands of years. Thomas Starr King, who has so well described these mountains, regards the "Great Stone Face" as "a piece of sculpture older than the Sphinx—an imitation of the human countenance which is the crown of all beauty, that was pushed out from the coarse strata of New England, thousands of years before Adam." Yet a slight change from the proper position for view greatly alters the profile. Move a few paces northward, and the nose and face are flattened, only the projecting forehead finally being seen. Go a short distance to the southward, and the Old Man's decisive countenance quickly deteriorates into that of a toothless old woman wearing a cap, and soon the lower portion of the face is so distorted that the human profile is obliterated. The Cannon Mountain bearing the famous profile is a majestic ridge named from a spacious granite ledge on its steep slope, presenting, when observed from a certain position below, the appearance of a cannon ready for firing. Its summit rises seven hundred feet above the profile.

From the Profile Lake, the Pemigewasset River flows southward, deep down in the narrow Franconia Notch, the stream descending over five hundred feet

in five miles. Here is the "Flume," and beyond it the gorge widens, giving a view which Thomas Starr King has described as "a perpetual refreshment," for it extends far away southward over the broadening intervale, one of the fairest scenes in nature, stretching many miles to and beyond Plymouth. The "Flume" is made by a brilliant little tributary brook dashing along the bottom of a fissure for several hundred feet, bordered by high walls rising sixty to seventy feet above the torrent and only a few feet apart. The water rushes towards the Pemigewasset between these smooth granite walls, and the awe-struck visitor walks through in startled admiration. The "Pool" is beyond, a deep, dark basin, into which the Pemigewasset falls, surrounded by a high rocky enclosure, making an abyss over a hundred feet across and one hundred and fifty feet deep. There is also another pellucid green basin below, into which the river tumbles by a pretty white cascade, this being a huge pothole originally ground out by the action of boulders whirled around in it by the current. A galaxy of peaks environ this pleasant glen in the Franconia and Pemigewasset ranges, the highest of them, Mount Lincoln, rising fifty-one hundred feet, and having Mount Liberty, a lower peak, to the southward.

TO PLYMOUTH AND BEYOND.

Emerging from the Franconia Notch, the broadened valley reaches the attractive village of North

Woodstock, another cluster of hotels and summer boarding-houses in an attractive location. The Pemigewasset receives its eastern branch, passes other villages, is swollen by the brisk torrent of the Mad River, and then, amid lower mountains and broader vales, but still with the most delicious views, comes to the typical White Mountain outpost town of Plymouth, at the confluence of the Pemigewasset and Baker Rivers, the latter coming in from the northwest. Captain Baker with a company of Massachusetts rangers, early in the eighteenth century, attacked an Indian village here, and his name was given the tributary stream. The Puritan colonists, however, did not actually settle Plymouth until 1764. The town is full of summer cottages and boarding-houses, is noted for its manufacture of fine buckskin gloves, and has as its chief relic the little old building, then the court-house, in which Daniel Webster made his first speech to a jury. It was here that Nathaniel Hawthorne suddenly died in May, 1864. He was travelling with his intimate friend, ex-President of the United States Franklin Pierce, and stopping overnight at a hotel, was found dead in his room next morning, having passed quietly away while sleeping. Far away beyond Plymouth the bright Pemigewasset flows, receiving the outlets of the Waukawan Lake, and of the beautiful and island-dotted Squam Lake, its enclosing hills being most superb sites for summer villas. This is the "moun-

tain-girdled Squam" of which Whittier sings, and a giant pine tree is pointed out on its banks where the poet used to sit and watch the lake by hours, and in honor of which he wrote the *Wood Giant*, one of his most admirable poems. The Pemigewasset joins the outlet stream of Lake Winnepesaukee at Franklin, and they together form the noble Merrimack, which, in its useful flow to the sea, turns so many New England mill-wheels. The Pemigewasset and its branches drain the southern slopes of the Franconia ranges in a vast primeval forest, whose inner solitudes are rarely explored. Upon its eastern verge, far up on the southwestern slope of Mount Willey, is Ethan's Pond, said to be the most elevated source of the Merrimack, twenty-five hundred feet above the sea. Its most remote source is the Profile Lake, at the head of the Pemigewasset, over which the "Great Stone Face" mounts guard. Thus writes Thoreau of the Merrimack:

"At first it comes on, murmuring to itself, by the base of stately and retired mountains, through moist, primitive woods, whose juices it receives, where the bear still drinks it and the cabins of settlers are far between, and there are few to cross its stream; enjoying in solitude its cascades still unknown to fame; by long ranges of mountains of Sandwich and of Squam, slumbering like tumuli of Titans, with the peaks of Moosilauke, the Haystacks and Kearsarge reflected in its waters; where the maple and the

raspberry, those lovers of the hills, flourish amid temperate dews; flowing long and full of meaning, but untranslatable as its name, Pemigewasset, by many a pastured Pelion and Ossa, where unnamed muses haunt, tended by Oreades, Dryads and Nereids, and receiving the tribute of many an untasted Hippocrene:

> "'Such water do the gods distil,
> And pour down every hill,
> For their New England men.
> A draught of this will nectar bring,
> And I'll not taste the spring
> Of Helicon again.'

Where it meets the sea is Plum Island, its sand ridges scalloping along the horizon like the sea-serpent, and its distant outline broken by many a tall ship, leaning, still, against the sky. Standing at its mouth, looking up its sparkling stream to its source, —a silver cascade which falls all the way from the White Mountains to the sea,—and behold a city on each successive plateau, a busy colony of human beavers around every fall. Not to mention Newburyport and Haverhill, see Lawrence and Lowell, and Nashua and Manchester and Concord, gleaming one above the other."

THE WHITE MOUNTAIN NOTCH.

The most remarkable pass in this attractive mountain district is the great White Mountain Notch,

through the heart of the range. The valley of the Ammonoosuc, farther ascended from Bethlehem Junction, soon becomes an enormous chasm, cut deeply down, and sweeping grandly around from the south towards the east, disclosing in magnificent array the splendid galaxy of Presidential Peaks as it is carved along their western bases. This Notch is formed by the headwaters of the Ammonoosuc rising among the foothills of Mount Washington, flowing out towards the west, and by the Saco River, flowing southeast to the Atlantic. The Maine Central Railway avails of this remarkable pass to get through the White Mountains, and bring the traffic of northwestern New England and Canada down to the sea. To the northward arises the Owl's Head, around which this railway circles after emerging from the western portal of the Notch, and on the northern flanks of this mountain are the head-streams of Israel River, over beyond which is Mount Starr King. Here is Jefferson, another gathering of hotels and cottages, enjoying one of the finest views of the White Mountain range, a popular resort, from which there are grand drives around the northern side of the Presidential range, seventeen miles eastward to Gorham on the Androscoggin. It was on this route that the famous view of these mountains was painted by George L. Brown—the "Crown of New England," owned by the Prince of Wales. Jefferson Hill has been described by Starr King as "the

ultima thule of grandeur in an artist's pilgrimage among the New Hampshire mountains." Seven miles northwest, down the Israel River, is Lancaster, with nearly four thousand people, another favorite resort, though with more distant mountain views.

Where the Ammonoosuc, now become so small, curves around from the east towards the south at the western portal of the Notch, is Fabyan's, and here are located some of the great hotels of the district, right in front of Mount Washington. Between Fabyan's and Crawford's, four miles southward, the Presidential Range is the eastern border of the Notch and is passed in grand review. The head-spring of the Ammonoosuc is on the slope of the mountain alongside Crawford's, where the floor of the valley is at its highest elevation, nineteen hundred feet above the sea and three hundred and thirty feet above Fabyan's. Higher than this the massive walls of the Notch rise some two thousand feet farther, and then slope backward up to the mountain summits, which are much higher, but invisible from the bottom of the valley. In front of Crawford's, where there is a rather broader space, one looks southward at the little oval lake which is the source of Saco River. Just beyond is the "Gate of the Notch," where the rocky projections of the huge mountains on either hand come out and almost close the passage, leaving an opening of only a few feet width for the diminutive Saco, here a mere rill, to start on its

career, soon becoming a vigorous mountain torrent, leaping and bounding down the canyon. Upon the left hand of the stream the rocks have been cut out to give the wagon-road room, and on the right hand the railroad has hewn its route through the granite, the three being closely compressed between the high cliffs towering above. The Elephant's Head, formed of dark rocks, with trunk and eye well fashioned, looks down upon this "Gate," and just beyond, another cliff presents the semblance of an Indian papoose clinging to its mother's back. The little Saco soon cuts the Notch deeply down, such is its steep descent, so that in a short distance it becomes a vast ravine. Thus, with the railway high up on a gallery upon the mountain side, and the road deep down by the Saco, the ravine is cleft between Mounts Webster and Willard, the latter, as the chasm bends, falling sharply off, a tremendous precipice of steep and bare rock, when Mount Willey appears beyond. Thus the Notch deepens and broadens, becoming an enormous chasm, with the rapid river down in the bottom, constantly increasing in volume. The Saco is said to have been thus named by the Indians because of the mass of water it brings down, the word meaning "pouring out."

About three miles below the "Gate," the Notch broadens into a sort of basin enclosed by the bare walls of Mount Willard to the westward and Mount Willey to the south, curving around the long

crescent-shaped slope of Mount Webster, which makes the northern border. Here is the Willey House, the scene of the Willey Slide, the great tragedy of the Notch, a small and antiquated inn, now adjoined by a modern hotel. In August, 1826, there was a terrific landslide down the slope of Mount Willey behind the old house, then kept by Samuel Willey, from whom the mountain was afterwards named. A heavy storm after a long drouth had made a flood in the Saco, and Willey, fearing an overflow, deserted his house in the night, with his family of nine persons, to seek higher ground. Suddenly the slide came down the mountain and the flight was fatal, the avalanche of rocks and dirt overwhelming them all, while a convenient boulder behind the house so deviated it that, although almost covered with rubbish, the building was uninjured. A traveller who afterwards came through the Notch found the half-buried inn deserted, with the doors open, the supper-table spread, and a Bible lying open upon it, with a pair of spectacles on the page, evidently just as they had been left in the sudden flight. Owing to the bend in the Notch there is an unrivalled view down it from the summit of Mount Willard, which thus stands practically at the head of the deep pass. The southern face of this mountain is a vast and almost perpendicular precipice, out on the brow of which the observer stands to look down the deep valley stretching far away, and enclosed

between mountains rising nearly two thousand feet above him on either hand, so that the view has a singular individuality, as if one were looking at it through a camera. The depth of the gorge and the precipitous front of the mountain make the Notch a tremendous gulf. The deeply concave chasm is scooped out like an immense cylinder, having the inside covered with dense green foliage, and grandly bending around to the left until lost afar off behind the distant projecting slope of Mount Webster. The railroad stretches, a streak of brown, along the right-hand wall of the valley, twisting in and out about the promontories. Down in the bottom the thick forest hides the wagon-road and the bed of the Saco until they come out in a flat cleared green spot in front of the Willey House. The towering mountain slopes are scratched and scarred where slides have come down, and two or three bright little ribbons of white water are suspended on their sides, making cascades that help fill the river beneath. Beyond the outlet of the Notch, the eastern background is a vast sea of mountain ranges and billowy peaks, having the bold, white, pyramidal crown of proud Chocorua rising behind them. This splendid scene, regarded by many as the finest in the White Mountains, had a peculiar charm for Anthony Trollope on his American visit. He did not usually view America with favor, but he emphatically wrote: "Much of this scenery, I say, is superior to the famed and classic lands of Europe,"

adding "I know nothing, for instance, on the Rhine equal to the view from Mount Willard and the mountain Pass called the Notch." Most experienced observers are convinced that as an impressive exhibition of a deep mountain canyon with an enchanting background, this is not surpassed in Switzerland.

MOUNT WASHINGTON.

The Fabyan House, in front of Mount Washington, stands upon the location of the "Giant's Grave," which was an elongated mound of sand and gravel formed by the waves of an ancient lake, reacting from the adjacent mountain slopes, and rising about fifty feet. Being high, long and wide, it was just the place for a house. The tradition is that once a fierce-looking Indian stood upon this mound at night, waving a flaming torch and shouting "No paleface shall take root here; this the Great Spirit whispered in my ear." The successive burnings of hotels on this site would seem to indicate this as prophetic, and in fact no hotel did stand there any length of time until the projectors of the present large building, after the last one was burnt, as if to avoid fate, had the mound making the "Giant's Grave" levelled and obliterated. Here was built the earliest inn of the White Mountains in 1803 by a sawmill owner on the Ammonoosuc River, named Crawford. His grandson, Ethan Allen Crawford, the famous "White Mountain Giant," was the noted guide who made the

first path to ascend Mount Washington and built the first house on its summit. Now, the mountain is ascended from this western side by an inclined-plane railway, reached by an ordinary railway extending from Fabyan's five miles across to the base of the mountain. The railway to the summit is about three miles long, with an average gradient of thirteen hundred feet to the mile, the maximum being thirteen and one-half inches in the yard. It is worked by a cog-wheel locomotive acting upon a central cogged rail, and the ascent is accomplished in about ninety minutes. It is an exhilarating ride up the slope, for, as the car is elevated, the horizon of view widens decidedly to the west and northwest, while the trees of the forest get smaller and smaller, and their character changes. The sugar-maples, yellow birches and mossy-trunked beeches, with an occasional aspen or mountain ash, are gradually left behind in the valley, being replaced on the higher slope by white pine and hemlock, white birch, and dark spruces and firs hung with gray moss. These gradually becoming smaller, soon the only trees left are a sort of dwarf fir intertangled with moss. Then, rising above the limit of trees, there is only a stunted arctic vegetation, and this permits a grand and unobstructed view all around the western horizon.

The route of the railway goes over and up various steep trestles, the most startling of all being "Jacob's Ladder," elevated about thirty feet and having the

steepest gradient. Here is a perfect arctic desolation, the surface being broken blocks and rough stones of schist and granite, cracked, honeycombed and moss-grown, having endured the storms and frosts of centuries. There is a little vegetation where it may get root, the reindeer-moss, saxifrage clumps and sandwort of dreary Labrador or Greenland. The view covers a wide expanse far away westward to the Green Mountains, the landscape being everywhere dark forests and peaks, with the massive slopes of Mount Clay nearer to the northward, and the whole Presidential range, Mounts Jefferson, Adams and Madison, stretching beyond. As one looks over the vast, dark, undulating wilderness of peaks, it can be realized how the flood of emotion made an entranced observer exclaim, in the hearing of Mr. Starr King, "See the tumultuous bombast of the landscape." Nearing the summit, the railway gradient is less steep, and here an opportunity is given to peer over the edge of the "Great Gulf," a profound abyss on the eastern mountain slope between Washington, Clay and Jefferson. This hollow gulf, its sides and bottom covered with dark trees, relieved by a little glistening pond at the bottom, stretches out to the narrow valley along the eastern base of the range, known as the Glen, down into which one can look at an angle of about forty-five degrees. Rounding the mountain summit, the train halts at a broad platform in front of the Summit Hotel.

The top of Mount Washington is the highest elevation in the United States east of the Rockies and north of the Carolinas. It is what may be described as an arctic island, elevated sixty-two hundred and ninety feet, in the temperate zone, and displaying both arctic vegetation and temperature, the flora and climate being alike that of Greenland. An observatory gives a higher view over the tops of the buildings, and the first great impression of it is that the view seems to be all around the world, limited only by the horizon. In every direction are oceans of billowy peaks, the whole enormous circuit of almost a thousand miles, embracing New England, New York, Canada and the sea. The grand scene is at the same time gloomy. The almost universal forests overspead everything with a mournful pall of sombre green. The summit is spacious, and the contour of the mountain can on all sides be plainly seen. Its slope to the westward, like all of the Presidential range, is steeper than to the eastward, down which a wagon-road zigzags into the Glen. Upon the eastern side, two long spurs seem to brace the mountain, though profound ravines are there cut into it. The southern slope of the summit pitches off suddenly, while to the north there is a more gradual descent, both the railway and wagon-road approaching that way. The original Tip-Top House, the first inn erected, is preserved as a curiosity, a low and damp structure built of the rough stones gathered on the

mountain. The newer hotel is of wood, with a steep roof, and is chained down to the rocks to prevent the gales from blowing it over. There is a weather-signal station at the summit, one of the most important posts in the country.

THE GRAND MOUNTAIN VIEW.

The Indians always held the White Mountains in reverent awe. They were the religious shrine of the Pennacooks, who roamed over the region between the mountains and the sea. The early historian Josselyn in the seventeenth century recorded, of these Indians: "Ask them whither they go when they dye; they will tell you, pointing with their finger, to Heaven, beyond the White Mountains." Passaconaway, the great wizard-chief of the Pennacooks, who was finally converted to Christianity by the Apostle Eliot, is said to have lived to the great age of one hundred and twenty years, and then to have been translated. The Pennacook tradition was that in the cold of mid-winter he was carried away from them in a weird sleigh drawn by wolves, that took him to the summit of Mount Washington, whence he was straightway received into Heaven:

"Far o'er Winnepiseogee's ice,
With brindled wolves all harnessed then and there,
High seated on a sledge made in a trice
On Mount Agiochook of hickory,
He lashed and reeled and sang right jollily,

> And once upon a car of flaming fire,
> The dreadful Indian shook with fear to see
> The King of Pennacook, his chief, his sire,
> Ride flaming up to Heaven, than any mountain higher."

The first house on the mountain, built by Ethan Allen Crawford in 1821, was a small stone cabin having the floor covered with moss for bedding, the only furniture being a chest to contain blankets, and a stove; a roll of sheet-lead serving as the "register," on which the guests scratched their names and the date of visit. This cabin was swept away by a terrific storm in August, 1826. Some time later an eccentric individual took possession of the summit, naming it "Trinity Height," and called himself the modern "Israel of Jerusalem," proposing to inaugurate in this exalted place a new Order, styled "The Christian or Purple and Royal Democracy." With an eye to business, he put toll-gates on the bridle-paths and taxed each visitor a dollar. There were bitter quarrels about the ownership for years afterwards, and the first winter ascent was made by a sheriff, who went up to serve a writ in 1858, and found frost over a foot thick enveloping everything. The lawsuits, however, were ultimately fought out and settled, and the present owners have been undisturbed for years.

The view from the summit is widespread. The most distant objects that have been recognized are Mount Beloeil, northwest in Canada, and Mount

Ebeeme, northeast beyond the Moosehead Lake in Maine, each one hundred and thirty-five miles away. These distant mountain tops are said to be brought into view only by the aid of atmospheric refraction, in raising them, as they are actually below the horizon. Also northeast is Mount Abraham, sixty-eight miles away ; and were it not for this, Maine's greatest mountain, Katahdin, in the wilderness of the upper Penobscot, might be seen, but Abraham obstructs the view. Katahdin, rising nearly fifty-four hundred feet, is one hundred and sixty-five miles northeast. Saddleback, at the head of the Rangeley Lakes, is seen sixty miles away, and Bald Mountain, to the right, one hundred miles off in Maine. To the eastward is seen Mount Megunticook, in the Camden range, on Penobscot Bay, one hundred and fifteen miles off. To the east and southeast for many miles is the ocean between Casco Bay and Cape Ann. The sea, however, is never well viewed from Mount Washington, because it is so nearly the color of the sky at the horizon as to be difficult of acute discernment. The moving vessels, however, can be readily seen by the aid of a glass. The bright waters of Sebago Lake are to the southeast, and beyond are the shores of Casco Bay and the city of Portland, sixty-seven miles off. The low round swell of Mount Agamenticus shows faintly above the horizon, seventy-nine miles south-southeast, and to the right there is also a faint trace of the Isles of Shoals,

ninety-six miles off. To the southeast, twenty-two miles, is the sharpest and noblest peak of all in the galaxy of view, the high, white, pyramidal top of Chocorua, having the broad island-studded Lake Winnepesaukee to the right, with the distant double peak of Mount Belknap seen over its clear waters. Just to the west of south, and one hundred and four miles distant, is the faint rounded summit of Mount Monadnock, near the southwest corner of New Hampshire, and nearer is Mount Kearsarge, seventy miles off, and appearing much similar. The Nelson Pinnacle, farther away, is to the right of Kearsarge. The most distant mountain discernible in that direction is Mount Wachusett, one hundred and twenty-six miles off. To the southwest are seen Ascutney and the twin Killington Peaks, near Rutland, Vermont, eighty-eight miles away. To the west are seen plainly the two Green Mountain peaks of Mansfield and the Camel's Hump, seventy-eight miles off, and over the northern slope of the latter can be faintly detected the great Adirondack Mount Whiteface, one hundred and thirty miles distant. Such is the splendid circuit of mountains forming the horizon for Mount Washington. Among the striking objects in the view are the deep river valleys as they go out from the Presidential range. The Peabody flows through the Glen north to the Androscoggin, which can be traced far northeast. The Ellis flows south to the Saco, which goes out through the Notch and

away southeast. The valley of the Ammonoosuc runs off westward, where along the horizon is the great trough of the Connecticut Valley stretching all across the scene. Lakes and ponds are studded among the dark summits, and at the observer's feet are the springs feeding many great rivers of New England, the Merrimack, to the southward, also having its sources in this great wilderness of mountains, which on all sides sends out babbling brooks and silvery cataracts to bear their waters down to old ocean.

THE GLEN AND NORTH CONWAY.

The wagon-road from Mount Washington summit down to the base, is on the eastern side, and is a little more than eight miles long, with an average gradient of one to eight, descending into the Glen and displaying magnificent views. The descent occupies about one hour, and the ascent five hours. On the southeastern side of the mountain is Tuckerman's Ravine, a huge gorge enclosed by rocky walls a thousand feet high. This ravine usually displays the "Snow Arch" until late in August, formed by a stream flowing out from under the huge masses of snow piled up in winter, until it gradually melts away and collapses. The main Glen is formed by the deep and thickly-wooded Pinkham Notch at the eastern base of Mount Washington, its floor being at two thousand feet elevation, and this Notch continues north and south in deeply-carved stream beds, the

Peabody River flowing northward to the Androscoggin at Gorham and the Ellis River southward to the Saco. The Peabody descends rapidly to the Androscoggin, entering it at about eight hundred feet elevation, the active town of Gorham being located here in a beautiful situation, and having two thousand people, at the northern gateway to the White Mountains. The Androscoggin, having drained the eastern mountain slopes, flows away into the State of Maine to seek the Kennebec, and thence the sea. In the Glen, in the coaching days, the old Glen House was the headquarters at the foot of the road down Mount Washington, but it was burnt in 1894, and has not been rebuilt. To the eastward, bounding the Glen, rise the Wild Cat Ridge and the impressive Carter Dome, which would be a grand mountain elsewhere, but here is dwarfed by the overshadowing Presidential range on the western side. From the Pinkham Notch the little Ellis River goes southward, and below the outlet of Tuckerman's Ravine is the beautiful Crystal Cascade, where it pours down eighty feet over successive step-like terraces. Another lovely cataract it makes is the Glen Ellis Fall, which is considered the finest in the White Mountains, on the slope of the Wild Cat Ridge. The stream slides down an inclined plane of twenty feet over ledges, and then falls seventy feet through a deep groove, twisted by bulges in the rocks and making almost a complete turn. Thus sliding, foam-

ing and falling, the stream leaps nearly a hundred feet into a dark green pool beneath. The Glen broadens as it progresses southward, and soon becomes a widened intervale, having many houses for summer boarders.

Here is the pleasant village of Jackson in a broad basin, surrounded by low mountains, making splendid views in all directions. There are the Tin, Iron, Thorn and Moat Mountains, with others, the intervale being almost covered with hotels, boarding-houses, and the accessories of a popular summer resort, and having pretty cottages perched on the hill-slopes all about. This pleasant resting-place was originally called New Madbury, but at the opening of the nineteenth century it was named in honor of President John Adams. It continued contentedly as Adams until his son John Quincy became President, and in 1828, when politics ran high and John Quincy Adams was again a candidate, it happened that all the votes in the town of Adams but one were given to his competitor, Andrew Jackson, who was elected, whereupon the town changed its name to Jackson. Since then it has had a quiet history excepting once, when, in 1875, they were building the railroad through the White Mountain Notch, and the bears, scared by the powder-blasts of the builders, came in droves to Jackson and almost captured the town from the frightened inhabitants. Just beyond Jackson, in Lower Bartlett, the Ellis flows into the Saco in a

magnificent environment, the Ellis and the Eastern Branch from the Carter range coming in together, and making the Saco a great river. This is another paradise for the seeker after the picturesque. From the little church of the village, looking down over the Saco intervales, when flooded with sunset light, gives a most fascinating view. An enraptured visitor has written of this landscape seen from the church door: "One might believe that he was looking through an air that had never enwrapped any sin, upon a floor of some nook of the primitive Eden." Bartlett was named in honor of Josiah Bartlett, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and its pioneer settler, John Poindexter, came eighty miles on foot through the wilderness from Portsmouth, dragging his few household effects on a hand-sled, his wife riding an old horse, with the feather-bed for a saddle, and carrying the baby in her arms.

The Saco Valley broadens below, and Intervale, another summer village, is passed, and then North Conway, one of the most popular of the White Mountain resorts. It spreads along a low sloping terrace on the eastern verge of the widening valley, and looks out upon the river with the elongated and massive ridge of Moat Mountain grandly rising beyond. The town is largely built along a pleasant tree-bordered street, having the Presidential range spread in magnificent array to the northwest, sixteen miles away. To the southward the valley opens over

long stretches of fertile lowlands until the Saco turns sharply to the eastward, seeking the sea. To the northward, the immediate guardian of the valley is Mount Kearsarge, sometimes called Pequawket, rising thirty-three hundred feet. Kearsarge means the "pointed pine mountain," and its name was given the famous warship which fought and sunk the privateer "Alabama." It is the beauty of the surroundings which gives North Conway its charm, and the valley is called the "Arcadia of the White Hills," where the harshness of the granite ramparts beyond are in strange contrast with the genial repose of these meadows, and the delicate curves of the long, swelling hills. The restfulness of the scene is its attraction, everything contributing to its serenity; even distant Mount Washington is said to "not seem so much to stand up as to lie out at ease across the north; the leonine grandeur is there, but it is the lion, not erect, but couchant, a little sleepy, stretching out his paws and enjoying the sun." Proud Chocorua, which is not far away, is also said to even appear "a little tired," as seen from North Conway, and as if looking wistfully down into

"A land
In which it seemed always afternoon."

These Conway intervales of the Saco were the Indian valley of Pequawket, and its people have long been known as the Pigwackets. An Indian village first occupied the site of North Conway, gradually giving

place to the rude huts of the colonists. It progressed greatly by the trade through the mountain district, before the advent of the railway, and was the chief stage-coach headquarters in those days. Now it is quiet and restful, the excitements of the coaching times being gone. Three miles below, the magnificent valley makes its grand bend to the eastward, and the swelling Saco flows out through the State of Maine and to the sea at the twin towns of Saco and Biddeford.

LAKE WINNEPESAUKEE.

The southern verge of the White Mountains has many lower peaks and ridges, including the Ossipee and Sandwich ranges, and finally they all run off into the serrated shores of the extensive and beautiful Lake Winnepesaukee, cut by long, sloping promontories and abounding in islands. Thirteen miles southward from North Conway, near Madison, is the largest erratic boulder of granite known to exist, which was brought down and dropped there by the great glacier and is estimated to weigh eight thousand tons. It is seventy-five feet long, forty wide, and from thirty to thirty-seven feet high. Lake Winnepesaukee washes all the southeastern flanks of the mountain region, and has many peaks in grand array around its northern borders. The Indians were so impressed with the attractive scenery of the lake that they gave it the poetical name, meaning "the Smile of the Great Spirit." The Sandwich Mountains are spread across

SALT PALACE, SALT LAKE CITY

its northern horizon, showing the rocky summit of Mount Tecumseh, rising over four thousand feet; Tripyramid and its great "Slide," marked along its face, where a vast mass of rocks and forest went down the slope in the rainy season of 1869, moving over a distance of two miles and falling twenty-one hundred feet; the broad, rounded summit of the Sandwich "Dome;" the sharp peak of Whiteface, also scratched by a wide landslide on its southern slope; the lofty top of Passaconaway, rising forty-two hundred feet; and the proud apex of Chocorua, regarded as the most picturesque of all these mountains. Its much-admired peaks do not rise as high as some of the others, thirty-five hundred feet, but are built of a brilliant crystalline labradorite, called Chocorua granite, presenting a striking appearance, and being entirely denuded of trees. Chocorua was an Indian prophet of the Pequawkets, whose family was slain by the whites, and he took a terrible revenge. A reward was offered for his scalp, and his pursuers followed him to the mountain top and shot him down. When dying, he invoked the curses of the Great Spirit upon them, and the mountain now bears his sonorous name. For years afterwards the curses came true; pestilence raged in the adjacent valleys, cattle could not be kept, for they all died, and the people submitted humbly to the affliction, believing it to be the realization of the Indian's imprecation. But one day a scientific fellow wandered that way,

and being of an investigating turn, he soon found the sickness was due to muriate of lime in the water. After that discovery the Indian's curse went for naught. Now the whole country roundabout is healthy, and filled with the balsamic atmosphere which invigorates the admiring thousands who come to see the noble mountain. Thus sings Whittier of it in *Among the Hills*, after a storm:

"Through Sandwich Notch the west wind sang
Good morrow to the cotter;
And once again Chocorua's horn
Of shadow pierced the water.

"Above his broad Lake Ossipee,
Once more the sunshine wearing,
Stooped, tracing on that silver shield
His grim armorial bearing.

"For health comes sparkling in the streams
From cool Chocorua stealing:
There's iron in our northern winds;
Our pines are trees of healing."

Lake Winnepesaukee, thus magnificently outstretched in front of these lofty hills, is twenty-five miles long and in the centre about seven miles wide, covering a surface, exclusive of its many islands, of seventy square miles. It has wonderfully transparent water, being fed by springs, and its outline is very irregular, pierced by deep, elongated bays, and having broad peninsulas or necks of land stretching far out from the mainland. The shores are com-

posed mostly of rocks, myriads of boulders being piled up along the water's edge as if for a wall, making an attractive rocky border with the foliage growing out of it. An archipelago of islands of all sizes and characters is dotted over the lake, there being two hundred and seventy-four of them, several having inhabitants. These are what Starr King calls "the fleet of islands that ride at anchor on its bosom—from little shallops to grand three-deckers." This attractive lake is the storage-reservoir for the many mills on the Merrimack, keeping their water-supply equable throughout the year by a dam at the Weirs, the western outlet, raising the surface six feet and making its level about five hundred feet above the sea. The railroads approach the lake both at the Wiers and at Wolfboro' on the eastern verge, and steamboats take the people over the lake to the various settlements on its shores. Wolfboro' was named after the British General Wolfe who fell on the Plains of Abraham, and is the largest town on the lake, having three thousand people. It has a beautiful outlook over the water from the adjacent high hills of Copple Crown and Tumble-Down Dick, the latter getting its name from an unfortunate blind horse "Dick," who once fell over a cliff on its side.

The steamboat journey upon the lake discloses its beauties, the gentle tree-clad shores with higher hills and mountains behind them, the many pleasant cot-

tages, and the wonderfully clear green waters. It is a curious place, all arms and bays and great protruding necks of land, the open spaces dotted with islands, so that everywhere there are long vista views across the water and far up into the inlets of the shores, while the large double peak of Mount Belknap stands up massive and impressive at the southwestern border, and opposite in the northeast is the proud white summit of Chocorua. Edward Everett, speaking of his extensive travels in Europe, says, "My eye has yet to rest on a lovelier scene than that which smiles around you as you sail from Weirs Landing to Centre Harbor." The Weirs Landing is at the head of a deep bay made by the outlet stream, and is a popular summer camping-ground, the edge of the water fringed with cottages and the adjacent groves used by the camps. Many fish ascended the outlet stream in the early times seeking the clear waters, and the shallows at the outlet were availed of by the Indians to set their nets, so that it naturally got the name of the Weirs. Here, adjoining the shore, is the ancient "Endicott Rock," which was marked by the first surveyors sent up by Governor Endicott of Massachusetts to find the source of the Merrimack. The outlet stream goes through a region of many ponds and lakes bordered by large icehouses, the chief of these waters being Lake Winnisquam, and all these extensive reservoirs help to supply the great river of mill-wheels. The longest

fiord indented in the southern shore of Winnepesaukee is narrow and five miles long, called Alton Bay, and it has a most attractive environment, with Mount Belknap rising to the westward twenty-four hundred feet high.

Upon the northern shore, grandly encircled by the Sandwich Mountains, the most extensive bay running up into the land is Centre Harbor, and here is a popular place of summer sojourn. Its background is a grand mountain amphitheatre from Red Hill to the westward around to the dark Ossipee range to the east, while in front, over the lake, is one of the most charming views in nature, with its many islands, long arms, deep bays, and strangely protruding elongated necks of wooded land. Thus the delicious water scene stretches for over twenty miles away, having in the distance the twin peaks of Belknap and the long and wavy summits of the attendant ridges nestling low and blue at the southern horizon. Climbing to the top of Red Hill, rising over two thousand feet, this magnificent view is got in a way which one charmed observer says "defies competition, as it transcends description; it is the perfection of earthly prospects." Whittier, who was passionately fond of this whole region, after admiring it from Red Hill, wrote the noble invocation:

> "O, watched by silence and the night,
> And folded in the strong embrace
> Of the great mountains, with the light
> Of the sweet heavens upon thy face—

"Lake of the Northland! keep thy dower
Of beauty still, and while above
Thy silent mountains speak of power,
Be thou the mirror of God's love."

Far over to the westward can be traced the outlet stream, flowing past many lakes and seeking the great river where these pellucid waters do such useful work. Thus has Whittier, from this mountain outlook, sung of the Merrimack:

"O child of that white-crested mountain whose springs
Gush forth in the shade of the cliff-eagle's wings,
Down whose slopes to the lowlands thy cold waters shine,
Leaping gray walls of rock, flashing through the dwarf pine.

"From that cloud-curtained cradle, so cold and so lone,
From the arms of that wintry-locked mother of stone,
By hills hung with forests, through vales wide and free,
Thy mountain-born brightness glanced down to the sea."

GOING DOWN EAST

XVIII.

GOING DOWN EAST.

Salisbury, Hampton and Rye Beaches—Portsmouth—Kittery—Newcastle Island—Wentworth House—Isles of Shoals—Appledore—Star Island—Pirates' Haunts—Boon Island—Nottingham Wreck—Agamenticus—York Beach—Cape Neddick—Wells—Kennebunk River—Saco River—Biddeford and Saco—Old Orchard—Scarborough—Casco Bay—Portland—Cape Elizabeth—"Enterprise" and "Boxer" Fight—Sebago Lake—Poland Springs—Androscoggin River—Rumford Falls—Livermore Falls—Lewiston Falls—Brunswick—Bowdoin College—Merry Meeting Bay—Kennebec River—Moosehead Lake—Mount Kineo—Norridgewock—Mogg Megone—Father Rale—Skowhegan Falls—Taconic Falls—Waterville—Augusta—Lumber and Ice—Bath—Sheepscott Bay—Monhegan—Pemaquid—Fort Frederick—Wiscasset—Penobscot River—Norumbega—Sieur de Monts—Acadia—Pentagoet—Baron de Castine—The Tarratines—Muscongus—Camden Mountains—Rockland—Islesboro'—Penobscot Archipelago—Belfast—Bucksport—Bangor—Mount Desert Island—Bar Harbor—Somes' Sound—Fogs—Mount Desert Rock—Passamaquoddy Bay—Grand Manan—Quoddy Head—Lubec—Campobello—Eastport—St. Croix River—Calais and St. Stephen—New Brunswick—Bay of Fundy—High Tides—St. John City—Madame La Tour—River St. John—The Reversible Cataract—Grand Falls—Tobique River—Pokiok River—Frederickton—Maugerville—Gagetown—Kennebecasis Bay—Digby Gut—Annapolis Basin—Digby Wharf—Yarmouth—Annapolis Royal—Basin of Minas—Land of Evangeline—Grand Pré—Cape Blomidon—The Acadian Removal—Cape Split—Glooscap—Chignecto Ship Railway—Windsor—Sam Slick—The Flying Bluenose—Halifax—Chebucto—Seal Island—Tusket River—Guysborough—Cape Canso—Sable Island—Truro—Pictou—

Prince Edward Island—Charlottetown—Summerside—Canso Strait—Cape Breton Island—The Arm of Gold—Isle Madame—St. Peter's Inlet—The Bras d'Or Lakes—Baddeck—Sydney—Spanish Bay—Cape Breton—English Port—Louisbourg—The Great Acadian Fortress—Its Two Surrenders—Its Destruction—Magdalen Islands—Gannet Rock—Deadman's Isle—Tom Moore's Poem.

NEWBURYPORT TO PORTSMOUTH.

We will start on a journey towards the rising sun, searching for the elusive region known as "Down East." Most people recognize this as the country beyond New York, but when they inquire for it among the Connecticut Yankees they are always pointed onward. Likewise in Boston, the true "Down East" is said to be farther along the coast. Pass the granite headland of Cape Ann, and it is still beyond. Samuel Adams Drake tells of asking the momentous question of a Maine fisherman getting up his sail on the Penobscot: "Whither bound?" Promptly came the reply: "Sir, to you—Down East." Thus the mythical land is ever elusive, and finally gets away off among the "Blue Noses" of the Canadian maritime provinces. We cross the Merrimack from Newburyport in searching for it, and enter the New Hampshire coast border town of Seabrook, where the people are known as the "Algerines," and where salt-marshes, winding streams, forests and rocks vary the view with long, sandy beaches out on the ocean front, having hotels and cottages scattered along them. Here are noted

resorts—Salisbury Beach, Hampton Beach and Rye Beach—all crowded with summer visitors. For over two centuries on a certain day in August, the New Hampshire people have visited Salisbury Beach by thousands, to keep up an ancient custom. Here Whittier pitched his *Tent on the Beach* he has so graphically described. It was at Hampton village in 1737, that occurred the parley which resulted in giving the infant colony of New Hampshire its narrow border of seacoast. Massachusetts had settled this region, and that powerful province was bound to possess it, though the King had made an adverse grant. Into Hampton rode in great state the Governor of Massachusetts at the head of his Legislature, and escorted by five troops of horse, formally demanding possession of the maritime townships. He met the Governor of New Hampshire in the George Tavern, and the demand was refused. The latter sent a plaintive appeal to the King, declaring that "the vast, opulent and overgrown province of Massachusetts was devouring the poor, little, loyal, distressed province of New Hampshire." The royal heart was touched and the King commanded Massachusetts to surrender her claim to two tiers of townships, twenty-eight in number, thus giving New Hampshire her present scant eighteen miles of coastline. Rye Beach is the most popular of these seashore resorts, and not far beyond is Piscataqua River, the New Hampshire eastern boundary.

Here is the quaint and quiet old town of Portsmouth, three miles from the sea, and having about ten thousand people. Opposite, on Continental Island, adjoining the Maine shore, is the Kittery Navy Yard, where the warship "Kearsarge" was built. Commerce has about surrendered to the superior attractions of a summer resort at Portsmouth, and the comfortable old dwellings in their extensive gardens show the wealth accumulated by bygone generations. To this place originally came the "founder of New Hampshire," Captain Mason, who had been the Governor of the Southsea Castle in Portsmouth harbor, England, and at his suggestion, the settlement, originally called Strawberry Bank, from the abundance of wild strawberries, was named Portsmouth. The Piscataqua is formed above by the union of the Salmon Falls and Cocheco Rivers, both admirable water-powers, serving large factories, and the whole region adjacent to Portsmouth harbor is bordered by islands and interlaced with waterways, some of them yet displaying the remains of the colonial defensive forts. At Kittery Point, near the Navy Yard, was born and is buried the greatest man of colonial fame in that region, Sir William Pepperell, the famous leader of the Puritan expedition that captured Louisbourg from the French in 1745. The noted "Mrs. Partington," B. P. Shillaber, was born in Portsmouth in 1814.

Adjoining the harbor, and with a broad beach fa-

cing the sea, is Newcastle Island, incorporated for the annual fee of three peppercorns, by King William III. and Queen Mary in the seventeenth century. Here lived in semi-regal state the Wentworths, who were the colonial governors, their memory now preserved by the vast modern Wentworth Hotel, whose colossal proportions are visible far over land and sea. The old Wentworth House at Little Harbor, wherein was held the provincial court, still remains—an irregular, quaint but picturesque building—its most noted occupant having been the courtly and gouty old Governor Benning Wentworth, who named Bennington in Vermont, and whose wedding on his sixtieth birthday has given Longfellow one of his most striking themes, the "Poet's Tale" at *The Wayside Inn*. The poet tells of the appearance one day in Queen Street, Portsmouth, of Martha Hilton,

> "A little girl,
> Barefooted, ragged, with neglected hair,
> Eyes full of laughter, neck and shoulders bare,
> A thin slip of a girl, like a new moon,
> Sure to be rounded into beauty soon,
> A creature men would worship and adore,
> Though now, in mean habiliments, she bore
> A pail of water, dripping, through the street,
> And bathing, as she went, her naked feet."

The buxom landlady at the inn, "Mistress Stavers in her furbelows," felt called upon to give her sharp reproof:

" 'O Martha Hilton ! Fie ! how dare you go
About the town half-dressed, and looking so !'
At which the gypsy laughed, and straight replied :
'No matter how I look ; I yet shall ride
In my own chariot, ma'am.' "

The old Governor was a widower and childless, and in course of time Martha came to be employed at Wentworth House as maid-of-all-work, not wholly unobserved by him, as the sequel proved. He arranged a feast for his sixtieth birthday, and all the great people of the colony were at his table.

" When they had drunk the King, with many a cheer,
The Governor whispered in a servant's ear,
Who disappeared, and presently there stood
Within the room, in perfect womanhood,
A maiden, modest and yet self possessed,
Youthful and beautiful, and simply dressed.
Can this be Martha Hilton ? It must be !
Yes, Martha Hilton, and no other she !
Dowered with the beauty of her twenty years,
How lady-like, how queen-like she appears ;
The pale, thin crescent of the days gone by
Is Dian now in all her majesty !
Yet scarce a guest perceived that she was there
Until the Governor, rising from his chair,
Played slightly with his ruffles, then looked down,
And said unto the Reverend Arthur Brown :
'This is my birthday ; it shall likewise be
My wedding day ; and you shall marry me !'

" The listening guests were greatly mystified,
None more so than the rector, who replied :
'Marry you? Yes, that were a pleasant task,
Your Excellency ; but to whom ? I ask.'
The Governor answered : 'To this lady here ;'

And beckoned Martha Hilton to draw near.
She came, and stood, all blushes, at his side.
The rector paused. The impatient Governor cried:
'This is the lady; do you hesitate?
Then I command you as chief magistrate.'
The rector read the service loud and clear:
'Dearly beloved, we are gathered here,'
And so on to the end. At his command,
On the fourth finger of her fair left hand
The Governor placed the ring; and that was all:
Martha was Lady Wentworth of the Hall!"

THE ISLES OF SHOALS.

Out in the Atlantic Ocean, six miles off the harbor entrance, and ten miles from Portsmouth, is one of the strangest places existing, the collection of crags and reefs known as the Isles of Shoals, their dim and shadowy outline lying like a cloud along the edge of the horizon. There are nine islands in the group, the chief being Appledore, rising from the sea much like a hog's back, and hence the original name of Hog Island. It covers about four hundred acres, and the whole group does not have much over six hundred acres. Star Island is smaller; Haley's or Smutty Nose, with Malaga and Cedar, are connected by a sort of breakwater; and there are four little islets—Duck, White's, Seavey's and Londoner's—and upon White Island is the lighthouse for the group, with a revolving light of alternating red and white flashes, elevated eighty-seven feet and visible fifteen miles at sea. A covered way leads

back over the crags from the tower to the keeper's cottage. To this light there come answering signals from the Whale's Back Light at the Piscataqua entrance, from solitary Boon Island out at sea to the northward, and from the twin beacons of Thatcher's Island off Cape Ann to the south. As darkness falls, one after another these beacons blaze out as so many guiding stars across the waters. One of the noted sayings of John Quincy Adams was that he never saw these coast lights in the evening without recalling the welcoming light which Columbus said he saw flashing from the shore, when he discovered the New World.

"I lit the lamps in the lighthouse tower,
For the sun dropped down and the day was dead;
They shone like a brilliant clustered flower,
Two golden and five red."

The Isles of Shoals are a remarkable formation—rugged ledges of rock out in the ocean bearing scarcely any vegetation; and on some of them not a blade of grass is seen. Four islands stretching in a line make the outside of the strange group—bare reefs, with water-worn, flinty surfaces, against which the sea beats. Not a tree grew anywhere until a little one was planted on Appledore, in front of the hotel, and another dwarf was coaxed to grow in the little old graveyard on Star Island. Their best vegetation was low huckleberry bushes, until someone thought of gathering soil enough to make grass

patches for a cow or two. The utter desolation of these rocks, thus cast off apparently from the rest of the world, can hardly be realized, yet they have their admirers. Celia Thaxter, the poetess, was the daughter of the White's Island lightkeeper, and to her glowing pen much of their fame is due. She died on Appledore in 1894. The curious name of these islands first appears in the log of their discoverer, Champlain, who coasted along here in 1605. They were always prolific fishery grounds, and the name seems to have been given them from "the shoaling or schooling of the fish around them." In a deed from the Indians in 1629 they are called the Isles of Shoals. Captain John Smith visited and described them in 1614, and with his customary audacity tried to name them "Smith's Islands," but without success. The boundary-line dividing Maine and New Hampshire passes through the group between Star and Appledore. The peculiar grouping makes a good harbor between these two, opening westward towards the mainland, and amply protected from the sea by the smaller islands outside. These rugged crags resemble the bald and rounded peaks of a sunken volcano thrust upward from the sea, with this little harbor forming its crater. When Nathaniel Hawthorne visited them, he wrote: "As much as anything else, it seems as if some of the massive materials of the world remained superfluous after the Creator had finished, and were carelessly thrown

down here, where the millionth part of them emerge from the sea, and in the course of thousands of years have become partially bestrewn with a little soil." Their savagery during violent storms, when surrounded by surf and exposed to the ocean's wildest fury, becomes almost overwhelming, and they actually seem to reel beneath the feet.

Star Island originally had a village of fishermen, until they were sent away to make room for the summer hotel. It was the town of Gosport, and its little church and tiny bell-tower are visible from afar over the water. The original church was built of timbers from the wreck of a Spanish vessel in 1685, and the present little stone church is as old as the nineteenth century. It had several faithful pastors, who were buried on the island, among them Rev. John Brook, of whom the quaint historian Cotton Mather tells the anecdote illustrating the efficacy of prayer: A child lay sick and so nearly dead those present believed it had actually expired, "but Mr. Brook, perceiving some life in it, goes to prayer, and in his prayer used this expression: 'Lord, wilt thou not grant some sign before we leave prayer that thou wilt spare and heal this child? We cannot leave thee till we have it.' The child sneezed immediately." On the highest part of Star Island is the broken monument to John Smith, put up by some of his admirers not long ago, bearing the three Moslem heads representing the Turks he had slain, but van-

dals have ruined it. The diminutive fort defending Star Island in colonial times has been abandoned more than a century, and nestling beneath it is the old graveyard, part of the walls remaining, and a few dilapidated gravestones. All the original inhabitants of the island are dead, their descendants scattered, and fashionable pleasuring now dominates this reef and its restless waters.

As might be expected, a place like these islands was a favorite haunt for pirates in the colonial days. Around them cruised Captain Kidd, the notorious Blackbeard, and Hawkins, Phillips, Low, Ponad, and other famous pirates, and in fact the ghost of one of Kidd's men is said to still haunt Appledore. Many and bold were the gentry who in those days hoisted the "Jolly Roger" flag, with its grinning skull and cross-bones, and cruised in this picturesque region for glory and plunder. It was near the route between Boston and the Provinces and to Europe, and hence the valuable prey that allured them. Here sailed Captain Teach of ferocious countenance, piercing black eyes and enormous beard, who came to be familiarly known and feared as "Blackbeard." He was said to be "in league with the Devil and the Governor of North Carolina," and had an uncomfortable habit of firing loaded pistols in the dark, without caring much who got hit. In fact, it is recorded he once told his trusty crew he had to kill a man occasionally merely to prove he was captain. He also

kept a diary, making characteristic entries, such as these: "Rum all out; our company somewhat sober; rogues a-plotting; confusion among us; so I looked for a prize." And this next day: "Took a prize with a great deal of liquor on board; so kept the ship's company hot, and all went well again." Blackbeard is supposed to have buried treasures on these islands, and the fishermen tell how they have seen the ghost of his mistress, gazing intently seaward, on a low, projecting point of White Island, a tall and shapely figure wrapped in a long cloak. Blackbeard ruled these waters until Lieutenant Maynard, with two armed sloops, went after him, captured his ship, met him in single combat, and after a hand-to-hand fight, in which both received fearful wounds, finally pinned the pirate to the deck with his dagger, closing his interesting career.

Captain Kidd, who sailed in these parts, was not so ferocious as Blackbeard. It is said that at first he always swore-in his crew on the Bible, but afterwards finding this interfered with business, he buried his Bible in the sand. Captain Low captured a fishing-smack off these islands, but disappointed of booty, had the crew flogged, and then gave each man the alternative of being hanged or of three times vigorously cursing old Cotton Mather, which latter, it is recorded, "all did with alacrity." It is probable this punishment was inflicted by the pirate because it was the custom of the Puritan clergymen,

when pirates were condemned, to have them brought into church, and as a proper preliminary to the hanging, preach long and powerful sermons to them on the enormity of their crimes and the torments awaiting in the next world. This same Captain Low is said to have once captured a Virginia vessel, and was so pleased with her captain that he invited him to share a bowl of punch. The Virginian, however, demurred, having scruples about drinking with a pirate, whereupon Low presented a cocked pistol to his ear and a glass of punch to his mouth, pleasantly remarking: "Either take one or the other." The captain took punch. Another rover of the seas, Phillips, captured the Dolphin, a fishing-vessel, and made all her crew turn pirates. John Fillmore, one of them, started a mutiny, killed Phillips, and took the Dolphin back to Boston. His great-great-grandson was President Millard Fillmore. There was also at one time a famous woman pirate in this region—Anne Bonney, an Irish girl from Cork, who fell in love with Captain Rockham, a pirate, who was afterwards captured and hanged. Before the capture she fought bravely, and, as she expressed it, "was one of the last men left upon the deck." There was much that was fascinating in the desperate careers of the lawless buccaneers who swept the New England coasts in the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. They were for years masters of the ocean, and they even sent defiance to the King himself:

"Go tell the King of England, go tell him thus from me,
Though he reigns king o'er all the land, I will reign king at sea."

All around the Isles of Shoals, when the sun sinks and twilight comes—

"From the dim headlands many a lighthouse gleams,
The street lamps of the ocean."

Far away to the northeast a single white star appears eleven miles off, on the solitary rock of Boon Island, out in mid-ocean, where not a pound of soil exists, excepting what has been carried there. One of the worst wrecks of modern times occurred on this rock before the lighthouse was built. The "Nottingham," from London, was driven ashore, the crew with difficulty gaining the island when the ship broke up. They had no food; day by day their sufferings from cold and hunger increased; the mainland was in full view and they built a raft of pieces of wreck to try and get there, but it was swamped; they signalled passing vessels, but could not attract attention. Gradually they sank into hopelessness, but thought to make a final effort by constructing another rude raft, on which two of them tried to reach the shore. It too was wrecked, being afterwards found on the beach with a dead man alongside. Then hope entirely failed them, and to sustain life they became cannibals, living on the body of the ship's carpenter, sparingly doled out to them by the captain. Eventu-

ally the survivors were rescued, the wrecked raft being their preserver. When it was found, the people on shore started a search for the builders, and they were discovered and taken off the island, after twenty-four days of starvation. Then the lighthouse was built on Boon Island, and its steady white star gleams in nightly warning:

"Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same
Year after year, through all the silent night,
Burns on for evermore that quenchless flame,
Shines on that inextinguishable light!

"A new Prometheus chained upon the rock,
Still grasping in his hand the fire of Jove,
It does not hear the cry nor heed the shock,
But hails the mariner with words of love.

"'Sail on!' it says, 'sail on, ye stately ships!
And with your floating bridge the ocean span;
Be mine to guard this light from all eclipse;
Be yours to bring man nearer unto man!'"

MOUNT AGAMENTICUS TO OLD ORCHARD.

Beyond the Piscataqua River is the famous "Pine-Tree State," noted for its noble forests and its many splendid havens. This is Whittier's "hundred-harbored Maine," and such are the sinuosities of its remarkable coast, that while its whole distance from Kittery Point to Quoddy Head is two hundred and seventy-eight miles, the actual length of the shore-line stretches to twenty-five hundred miles, and if straightened out would reach across the Atlantic.

The great landmark of this coast beyond Kittery, standing in gloomy isolation down by the shore, is the "sailor's mountain," Agamenticus, rising six hundred and seventy-three feet, a sentinel visible far out at sea. It is a solitary eminence, lifted high above the surrounding country and having three summits of almost equal altitude, the sides clothed with dark forests. This graceful and imposing mountain gave James Russell Lowell an attractive theme in his *Pictures from Appledore:*

> "He glowers there to the north of us,
> Wrapt in his mantle of blue haze,
> Unconvertibly savage, and scorns to take
> The white man's baptism on his ways.
> Him first on shore the coaster divines
> Through the early gray, and sees him shake
> The morning mist from his scalplock of pines;
> Him first the skipper makes out in the west
> Ere the earliest sunstreak shoots tremulous,
> Flashing with orange the palpitant lines
> Of mutable billow, crest after crest,
> And murmurs 'Agamenticus!'
> As if it were the name of a saint."

Almost under the shadow of the mountain is the quiet old town of York, the "ancient city of Agamenticus," founded by Sir Ferdinando Gorgues in the early seventeenth century as Gorgeana, the place of first settlement in Maine. Now it is a summer-resort, with York Beach stretching along the coast, having Cape Neddick at its northern end thrust out

into the sea, with the curious rocky islet of the Nubble, and surmounting lighthouse, off its extremity. Four miles beyond, there projects the frowning promontory of the Bald Head Cliff and its lofty Pulpit Rock, an almost perpendicular wall rising ninety feet, with the breakers beating at its base. Farther along, the coast is a succession of magnificent beaches all the way to Casco Bay, and the broad road they furnish is the chief highway. Wells is a popular summer resort, and beyond it the charming little Kennebunk River comes down through the hills and woods and over falls, past Kennebunkport to the sea. Then the broader Saco River is reached, its ample current drawn from the White Mountains, plunging down a cataract of fifty-five feet around which are gathered the mills of the twin towns of Biddeford and Saco, having the river between them, and a population of over twenty thousand. Their steeples rise above the trees, and one of these, a French Catholic church in Biddeford, has little trees growing out of its spire. Sawmills and cotton-mills largely use the ample power of the Saco Falls. The beach fronting Saco gradually dissolves into the noted Old Orchard Beach, stretching nearly ten miles to Scarborough River, the finest beach in New England, over three hundred feet wide and named from an apple orchard that once stood there, of which the last ancient tree died before the Revolution. There are numerous hotels and boarding-houses scattered along

this broad beach, and its people completed in 1898 one of the longest ocean piers existing, which extends nearly two thousand feet into the sea. Scarborough Beach is beyond, and around the broad end of Cape Elizabeth is the entrance to Casco Bay, marked by the "Two Lights" on the eastern extremity of the cape, these powerful white beacons being about nine hundred feet apart. Almost under their shadow, in 1862, the Allan Line steamer "Bohemian" was wrecked with fearful loss of life. Within Casco Bay is an archipelago of over three hundred and fifty islands, stretching eastward for twenty miles to the mouth of the Kennebec. Many of these islands are favorite summer resorts, and their surrounding waters are always haunts for yachts, the bay being an admirable yachting ground.

PORTLAND.

The city of Portland, with over forty thousand people, is the metropolis of Maine and the winter port of Canada, which has to use it when the river St. Lawrence is frozen. It is built upon an elevated and hilly peninsula projecting eastwardly into Casco Bay, and having commanding eminences at each extremity,—the western being Bramhall's Hill and the eastern Munjoy's Hill,—spacious promenades having been made around both for outlooks. The city being almost surrounded by water, and the bold shores of the bay enclosing so many beautiful tree-clad islands,

there are magnificent views in every direction. The streets are finely shaded, mostly with elms, so that it is often called the "Forest City." This was the Indian land of Machigonne, to which the English first came in 1632, and there yet remain some stately trees of that time, which are among the charms of the pleasant park of the Deering Oaks at the West End, from which State Street leads into the best residential section, bordered by double rows of elms, making a grand overarching bower. Here, in a circle at the intersection of Congress Street, is an impressive bronze statue of Longfellow, who was born in Portland in 1807, the poet sitting meditatively in his chair. Among the other distinguished citizens have been Commodore Edward Preble, Neal Dow, N. P. Willis, Mrs. Parton (Fanny Fern) and Thomas B. Reed, who long represented Portland in Congress. The city has an air of comfort, and its broad-fronted, vine-covered homes look enticing. From its hills the outlook is superb, particularly that from the Eastern Promenade encircling Munjoy's Hill, where the view is over Casco Bay and its many arms and forest-fringed rocky islands. On the eastern side, Falmouth Foreside stretches out to the distant ocean, while the western shore is the broad peninsula terminating in Cape Elizabeth. This hill has a commanding prospect over one of the most bewitching scenes in nature,—the island-studded Casco Bay, having the famous Cushing's Island at the outer

verge of the archipelago protecting most of the harbor from the ocean waves. Upon other islands down the bay are three old forts, two of them abandoned, while the flag floats over the more modern works of Fort Preble. Portland was originally called Falmouth, not receiving the present name till 1786. In a beautiful spot on Munjoy's Hill is the monument to the founder, its inscription being "George Cheeves, Founder of Portland, 1699." Upon this hill is the old cemetery containing Preble's grave. He commanded the American squadron in the war against Tripoli in 1803, and died in Portland in 1807. Also in this cemetery rest alongside each other two noted naval officers of the War of 1812–14 with England—Burrows and Blythe. They commanded rival warships, the American "Enterprise" and the British "Boxer," that fought on Sunday, September 5, 1814, off Pemaquid Point, near the mouth of the Kennebec, the adjacent shores being covered with spectators. The "Enterprise" captured the "Boxer" and brought her a prize into Portland harbor. Both commanders were killed in the fight, and their bodies were brought ashore, each wrapped in the flag he had so bravely served, and the same honors were paid both in the double funeral. Longfellow recalls this as one of the memories of his youth:

"I remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thundered o'er the tide!
And the dead captains, as they lay

In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay,
Where they in battle died."

THE ANDROSCOGGIN.

Maine has more than fifteen hundred lakes, scattered everywhere through its extensive forests. Seventeen miles northwest of Portland is Sebago Lake, one of the most attractive, an islet-dotted expanse, fourteen miles long and ten miles wide, its Indian name meaning "the stretch of water." Into it flows the rapid and devious Songo River, discharging Long Lake, a little over two miles distant, but the boat journey on the river to that lake is for six miles and around twenty-seven bends. Thirty-eight miles northwest of Portland is Poland Springs, the chief inland watering-place of Maine, with pure air, the finest waters and large hotels. To the northward the Androscoggin River, flowing from the flanks of the White Mountains, sweeps eastwardly across the State, and then turns southward to unite its current with the Kennebec in Merry Meeting Bay. Not far from the New Hampshire boundary it pours down the Rumford Falls, one of the finest of cataracts, the river making three or four leaps over ragged, granite ledges, aggregating one hundred and sixty feet descent, the final fall being nearly seventy feet, making a great roaring, heard for a long distance. Here is a town of textile and paper-mills, with three thousand people. Having turned to the southward, the river comes to the Livermore Falls, another manufacturing

village on the Indian domain of Rockomeka, or the "great corn land." Here were born the famous brothers Israel, Elihu B. and Cadwalader C. Washburne, who were so long in the public service, representing Maine, Illinois and Wisconsin. A handsome Gothic public library built of granite has been erected as their memorial. Farther along is Leeds, the birthplace of General Oliver O. Howard, and then some distance below the river plunges down the Lewiston Falls of fifty-two feet at the second city in Maine, the towns of Auburn and Lewiston having twenty-five thousand population, chiefly employed in the manufacture of textiles, there being large numbers of French Canadians in the mills. Bates College, with two hundred students, is one of the chief buildings of Lewiston.

Eastward from Casco Bay to the Androscoggin is a rough wooded country becoming, however, rather more level as the river is approached. The Androscoggin having come down from the north, sweeps around to the northeast to enter Merry Meeting Bay, and at the bend, about thirty miles from Portland, is Brunswick, at the head of tidewater, with over six thousand population, largely employed in its mills. The river falls forty-one feet here in three separate cataracts, giving an enormous water-power. This was the Indian Pejepscot, where the English built Fort George in 1715, known as "the key of Western Maine." The city is chiefly noted now as

the seat of Bowdoin College, the chief educational institution of Maine, incorporated in 1794, and opened in 1802 with an endowment by the State. It has nearly four hundred students and attractive buildings, the most conspicuous one being surmounted by twin spires, which are seen from afar in approaching the town, rising above the trees with a thick growth of pines behind them. This college had President Franklin Pierce, Hawthorne, Longfellow and Chief Justice Fuller among its graduates, and Longfellow was its professor of modern languages until 1835, when he was called to Harvard. Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in Brunswick in 1851–2, when her husband was in the Bowdoin College faculty. Pierre Baudouin, a Huguenot refugee from La Rochelle, came to Portland in 1687; and his grandson, who was Governor of Massachusetts in 1785–6, had his name given the college, the great-grandson, James Bowdoin 2nd, the noted diplomatist, having been most liberal in his gifts to it. Beyond Brunswick the Androscoggin broadens into Merry Meeting Bay, which is finally absorbed by the Kennebec.

THE KENNEBEC.

The Kennebec River, the Indian "large water place," is one of the greatest streams of Maine, having its source in its largest lake, Moosehead, surrounded by forests. This lake is at an elevation of over a thousand feet, is thirty-five miles long, and

has a surface of two hundred and twenty square miles. The shores are generally monotonous, excepting where the long peninsula of Mount Kineo is projected from the eastern side so far into the lake as to narrow it to little more than a mile width. Mount Kineo is nine hundred feet high, rising abruptly on the south and east, but sloping gradually to the water on the other sides. To the northeast, Spencer Mountain is seen rising four thousand feet, with Katahdin, the Indian "greatest mountain," in the distance. This magnificent summit, the highest in Maine, rises nearly fifty-four hundred feet. All about Moosehead Lake and far to the northward over the Canadian border is a vast forest wilderness, full of lakes and streams, visited chiefly by the timber-cutters and sportsmen, and one of the favorite hunting and angling regions of the country. From the southwestern extremity of the lake the Kennebec River flows out towards the sea, and in a winding course of a hundred miles descends a thousand feet of rapids and cataracts, until it reaches the tidal level at Augusta. It narrows at Solon to only forty feet as it goes over the Carrituck Falls of twenty feet. Then it passes Old Point and comes to Norridgewock, where several ancient elms of enormous size border the street along the river bank. This is the scene of Whittier's poem of *Mogg Megone*, and along here lived the ancient Norridgewocks. At Old Point was their chief town, and as early as 1610

French missionary priests sent out from Quebec settled among them, the famous Jesuit, Sebastian Rale, coming about 1670 and living there over forty years, being not only the spiritual but finally the political head of the tribe. He was a man of high culture, and had been professor of Greek at the College of Nismes, in France. The tribe belonged to the Canabis branch of the Abenaquis nation, and he prepared a complete dictionary of their language (now preserved in Harvard University), which he described as "a powerful and flexible language—the Greek of America."

In the early eighteenth century wars broke out between these Indians under the French flag and the Puritans of New England. It is said that Father Rale had a superb consecrated banner floating before his church, emblazoned with the cross, and a bow and sheaf of arrows. This was often borne as a crusading flag against the Puritan border villages. Norridgewock was destroyed by a sudden raid in 1705, and peace following, an envoy was sent to Boston to demand an indemnity, and also that workmen be sent to rebuild the church. Both were promised on condition that they would accept a Puritan pastor, but this was declined. The Indians rebuilt their village, and it was again destroyed by a plundering raid in 1722, and in revenge they then made a fearful ravaging expedition in which the Maine coast towns paid dearly. The English seacoast col-

onists consequently decided that for protection Norridgewock must be taken and the tribe driven away, a price being set upon Rale's head. In August, 1724, a strong party of New England rangers marched secretly and swiftly, and, before their presence was known, had surrounded the village and began firing through the wigwams. A few Indians escaped, but nearly the whole tribe—men, women and children—were massacred. Charlevoix writes of it that "the noise and tumult gave Père Rale notice of the danger his converts were in, and he fearlessly showed himself to the enemy, hoping to draw all their attention to himself, and to secure the safety of his flock at the peril of his life. He was not disappointed. As soon as he appeared the English set up a great shout, which was followed by a shower of shot, when he fell dead near to the cross which he had erected in the midst of the village. Seven chiefs, who sheltered his body with their own, fell around him." His mutilated body was afterwards found at the foot of the cross and buried there. The place lay desolate for a half-century, when English settlers came in 1773, and in 1833 a granite memorial obelisk was erected on the site of the ancient church. Thus Whittier describes the tragedy:

"Fearfully over the Jesuit's face,
Of a thousand thoughts, trace after trace,
Like swift cloud shadows, each other chase.
One instant, his fingers grasp his knife,

For a last vain struggle for cherished life,—
The next, he hurls the blade away,
And kneels at his altar's foot to pray;
Over his beads his fingers stray,
And he kisses the cross, and calls aloud
On the Virgin and her Son;
For terrible thoughts his memory crowd
Of evils seen and done,—
Of scalps brought home by his savage flock
From Casco and Sawga and Sagadahock
In the Church's service won.

'Through the chapel's narrow doors,
And through each window in the walls,
Round the priest and warrior pours
The deadly shower of English balls.
Low on his cross the Jesuit falls:
While at his side the Norridgewock
With failing breath essays to mock
And menace yet the hated foe,—
Shakes his scalp-trophies to and fro
Exultingly before their eyes,—
Till cleft and torn by shot and blow,
Defiant still, he dies."

The Kennebec, turning grandly to the eastward, five miles below pours over the falls of Skowhegan, descending twenty-eight feet upon rough ledges, having a picturesque island ending at the crest of the cataract, with the stream beyond compressed within the high, rocky walls of a canyon. Here are numerous factories and a population of six thousand. Eighteen miles beyond, the river, having resumed its southern course, tumbles down the Taconic Falls at Waterville, a town of seven thousand people and

extensive cotton-mills, also having the Colby College of the Baptist Church where General Benjamin F. Butler was a student. Farther down the Kennebec are the ruins of Fort Halifax, near the confluence with Sebasticook River, draining various lakes to the northeastward. This was one of the chain of forts built in the middle eighteenth century to defend the Puritan coast towns from French and Indian raids, and large Indian settlements formerly occupied the broad intervales in the neighborhood. Twenty miles below Waterville is Augusta, the Maine capital, situate at the head of navigation, the city being beautifully located upon the high hills and their slopes bordering the river. Just above the town is the great Kennebec dam, built at an expense of $300,000 to make an admirable water-power, and rising fifteen feet above high water. Here are over ten thousand people, among whom lived for many years James G. Blaine, who died in 1893. There are large textile factories giving employment to the inhabitants, and the chief building is the State House, of white granite, fronted by a Doric colonnade, standing upon a high hill and surmounted by a graceful dome. Across the Kennebec is the fine granite Insane Hospital in extensive ornamental grounds, while down by the bank are the remains of Fort Western, built as a defensive outpost in 1754, being then surrounded by palisaded outworks garnished with towers. It was here that Benedict Ar-

nold gathered his expedition against Quebec in 1775, going up the Kennebec, crossing the border wilderness and enduring the greatest hardships, before he appeared like an apparition with his army of gaunt heroes under the walls of that fortress.

Below Augusta is the quiet town of Hallowell, and then Gardiner, and beyond, the Kennebec spreads out in the broad expanse of Merry Meeting Bay, where it receives the Androscoggin coming up from the southwest. Along here are seen to perfection the two great crops of these rivers—the lumber and the ice. The largest icehouses in existence line the banks, and the prolific ice-crop of these pure waters, thus gathered by the millions of tons, is shipped by sea from Gardiner and Bath throughout the coast and over to Europe. The people seem to saw logs all summer and cut ice all winter. The river next passes Bath, formerly a great ship-building port, and still doing much work in the construction of steel vessels, though the population has rather decreased of late years. The town, with its front of shipyards and kindred industries, fringes the western river-bank for two or three miles, and on either hand the rocky shores slope steeply down to the water. A clergyman from Salem bought this domain in 1660 from Damarine, the old sachem of Sagadahoc, whom the whites called Robin Hood, but the place did not grow much until after the Revolution, when extensive shipbuilding began. It is about thirteen miles from

the sea, the Kennebec entering the Atlantic through Sheepscott Bay, an irregular indentation of the coast studded with many attractive islands. At Bath, more than anywhere else in New England, has been practically realized Longfellow's invocation:

> "Build me straight, O worthy master!
> Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,
> That shall laugh at all disaster,
> And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!"

ANCIENT PEMAQUID.

Eastward from the Kennebec the long peninsula of Pemaquid Point stretches to the sea, between John's Bay and Muscongus Bay, and far out beyond it, off the western entrance to Penobscot Bay, is Monhegan, the most famous island on the New England coast. It is twelve miles off the Point, and the surface rises into highlands. Monhegan appears upon the earliest charts made by the first navigators, Champlain naming it in 1604 and Weymouth coming there the next year to trade with the Indians of Pemaquid before he ascended the great river, which he said was called Norumbega, and about which there was long so much mystery and wonder in Europe. Smith was there in 1614, it was colonized in 1618, in 1621 it sent succor to the starving Pilgrims at Plymouth, and in 1626 two proprietors bought the island for £50. It had a stirring colonial history, and on account of its location its grand flashing bea-

con-light is a landmark for the mariners coasting along Maine or entering the Penobscot. Yet it has barely a hundred people to-day, mostly fishermen, though its isolation has manifest advantages, for it is said to have no public officials, and to be the one place where there are no taxes. In fair sight of each other, over the blue sea, are the highlands of Monhegan and the rocks and coves of Pemaquid Point, the great stronghold of early British colonial power in Maine. Rival French and English grants covered the whole of Maine, and at the outstart the English took possession of the Kennebec, and the French of the Penobscot. The colonists were in almost constant enmity, as also were the Indians upon the two rivers, the warfare continuing a hundred and fifty years, until after the Revolution. The English made Pemaquid Point their fortified outpost, while the French established old Fort Pentagoet, afterwards Castine, as their stronghold on the Penobscot. The earliest settlement at the mouth of the Kennebec was made in 1607 by Chief Justice George Popham, who came there with one hundred and twenty colonists in two ships, named the "Mary and John" and the "Gift of God." They founded Fort St. George, and built the first vessel on the Kennebec, the "Virginia" of thirty tons, but Popham dying the next year, they became discouraged and abandoned the colony.

Pemaquid saw constant disturbances. Weymouth,

when he traded there in 1605, kidnapped several Indians and carried them back to England. The fierce Abenaquis from Penobscot Bay attacked the place in 1615 and massacred all the Wawenock Indians who lived there. Then the old Sagamore Samoset appeared upon the scene, the same who welcomed the Pilgrims to Plymouth. He lived near Pemaquid, and told them at Plymouth his home was distant "a daye's sayle with a great wind, and five dayes by land." He sold Pemaquid to the first English colonists in 1625 by deed, his sign manual upon it being a bended bow with an arrow fitted to the string, ready to shoot. They saw the strategic importance of the place and built a small fort in 1630. Then a pirate came along, captured and plundered the settlement, holding it until an armed ship from Massachusetts recaptured it in 1635, the pirate being hanged. Then stronger forts were built, and Fort Charles was constructed in 1674, but in King Philip's War the French and Indians attacked it, driving out the people, who escaped by boats to Monhegan. Again, in 1689, the Abenaquis from old Pentagoet, under their chief Madockawando, captured it with great slaughter, destroying the works. The English in 1693 once more took possession, this time building a stone fort regarded as impregnable and said to be the finest work then in New England. French frigates soon attacked it and were repulsed, and its fame was great throughout the colonies. But the

French and the Abenaquis were bound to defeat its possessors, and in 1696 the former with a fleet and the latter under Baron de Castine again attacked, and captured it with a horrible massacre, all the survivors being carried into captivity. The English did not reoccupy the Point for some time, but in 1724 they repaired the ruined fort, and deciding that a place of so much importance must be held at all hazards, in 1730 Fort Frederick, the great defensive work of Pemaquid, was built, and a town grew around it. The French and Indians made unsuccessful attacks in 1745, and again in 1747. Thus fiercely raged the battle between the rival possessors of the Penobscot and the Kennebec, and the ruins of this last and greatest work, Fort Frederick, have been the place where for years the antiquarians have been delving for relics, much as they do in Pompeii. It was an extensive exterior fortress with an interior citadel, located upon a slope rising from a rocky shore and controlling the approach from the sea. A high rock in the southeastern angle, forming part of the magazine, is the most prominent portion of the ruins. A martello tower stood in front on the sea-beach, but is now pulverized into broken fragments. A graveyard, several paved streets, and cellars of buildings have been disclosed. The final destruction of Fort Frederick was by the Americans in the Revolution, to prevent its becoming a British stronghold, and its last battle was in 1814, when a force in

boats from a British frigate attacked the Point, but were repulsed with heavy loss. Its present condition is thus described in the mournful ballad of *Pemaquid:*

"The restless sea resounds along the shore,
The light land breeze flows outward with a sigh,
And each to each seems chanting evermore
A mournful memory of the days gone by.

"Here, where they lived, all holy thoughts revive,
Of patient striving, and of faith held fast;
Here, where they died, their buried records live,
Silent they speak from out the shadowy past."

THE PENOBSCOT.

The peninsula between the Kennebec and the Penobscot River is traversed by a railway route through the forests of Lincoln and Knox Counties, named after two famous Revolutionary Generals. It crosses the Sheepscott and St. George Rivers and skirts the head of Muscongus Bay, amid a goodly crop of rocks, passing Wiscasset, Damariscotta (near the lake of that name, which got its title from the old Indian chief, Damarine), Waldeboro' and Thomaston to Rockland, upon the deeply indented Owl's Head Bay looking out upon the Penobscot. This peninsula is serrated by more of the numerous bays and havens of which Whittier sings:

"From gray sea-fog, from icy drift,
From peril and from pain,
The homebound fisher greets thy lights,
O hundred-harbored Maine!"

We have now come to the chief river of Maine, the Penobscot, draining the larger portion of its enormous forests, and emptying into the ocean through a vast estuary, which is the greatest of the many bays upon this rugged coast. Three centuries ago this was the fabulous river of Norumbega, enclosing unknown treasures and a mysterious city, as weirdly described by the Spaniards and Portuguese, who were the first visitors to the prolific fishing-grounds of America. At that time Europe knew of no river that was its equal, and no bay with such broad surface and enormous tidal flow. Hence many were the tales about wonderful Norumbega. The Penobscot estuary, with its connecting waters, embraces an archipelago said to contain five hundred islands, making a large portion of the Maine coast, which in many respects is the most remarkable in the country. It is jagged and uneven, seamed with deep inlets and guarded by craggy headlands, projecting far out into the ocean, while between are myriads of rocky and in many cases romantic islands. This coast is composed almost wholly of granites, syenites and other metamorphic rocks that have been deeply scraped and grooved ages ago by the huge glacier which, descending from Greenland and extending far into the sea, was of such vast thickness and ponderous weight as to plough out these immense valleys and ravines in the granite floor. The chief of these ridges and furrows lie almost north and south, so that

the Maine shore-line is a series of long, rocky peninsulas separated by deep and elongated bays, having within and beyond them myriads of long islands and sunken ledges, with the same general southern trend as the mainland. Large rocks and boulders are also strewn over the land and upon the bottom of the sea, where they have been left by the receding glacier. These fragments are piled in enormous quantities in various places, many of the well-known fishing-banks, such as George's Shoals, being glacial deposits. These rocks and sunken ledges are covered with marine animals, making the favorite food of many of the most important food-fishes. The Penobscot from its source to the sea flows about three hundred miles. The wide bay and wedge-shape of the lower river, by gathering so large a flow of tidal waters, which are suddenly compressed at the Narrows just below Bucksport, make a rapidly-rushing tide, and an ebb and flow rising seventeen feet at Bangor, sixteen miles above. When Weymouth came in 1605 he set up a cross near where Belfast now stands, on the western shore of the bay, and took possession for England, and he marvelled greatly at what he saw, writing home that "many who had been travellers in sundry countries and in most famous rivers affirmed them not comparable to this—the most beautiful, rich, large, secure harboring river that the world affordeth." The Indians whom he found on its shores were the Tarratines, an Abena-

quis tribe, who inhabited all that part of Maine. The Jesuit missionaries early came among them from Canada, and they were firm friends of the French. They called the great river Pentagoet, or "the stream where there are rapids," while its shores were the Penobscot, meaning "where the land is covered with rocks."

PENTAGOET AND CASTINE.

Pierre du Guast, Sieur de Monts, as a reward for his faithfulness, was given, in 1602, by the French King Henry of Navarre, a grant of all America from the 40th to the 46th parallels of latitude. He came out and founded a colony on Passamaquoddy Bay, and finding that the Indians called the region Acadie, or the "land of plenty," he named his domain Acadia. The French afterwards extended their explorations westward along the Maine coast, claiming under this grant, and this was the source of the many subsequent conflicts. Coming into Penobscot Bay, they made their outpost and stronghold upon the peninsula of Pentagoet on its eastern shore, marking the western limit of Acadia. Their famous old Fort Pentagoet, from which the French and Indian raiders for more than a century swooped down upon the English border settlements, is now the pleasant summer resort of Castine. Originally, the English from Plymouth established a trading-post there, but the French captured it, and then in the French religious conflicts it was alternately held by the

Catholic and Huguenot chieftains sent out to rule Acadia. Sometimes pirates took it, and once some bold Dutchmen came up from New York and were its captors. But the French held it for a full century, though repeatedly attacked, until just before the Revolution, when the English conquered and held it throughout that war, again seizing it in the War of 1812. This noted old fort was captured and scarred in wars resulting in no less than five different national occupations. The present name is derived from Baron Castine, who came with his French regiment to Acadia, and gave Pentagoet its great romance. He was Vincent, Baron de St. Castine, lord of Oléron in the French Pyrenees, who arrived in 1667, and inspired by a chivalrous desire to extend the Catholic religion among the Indians, went into the wilderness to live among the fierce Tarratines. As Longfellow tells it in the Student's Tale at *The Wayside Inn:*

> "Baron Castine of St. Castine
> Has left his château in the Pyrenees
> And sailed across the Western seas."

Pentagoet then was a populous town ruled by the Sachem Madockawando, and the young Baron, tarrying there, soon found friends among the Indians. The sachem had a susceptible daughter, and this dusky belle, captivated by the courtly graces of the handsome Baron, fell in love:

"For man is fire, and woman is tow,
And the Somebody comes and begins to blow."

The usual results followed, so that it was not long before—

"Lo! the young Baron of St. Castine,
Swift as the wind is, and as wild,
Has married a dusky Tarratine,
Has married Madocawando's child!"

This marriage made him one of the tribe, and he soon became their leader. The restless and warlike Indians almost worshipped the chivalrous young Frenchman; he was their apostle, and led them in repeated raids against their English and Indian foes. But ultimately tiring of this roving life in the forests, he returned to "his château in the Pyrenees," taking his Indian bride along. They were welcomed with surprise and admiration:

"Down in the village day by day
The people gossip in their way,
And stare to see the Baroness pass
On Sunday morning to early mass;
And when she kneeleth down to pray,
They wonder, and whisper together, and say,
'Surely this is no heathen lass!'
And in course of time they learn to bless
The Baron and the Baroness.

"And in course of time the curate learns
A secret so dreadful, that by turns
He is ice and fire, he freezes and burns.
The Baron at confession hath said,

That though this woman be his wife,
He hath wed her as the Indians wed,
He hath bought her for a gun and a knife!"

Then there was trouble, but it seems to have been soon cured by a Christian wedding:

"The choir is singing the matin song,
The doors of the church are opened wide,
The people crowd, and press and throng,
To see the bridegroom and the bride.
They enter and pass along the nave;
They stand upon the father's grave;
The bells are ringing soft and slow;
The living above and the dead below
Give their blessing on one and twain;
The warm wind blows from the hills of Spain,
The birds are building, the leaves are green,
And Baron Castine of St. Castine
Hath come at last to his own again."

In course of time the son of the Baron by his Tarratine princess became chief of the tribe and ruled it until in a raid in 1721 he was captured by the English and taken to Boston. When brought before the Council there for trial he wore his French uniform, and was accused of attending an Abenaqui council-fire. He sturdily replied, "I am an Abenaqui by my mother; all my life has been passed among the nation that has made me chief and commander over it. I could not be absent from a council where the interests of my brethren were to be discussed. The dress I now wear is one becoming my rank and birth as an officer of

"THE PRESIDENTIAL RANGE"—MOUNT WASHINGTON (x)

the Most Christian King of France, my master." After being held prisoner several months, he was released, and finally also returned to the ancestral château in the Pyrenees. His lineal descendants are still at the head of the tribe, which has dwindled to almost nothing. Pentagoet honoring the memory, afterwards became Castine. Remains of the old fort and batteries are preserved, and a miniature earthwork commands the harbor. The Tarratines and all the Abenaqui tribes were firm friends of the Americans in the Revolution; there are remnants of them in Canada, but the best preserved is the Indian settlement on Indian Island, in the Penobscot River, above Bangor. For fealty in the Revolution they were given a reservation, where a few hundred descendants now live in a village around their church, having a town hall and schools, with books printed in their own Abenaqui language, and ruled by their tribal officials. This last remnant of a warlike nation with such an interesting history gets a modest subsistence by catching fish and lobsters, and rafting logs on their great river of Norumbega.

ASCENDING THE PENOBSCOT.

The Penobscot drains an immense territory covered with pine, spruce and hemlock forests. Two hundred millions of feet of lumber will be floated down it in a single season. Its bold western bay shore rises into the Camden Mountains, and both

sides of the bay were embraced for thirty miles in the Muscongus Patent, a grant of King George I. which came to the colonial Governor Samuel Waldo, of Massachusetts, and afterwards, by descent through his wife, to General Henry Knox. Thus Knox became the Patroon of Penobscot Bay, building a palace at Thomaston, where he lived in baronial state and spent so much money in princely hospitality that he bankrupted himself and almost ruined his Revolutionary compatriot, General Lincoln, who became involved with him. On this western shore, Rockland, with nine thousand people, is a town of sea-captains, fishermen and lime-burners, its rocks making the best lime of the district, and a hundred kilns illuminating the hills at night. Adjacent are Dix Island, and to the southward Vinalhaven Island, producing fine granites shipped abroad for building. To the northward is Camden, under the shadow of Mount Megunticook, its two peaks rising fourteen hundred feet above the harbor. Out in front is an archipelago of pretty islands, the chief being "the insular town of Islesboro," stretching about thirteen miles along the centre of Penobscot Bay, its ten square miles of irregular contour having of late developed into a region of cottages built in all the pleasant places and making a very popular resort. To the northeastward the massive Blue Hill stands up an isolated guardian behind the peninsula of Castine, where the attractive white houses are spread over

the broad and sloping point enclosing its deep harbor, and its church-spire rises sharply among the trees. In the eastern archipelago of Penobscot Bay are the Fox Island group of about one hundred and fifty islands, and the larger islands of North Haven and Vinalhaven are to the southward, beyond which are the shores of Cape Rosier, making the eastern border of the bay, while through a vista looms up the distant Isle au Haut, an outer guardian upon the ocean's edge. At the eastern horizon behind the cape rise the hazy, bisected, round-topped peaks of Mount Desert, thirty miles away.

Belfast is another maritime town of Penobscot Bay on a deeply-indented harbor under the shadow of the Camden Hills, the place where Weymouth in 1605 landed and set up the cross. It was settled and named by Scotch-Irish Presbyterians in 1770, and it looks out pleasantly across the broad bay upon Castine. Above are Searsport and Fort Point, with the ruins of the colonial Fort Pownall, and then the river is quickly contracted into the Narrows, where the swift tides run at Bucksport. The upper river is sinuous and picturesque, and at the head of navigation, sixty miles from the sea, is Bangor, with twenty thousand people, finely located on commanding hills, its chief industry being the sawing and shipment of lumber. The sawmills line the shores and the log-booms extend for miles along the river. The chief assembly room of the city is the Norumbega Hall, and there also

is a Theological Seminary of high standing. It is said that the settlement, which had languished during the Revolution, in 1791 ordered Rev. Seth Noble, its representative in the Legislature, to have it incorporated under the name of Sunbury, but he, being very fond of the old tune of Bangor, wrote that name inadvertently, and it thus was given the town. Thirteen miles northward is Oldtown, another great gathering-place for logs and sawmills, and having the Tarratine Indian settlement on the island in midstream. The Penobscot River receives various tributaries above, which drain the extensive northern forests of Maine—the Piscataquis coming from the westward, the Mattawamkeag from the northeast, and the Seboois. The main stream rises near the western Canada border of Maine and flows eastward into Chesuncook Lake, whence its general course to the sea is southeast and south. The river thus drains a broad basin, embracing myriads of lakes in the northern Maine forests, and it has an enormous water-power, as yet only partially utilized.

MOUNT DESERT ISLAND.

Beyond the archipelago, eastward from the Penobscot estuary, is the noted island, presenting the only land along the Atlantic coast where high mountains are in close proximity to the sea. It appears to-day just at it did to Champlain when he first saw it in September, 1604, and, being impressed with its

craggy, desolate summits, named it the *Isle des Monts déserts*, the "Island of Desert Mountains." He then wrote of it, "The land is very high, intersected by passes, appearing from the sea like seven or eight mountains ranged near each other; the summits of the greater part of these are bare of trees, because they are nothing but rocks." In approaching from the southwestward by sea, the distant gray recumbent elephant that has been lying at the horizon gradually resolves its two rounded summits into different peaks; but the finer approach is rather from the northward by the railway route, which is the one most travelled. The quick advance of the train unfolds the separate mountain peaks, and the whole range is well displayed, there being apparently eight eminences, but upon coming nearer, others seem to detach themselves. Green Mountain is the highest, rising over fifteen hundred feet, near the eastern side, while Western Mountain terminates the range on the other side, and at the eastern verge is Newport Mountain, having the fashionable settlement of Bar Harbor at its northern base. There are several beautiful lakes high up among these peaks, the chief being Eagle Lake. Beech and Dog Mountains have peculiarities of outline, and a wider opening between two ponderous peaks shows where the sea has driven-in the strange and deeply carved inlet of Somes' Sound, six miles from the southern side, to almost bisect the island. Hung closely upon the coast of

Maine, in Frenchman Bay, this noted island, the ancient Indian Pemetic, is about fifteen miles long, of varying width, and covers a hundred square miles. It has many picturesque features, its mountains, which run in roughly parallel ridges north and south, separated by narrow trough-like valleys, displaying thirteen distinct eminences, the eastern summits being the highest, and terminating generally at or near the water's edge on that side in precipitous cliffs, with the waves dashing against their bases. Upon the southeastern coast, fronting the ocean, as a fitting termination to the grand scenery of these mountain-ranges, the border of the Atlantic is a galaxy of stupendous cliffs, the two most remarkable being of national fame—Schooner Head and Great Head—the full force of old ocean driving against their massive rocky buttresses. Schooner Head has a surface of white rock on its face, which when seen from the sea is fancied to resemble the sails of a small vessel, apparently moving in front of the giant cliff. Great Head, two miles southward, is an abrupt projecting mass of rock, the grim and bold escarpment having deep gashes across the base, evidently worn by the waves. It is the highest headland on the island. Castle Head is a perpendicular columned mass, appearing like a colossal, castellated doorway, flanked by square towers.

For more than a century after Champlain first looked upon this island, the French made ineffectual

attempts at settlement, but it was not until 1761 that any one succeeded in establishing a permanent home. Then old Abraham Somes, a hardy mariner from Cape Ann, came along, and entering the Sound that bears his name, settled on the shore, and his descendant is said to still keep the inn at Somesville on the very spot of his earliest colonization. After the little colony was planted, the cultivation of the cranberry and the gathering of blueberries kept the people alive, these being almost the only food-products raised in the moderate allowance of soil allotted the island. The population grew but slowly, though artists and summer saunterers came this way, and about 1860 it began to attract the pleasure-seekers. When the island, in its early government, was divided into towns, the eastern portion was called, with a little irony, Eden. Bar Harbor, an indentation of Frenchman Bay, having a bar uncovered at low tide, which named it, being easy of access, the village of East Eden on its shores became the fashionable resort. It has a charming outlook over the bay, with its fleets of gaily-bannered yachts and canoes and the enclosing Porcupine Islands, but there is not much natural attractiveness. It is a town of summer hotels and boarding-houses, built upon what was a treeless plain, the outskirts being a galaxy of cottages, many of great pretensions. Here will congregate ten to twenty thousand visitors in the season, and Bar Harbor has become one of the most fashionable re-

sorts on the Atlantic coast. Its bane, however, is the fog, a frequent sojourner in the summer, though even fogs, in their way, have charms. There are days that it lies in banks upon the sea, with only occasional incursions upon the shore, when under a shining sun the mist creeps over the water and finally blots out the landscape. But light breezes and warm sunshine then soon disperse it and the view reappears. The fog-rifts are wonderful picture-makers. Sometimes the mist obscures the sea and lower shores of the attendant islands, leaving a narrow fringe of tree-tops resting against the horizon, as if suspended in mid-air. Often a yacht sails through the fog, looking like a colossal ghost, when suddenly its sails flash out in the sunlight like huge wings. Thus the mist paints dissolving views, so that the fogs of Mount Desert become an attraction, and occasionally through them appears the famed mirage which Whittier describes:

"Sometimes in calms of closing day
They watched the spectral mirage play;
Saw low, far islands looming tall and high,
And ships, with upturned keels, sail like a sea the sky."

Somes Sound has off its entrance on the southern side of Mount Desert, the group of Cranberry Islands with a lighthouse on Baker's Island, the outermost of the cluster. These make a picturesque outlook for the summer settlements which have grown

around the spacious indentations of North East Harbor and South West Harbor, on either side of the entrance to the Sound. To the eastward is another indentation in the southern coast, Seal Harbor, also a popular resort, having one of the finest beaches on the island. The five high rocky Porcupine Islands partially enclosing Bar Harbor get their names from their bristling crests of pines and spruces, one of them, the Bald Porcupine, having some stupendous cliffs. The visits to the cliffs along the shores and the ascent of the mountains are the chief excursions from Bar Harbor. Four miles southward is the summit of Green Mountain, its sides being rugged, and the charming Eagle Lake to the westward nestling among the mountain peaks. The view from the top is fine, over the deeply-cut Somes Sound, penetrating almost through the island, and the grand expanse of Maine coast, seen, with its many bays and islands, stretching from the Penobscot northeast to Quoddy Head. All around to the southward and eastward spreads the open ocean bounded by the horizon, and like a speck, to the south-southeast, twenty miles away, is the lighthouse upon the bleak crag known as Mount Desert Rock, far out at sea, the most remote beacon, in its distant isolation, upon the New England coast.

ENTERING THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

The Maine coast beyond Mount Desert has more deep harbors and long peninsulas. Here are English-

man's Bay, Machias Bay, Cutler Harbor and others, and finally Passamaquoddy Bay, opening into the Bay of Fundy. Grand Manan Island lies off this Bay, the first land of the British Maritime Provinces, twenty-two miles long and distant about nine miles from the coast of Maine, the frowning yet attractive precipices of its western verge rising four hundred feet. Over opposite in Maine, as the strait between the two narrows, are dark, storm-worn crags, which end with a promontory bearing a conspicuously red and white-striped lighthouse tower. This is the termination of the coast of Maine and of the United States at Quoddy Head, and the entrance to St. Croix River to the northward, the boundary between New England and the Canadian Province of New Brunswick. Quoddy Head is a long peninsula, with Campobello Island directly in front. Just beyond is another peninsula, bearing a village of white cottages, rising on the slopes of a high rounded hill having a church with a tall spire perched upon its pinnacle. This is Lubec, the easternmost town of the United States. Out in front upon Campobello lived for many years the eccentric old sailor, William Fitzwilliam Owen, a retired British Admiral, who built there on the rocks a regulation "quarter-deck" of a man-of-war, whereon he solemnly promenaded in full uniform and issued orders to a mythical crew. Finally he died, and as he had desired, was buried by candlelight in the churchyard of the little chapel

he had built on the island. Campobello is now a summer resort, with numerous hotels and cottages. All these waters are filled with wicker-work fish-weirs, wherein are caught the herring supplying the Eastport sardine-packing establishments. This is another town of white houses on an island adjoining the mainland, having a little fort and a prominent display of the sardine-factories in front, with a background of fir-clad hills in Maine.

St. Croix River falling into Passamaquoddy Bay is, for its whole length of one hundred and twenty-five miles, the national boundary. Upon Neutral Island near its mouth was made the first unfortunate settlement of Acadie by the Sieur De Monts in 1604. He named both the island and river St. Croix because, just above, various bends of the river and its branches form a cross. The St. Croix discharges the noted Schoodic Lakes far up in the forest on the boundary, which have become a favorite resort of sportsmen and anglers. It brings down many logs, and the sawmills have made the prosperity of the twin towns of Calais and St. Stephen on its banks, which represent the two nations, and being very friendly, are connected by a bridge. Upon a peninsula near the mouth of the river is St. Andrews, in New Brunswick, which like most other places in this pleasant region is developing into a summer resort. When De Monts came and landed, he named the country Acadie because that was what the Indians called it.

The Indians, however, in pronouncing it made the sound like "a-quoddy," and from this is derived Passamaquoddy, the name of the bay into which the St. Croix flows, the word *Pesmo-acadie* meaning the "pollock place of plenty," as these fish were prolific there. It is at North Perry in Maine, a village on the western verge of the bay and between Eastport and Calais, that the Government has erected the obelisk marking the forty-fifth parallel of north latitude, midway between the equator and the pole.

The Canadian Province of New Brunswick into which we have now come in the journey "Down East" is described as "a region of ships, of pine trees, salmon, deals, hemlock bark and most excellent red granite." The first impression upon entering it is made by the highways, where the change from the United States to the British methods is shown in the reversal of the usual "rule of the road," from right to left. The vehicles all "keep to the left," and hence the appropriate proverb:

> "The rule of the road is a parodox quite,
> In driving your carriage along,
> If you keep to the left you are sure to go right,
> If you keep to the right you go wrong."

We have also got into the region of the Bay of Fundy, the Portuguese *Bayo Fondo*, or "deep bay," with its high tides. This huge inlet of the Atlantic is about one hundred and seventy miles long, thrust up between

New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, stretching from thirty to fifty miles wide between them. Its eastern extremity branches into two arms, the northern, Chignecto Bay, about thirty miles long, and the southern, Minas Channel, opening into the Minas Basin. Besides the St. Croix, this bay also receives St. John River, the greatest in the Maritime Provinces. The bay is remarkable for its tides, which are probably the highest in world, owing to the concentration of the tidal wave by the approach of the shores and the gradual shoaling of the bottom. The very moderate tides of the Massachusetts coast increase to about nine feet rise at the mouth of the Kennebec. The configuration of the Maine coast to the northeast further increases this to fifteen or twenty feet rise at Eastport. Beyond this the Bay of Fundy is a complete *cul-de-sac*, and the farther the tide gets in the higher it rises. In St. John harbor it becomes twenty-one to twenty-three feet, and farther up it is greater, in Minas Basin the rise reaching forty feet, and in Chignecto Bay, near the upper extremity, sixty feet. These tremendous tides cause peculiar phenomena; they make the rivers seem to actually run up-hill at times, while the tidal "bore" or wall of water, which is the advance of the flood, moves up the streams and across the extensive mud-flats with the speed of a railway train, often catching the unsuspecting who may be wandering over them. The elaborate wharves made for boat-landings are

built up like three-story houses, with different floor-levels, so as to enable the vessels to get alongside at all stages of the tide.

THE CITY OF ST. JOHN.

Upon St. John's Day, June 24, 1604, De Monts piloted by Champlain, coasting along the monotonous forest-clad shores of New Brunswick, sailed into the mouth of the River St. John, and named it in memory of the day of its discovery. Off the entrance is Partridge Island, now surmounted by a lighthouse and what is said to be the most powerful fog-siren in the world, whose hoarse blasts can be heard thirty miles away, a necessity in this region, where fogs prevail so generally. From the Negro Head, a high hill on the western shore, a breakwater extends across the harbor entrance, and within is the city covering the hills running down to the water as the inner harbor curves toward the westward. Timber being the great export, lumber-piles and timber-ships fill the wharves, sawdust floats on the water, and vessels are anchored out in the stream loading deals from lighters.

De Monts found some Micmac Indians at St. John, but he did not remain there, and it was not until 1634 when Claude de St. Estienne, Sieur de la Tour, a Huguenot who had been granted Acadie by King Charles I. of England, came out with his son and built a fort at the mouth of St. John River, the son

Charles de la Tour for some years afterwards holding it and enjoying a lucrative trade. The French King, however, had made a rival grant of Acadie, which had come into possession of Charles de Menon, Sieur d'Aulnay Charnisay, who made a settlement at Annapolis Royal over in Nova Scotia, where De Monts took the remnant of his unfortunate colony from St. Croix River. D'Aulnay envied La Tour his prosperity, provoked a quarrel, accused him of treason, and finally came over and blockaded the mouth of the St. John with six ships. La Tour, anticipating this attack, had implored aid from the Huguenots in France, and they sent out the ship "Clement" with one hundred and forty men, which remained in the offing. One cloudy night La Tour and his wife slipped out of the harbor on the ebb tide in a boat and got aboard the ship, which carried them to Boston, where additional help was sought. Old Cotton Mather records that the Puritans hearkened unto him and searched the Scriptures to see if there was Divine sanction for interference in a French quarrel. They found sundry texts that were interpreted as possibly forbidding such action, but they nevertheless concluded "it was as lawful for them to give La Tour succor as it was for Joshua to aid the Gideonites against the rest of the Canaanites, or for Jehoshaphat to aid Jehoram against Moab." So they quickly started five Massachusetts ships that way, with which La Tour raised the blockade and drove

D'Aulnay across the Bay of Fundy back to his own post of Annapolis Royal. D'Aulnay did not rest content under defeat, however, but two years later again attacked the fort. Two spies, who had gained entrance in the disguise of monks, informed him La Tour was absent, the fort being under command of his wife. Expecting easy victory, he ordered an assault, but was met by Madame La Tour at the head of the little garrison and defeated with heavy loss. He awaited another opportunity, and in 1647 when La Tour was away on a trading expedition, leaving but a small force, he again attacked. During three days his assaults were repulsed, but a treacherous sentry admitted the enemy within the fort. Even then the brave woman fought with such intrepidity that she was given her own terms of capitulation. No sooner had she surrendered, however, than D'Aulnay violated his agreement and hanged the garrison, compelling Madame La Tour to witness it with a halter around her neck. This so preyed upon her mind that a few days afterwards she died of a broken heart. Whittier has woven this story into his romantic poem *St. John*, describing La Tour returning to the fort and expecting his wife's greeting, but instead he found its walls shattered and the buildings burnt. A priest appearing, La Tour seizes him, demanding an explanation, and thus spoke the priest:

"'No wolf, Lord of Estienne, has ravaged thy hall,
But thy red-handed rival, with fire, steel and ball!

On an errand of mercy, I hitherward came,
While the walls of thy castle yet spouted with flame.

" 'Pentagoet's dark vessels were moored in the bay,
Grim sea-lions roaring aloud for their prey.'
'But what of my lady?' cried Charles of Estienne:
'On the shot-crumbled turret, thy lady was seen:

" 'Half-veiled in the smoke-cloud, her hand grasped thy pennon,
While her dark tresses swayed in the hot breath of cannon!
But woe to the heretic, evermore woe!
When the son of the Church and the Cross is his foe!

" 'In the track of the shell, in the path of the ball,
Pentagoet swept over the breach of the wall!
Steel to steel, gun to gun, one moment—and then
Alone stood the victor, alone with his men!

" 'Of its sturdy defenders, thy lady alone
Saw the cross-blazoned banner float over St. John.'
'Let the dastard look to it,' cried fiery Estienne,
'Were D'Aulnay King Louis, I'd free her again.'

" 'Alas for thy lady! No service from thee
Is needed by her whom the Lord hath set free:
Nine days in stern silence her thraldom she bore,
But the tenth morning came, and Death opened her door!' "

La Tour returned, but hardly in the manner justifying the revenge indicated in the poem. D'Aulnay died shortly afterwards, whereupon La Tour recaptured his fort and domain in 1653, but not at the head of an army, diplomatically accomplishing his victory by marrying D'Aulnay's widow. This post was known as Fort La Tour until the British conquest in the eighteenth century, when it was changed

to Fort Frederick. It then became a fishing station, and was plundered in the Revolution. Afterwards, in 1783, about ten thousand exiled tories from the United States were landed there, this being the "Landing of the Loyalists" commemorated on May 18th as the founding of St. John, the charter dating from that day in 1785. Benedict Arnold was one of these refugees, he living in St. John for several years from 1786. A Monument in King Square commemorates the landing of the loyalists and the grant of the charter. Being built largely of wood, the city suffered from many disastrous fires, the worst being in June, 1877, when one-third of the place was burnt, involving a loss of over sixteen hundred buildings and nearly $30,000,000. St. John rose from the ruins with great vitality, the new construction being largely of brick and stone. The population now exceeds forty thousand.

THE RIVER ST. JOHN.

The great curiosity of St. John is the "reversible cataract" in the river, caused in the gorge just west of the city by the enormous tides of the Bay of Fundy. The great river above the city is a wide estuary, but before entering the harbor it is compressed into a short, deep and narrow gorge, barely one hundred and fifty yards wide in some places, and obstructed by several rocky islets. As this is the best crossing-place, two bridges are thrown side by

side over the chasm, one for a railway and the other for a street, resting upon the limestone cliffs a hundred feet above the water. As the tide ebbs and flows, the rushing river currents make the reversible cataract, almost under the bridges, with the water pouring down both ways at different tidal stages. Through this contracted pass the entire current of the vast St. John valley finds its outlet to the sea. When the ebb tide quickly empties the harbor below, the accumulated river waters cannot get into the gorge fast enough to reduce as rapidly the level of the broad basin above, and they consequently rush down, a cataract, swelling sometimes to ten or twelve feet at the upper entrance to the gorge, and make whirling, seething rapids below. When the tide turns, this outflow is gradually checked by the rise in the harbor, but soon the tremendous incoming flood from the Bay of Fundy overpowers the river current, fills up the gorge, and rapidly rising in the gorge rushes inward to the broad basin, thus making the cataract fall the other way. Twice every day this ever-changing contest is fought, and were it not for the obstruction made by this narrow, rocky gateway, these enormous tides would rush along in full force and overflow a large surface of the very low-lying interior of New Brunswick. The river makes a sharp bend just at the outlet of the gorge, turning from south to northeast around a rocky cape protruding far into the stream; then it broadens out into a

rounded bay, and a short distance beyond sharply bends again into the harbor of St. John. Vessels are taken through the gorge at proper tidal stages, guided by tugs and floating at high speed with the rushing current. This is one of the most remarkable exhibitions made of the curious influence of these enormous Bay of Fundy tides.

The River St. John, flowing out of the vast forests of Maine, stretches four hundred and fifty miles from its sources to the sea. The Micmac Indians of its upper reaches called it Ouangondie, while the Etechemins of the lower waters and the St. Croix valley named it Looshtook, or the "Long River." Its sources interlock in the Maine forests, at two thousand feet elevation, with those of the Penobscot flowing south and the Chaudiere flowing north to the St. Lawrence, near Quebec. At first the St. John flows northwest, then east and southeast to its Grand Falls, then by a winding southern course to the Bay of Fundy. For a long distance its upper waters are the national boundary between Maine and Canada. It receives several large tributaries and drains a valley embracing seventeen millions of acres. The immense forest wilderness of Maine, wherein are the sources of these streams, is seven times the size of the famous "Black Forest" of Germany. Upon the upper St. John waters are various villages of French Acadians, the descendants of those who were driven out of Nova Scotia in the eighteenth century.

It receives the Allegash, St. Francis, Madawaska, Grand and St. Leonard's Rivers, and thus comes to its cataract with augmented waters—the Grand Falls. Above, the stream expands into a broad basin, flowing from which its enormous current is compressed into a narrow rock-bound canyon, and after running down a moderate incline suddenly plunges over the front and sides of an abyss. This is about sixty feet deep and formed of slate, the water falling into the cauldron below, and also over the outer ledges in minor cascades. Then, with lightning rapidity the foaming current dashes through another canyon of two hundred and fifty feet width for three-fourths of a mile, the walls, of dark, rugged rock, being one hundred and fifty feet high. Within this terrific chasm there is a descent of sixty feet more, in which the waters do not rush along as in the rapids below Niagara, but are actually belched and volleyed forth, as if shot out of ten thousand great guns, with enormous boiling masses hurled into the air and huge waves leaping high against the enclosing cliffs. This ungovernable fury continues throughout most of the passage, the stream at times heaping itself all on one side, and giving brief glimpses of the rocky bed of the chasm. Finally an immense frothy cataract flows over into a lower basin, said to be unfathomable, where the stream becomes tranquil and then goes along peacefully between its farther banks. Majestic scenery surrounds these

Grand Falls, there being high mountains in all directions.

Like all great cataracts, this one has its romance and tragedy. Alongside the final unfathomable basin rises a towering precipice two hundred feet high, its perpendicular wall as smooth as glass. Down it the ancient Micmacs hurled their captives taken in war. The implacable foes of these Micmacs, as of all the tribes allied to the French, were the New York Iroquois, and particularly the Mohawks. Once a party of Mohawks penetrated all the way to this remote region, surprising and capturing a Micmac village with a fearful massacre. One young squaw, who promised obedience, they spared, because they wanted her to guide them down the river. She was put in the foremost canoe, and the fatigued Mohawks lashed their canoes together to float with the current in the night, and then went to sleep. The girl was to guide them to a safe landing above the cataract, so they could land and next day go around the portage. She steered them into the mid-stream current instead, and dropping quietly overboard swam ashore. They floated to the brink of the cataract, and when its thunders awoke them, too late for safety, the whole party were swept over and perished. This was the last Mohawk invasion of the region. Twenty miles below, the Tobique River comes into the St. John, and is regarded as the most picturesque stream in New Brunswick, being noted for its lumber camps

and good angling. Here is Andover, a little village supplying the lumbermen, and also Florenceville and Woodstock, with busy sawmills. For miles the river shores are lofty and bold, affording charming scenery. The Meduxnekeag flows in from the Maine forests, bringing down many logs, and below the Meduntic Rapids are passed. Then the Pokiok, its Indian name meaning the "dreadful place," flows to the St. John through a sombre and magnificent gorge four hundred yards long, very deep and only twenty-five feet wide. The little river, after plunging down a cataract of forty feet, rushes over the successive ledges of this remarkable pass until it reaches the St. John. For a long distance the great river passes villages originally settled by disbanded British troops after the Revolution and now peopled by their descendants, and then it winds through the pastoral district of Aukpaque, which was held by Americans within New Brunswick for two years after the Revolution began, they finally retreating in 1777 over the border into the wilderness of Maine, and reaching the coast at Machias. Seven miles below is Fredericton, the New Brunswick capital, a small city, quiet and restful, with broad streets lined by old shade trees, and covering a good deal of level land adjoining the river. It has a fine Parliament House, a small but attractive Cathedral, with a spire one hundred and eighty feet high, and on the hills back of the town is the University of New Brunswick.

The Nashwaak River flows in opposite among saw-mills and cotton-mills, and there was the old French Fort Nashwaak where the Chevalier de Villebon, who was sent in 1690 to govern Acadie, fixed his capital (removing it from Annapolis Royal), and used to fit out expeditions against the Puritans in New England, they attacking him once in retaliation, but being beaten off. The St. John passes through a pleasant intervale below, the garden-spot of the Province, where at Maugerville was the earliest English settlement on the river, colonized from New England in 1763, after the French surrender of Canada. Then the St. John receives Jemseg River, the outlet of Grand Lake, where a French fort was built as early as 1640 and was fought about for more than a century. This is a deep, slow-winding stream in a region of perfect repose, having opposite its outlet Gagetown, a pretty place with a few hundred people, and said to be the most slumbrous village of all this sleepy region:

"Oh, so drowsy! in a daze,
Sleeping mid the golden haze;
With its one white row of street
Carpeted so green and sweet,
And the loungers smoking, still,
Over gate and window sill;
Nothing coming, nothing going,
Locusts grating, one cock crowing,
Few things moving up or down;
All things drowsy—Drowsytown!"

BREAKERS AT NEWPORT, R. I.

The St. John below is much like a broad and placid lake flowing through a pastoral country, having long tributary lakes and bays, including the extensive and attractive Kennebecasis, which is the favorite rural resort of the St. John people and the scene of their aquatic sports. The river farther down broadens into Grand Bay, and then passing the narrow gorge of the "reversible cataract," makes the expansive harbor of St. John, and is ultimately swallowed up by the Bay of Fundy.

ANNAPOLIS AND MINAS BASINS.

From St. John River across the Bay of Fundy to Digby Gut in Nova Scotia is forty-five miles. For one hundred and thirty miles the North Mountain Ridge, elevated six hundred feet, stretches along the bay upon the Nova Scotia shore, sharply notched down at Digby Gut, the entrance to Annapolis Basin. This strait, barely a half-mile wide, is cut two miles through the mountain ridge, having a tidal current of six miles an hour, and within is a magnificent salt-water lake, surrounded by forests sloping up the hillsides, and one of the pleasantest sheets of water in the world. It is no wonder that De Monts, when his colonists abandoned the dreary island in St. Croix River, sought refuge here, and that his companion, Baron de Poutrincourt, obtained a grant for the region. It is one of the most attractive parts of Acadia, and as the old song has it:

"This is Acadia—this the land
That weary souls have sighed for;
This is Acadia—this the land
Heroic hearts have died for."

Digby is within the Gut, fronted by a long and tall wooden wharf that has to deal with fifty feet of tide, its end being an enormous square timber crib, built up like a four-story house. The town is noted for luscious cherries and for "Digby Chickens," the most prized brand of herrings cured by the "Blue-noses," and it has also developed into quite an attractive watering-place. To the southwestward a railway runs to Yarmouth, at the western extremity of Nova Scotia, a small but very busy port, having steamer lines in various directions. To the northeastward Annapolis Basin stretches sixteen miles between the enclosing hills, gradually narrowing towards the extremity. Here, on the lowlands adjoining Annapolis River, is the quaint little town of Annapolis Royal and the extensive ramparts of the ancient fort that guarded it, covering some thirty acres. This was the original French capital of Acadia, and the first permanent settlement made by Europeans in America north of St. Augustine, De Monts founding the colony in 1605. He named it Port Royal, but the English Puritans a century later changed this, in honor of their "good Queen Anne," to Annapolis Royal. Almost from the first settlement to the final capture by the Puritan expedition

from Boston in 1710, its history was a tale of battles, sieges and captures by many chieftains of the rival nations. As the Marquis of Lorne in his Canadian book describes it: "This is the story which is repeated with varying incidents through all the long-drawn coasts of the old Acadia. We see, first, the forest village of the Red Indians, with its stockades and patches of maize around it; then the landing from the ships, under the white flag sown with golden lilies, of armored arquebussiers and spearsmen; the skirmishing and the successful French settlement; to be followed by the coming of other ships, with the red cross floating over the high-built sterns, and then the final conflict and the victory of the British arms." Now everything is peaceful, and the people raise immense crops of the most attractive apples for shipment to Europe.

East of Annapolis is the "Garden of Nova Scotia." The long ridge of the North Mountain on the coast screens it from the cold winds and fogs, while the parallel ridge of the South Mountain stretches for eighty miles, and between these noble ranges, which are described as "most gracefully moulded," is a broad and rich intervale extending to the Basin of Minas and the land of Evangeline, which Longfellow has made so sadly poetical. Good crops of hay grow on the fertile red soils, which the farmers gather with their slowly-plodding ox-teams; and of this region the poet sang mournfully:

"This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms,
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate, answers the wail of the forest."

To-day, however, "the murmuring pines and the hemlocks" are not there, excepting in stunted growth in occasional thickets, the land being meadow and grain fields, with many orchards. Upon a low-lying peninsula, washed by the placid waters of the Basin of Minas, is the "Great Meadow," the Grand Pré of the unfortunate Acadians, where in that early time they had reclaimed from the enormous tides some three square miles of land, while south of the meadow, on somewhat higher ground, was their little village. Beyond it the dark North Mountain ridge stretches to the promontory of Cape Blomidon, dropping off abruptly six hundred feet into the Basin of Minas. The contented French lived secluded lives here, avoiding much of the ravages of the wars raging elsewhere around the Bay of Fundy, and when France ceded Nova Scotia to England in 1713 they numbered about two thousand. They took the oaths of loyalty to the British crown, but in the subsequent French and Indian wars there was much disaffection, and it was determined in 1755 to remove

all the French who lived around the Bay of Fundy, numbering some eight thousand, so that a loyal British population might replace them. In September the embarkation began from Grand Pré, one hundred and sixty young men being ordered aboard ship. They slowly marched from the church to the shore between ranks of the women and children, who, kneeling, prayed for blessings upon them, they also praying and weeping and singing hymns. The old men were sent next, but the wives and children were kept till other ships arrived. These wretched people were herded together near the sea, without proper food, raiment or shelter for weeks, until the transports came, and it was December before the last of them had embarked. In one locality a hundred men fled to the woods, and soldiers were sent to hunt them, often shooting them down. Many in various places managed to escape, some getting to St. John River, while not a few went to Quebec, and others found refuge in Indian wigwams in the forests. There were seven thousand, however, carried on shipboard from the Bay of Fundy to the various British colonies from New Hampshire to Georgia, being landed without resources and having generally to subsist on charity. To prevent their returning, all the French villages around the Bay of Fundy were laid waste and their homes ruined. In the Minas district two hundred and fifty houses and a larger number of barns were burnt. Edmund Burke in the British

Parliament cried out against this treatment, saying: "We did, in my opinion, most inhumanly, and upon pretences that, in the eye of an honest man, are not worth a farthing, root out this poor, innocent, deserving people, whom our utter inability to govern or to reconcile gave us no sort of right to extirpate." The sad story of Grand Pré and of Evangeline was historic before Longfellow's day, but he made it immortal.

MINAS TO HALIFAX.

The Basin of Minas, in the Micmac Indian tradition, was the beaver-pond and favorite abiding-place of their divinity, Glooscap. On the great promontory of Cape Blomidon, which stretches northward to enclose the Basin on its western side, he had his home. The ridge of the cape turns sharply to the westward and ends in Cape Split, alongside the Minas Channel. This formation has been compared to the curved handle of a huge walking-stick, the long North Mountain stretching far away being the stick. The Micmacs tell us that this ridge, now bent around to the westward, was Glooscap's beaver-dam, which he beneficently swung open, so that the surplus waters might run out and not overflow the meadows around the Basin of Minas. In swinging it around, however, the terminal cliff of Cape Split was broken off, and now rises in a promontory four hundred feet high just beyond the main ridge. Glooscap, we are told, began a conflict in the Basin with the Great

Beaver, and threw at him the five vast rocks now known as the Five Islands on the northern shore to the eastward of Parrsboro'. The Beaver was chased out of the Basin, westward through the Minas Channel, and as a parting salute Glooscap threw his kettle at him, which overturning, became Spencer's Island, on the northern shore beyond Cape Split. The enormous tides run through the Minas Channel at eight miles an hour, and they helped to drive the Great Beaver over to St. John, where Glooscap finally conquered and killed him.

The formation around the head of the Bay of Fundy is largely of rich and fertile red lowlands, marsh and meadow, much of it being reclaimed by dyking. The same formation is carried over the Chignecto isthmus, east of the bay, where the Nova Scotia Peninsula is joined to the mainland. This is only seventeen miles wide, and across it has been projected the "Chignecto Ship Railway," designed to shorten by about five hundred miles the passage of vessels around the Nova Scotia Peninsula into the St. Lawrence. It is a system of railway tracks on which the design was to carry ships over the isthmus. Vessels of two thousand tons were to be lifted out of the water, placed in a huge cradle, and drawn across by locomotives. The project, estimated as costing $5,000,000, was stopped in partial completion for want of funds. On the meadow land to the southward of the Basin of Minas is Windsor on the Avon,

a small shipping town, in which the most famous building near the river is a broad and oddly-constructed one-story house, called the Clifton Mansion, which was the home of the author of *Sam Slick*—Judge Thomas C. Haliburton, a native of Windsor, who died in 1865. Beyond is Ardoise Mountain, rising seven hundred feet and having on its northern verge the great Aylesford sand-plain whereof *Sam Slick* says: "Plain folks call it, in a gin'ral way, the Devil's Goose Pasture. It is thirteen miles long and seven miles wide; it ain't just drifting sands, but it's all but that, it's so barren. It's uneven or wavy, like the swell of the sea in a calm, and it's covered with short, thin, dry, coarse grass, and dotted here and there with a half-starved birch and a stunted, misshapen spruce. It is just about as silent and lonesome and desolate a place as you would wish to see. All that country thereabout, as I have heard tell when I was a boy, was once owned by the Lord, the king and the devil. The glebe-lands belonged to the first, the ungranted wilderness-lands to the second, and the sand-plain fell to the share of the last—and people do say the old gentleman was rather done in the division, but that is neither here nor there—and so it is called to this day the Devil's Goose Pasture." Over this sand-plain and the rocky, desolate ridge beyond, runs the great railway train of the Provinces, on the route between St. John and Halifax—dignified by the title of the "Flying Bluenose." It crosses

the bleak flanks of Ardoise Mountain and Mount Uniacke, with its gold mines, through a region which the local chronicler describes as having "admirable facilities for the pasturage of goats and the procuring of ballast for breakwaters;" and then comes to the pleasant shores of Bedford Basin, running several miles along its beautiful western bank down to Halifax harbor.

THE GREAT BRITISH-AMERICAN FORTRESS.

The city of Halifax is the stronghold of British power in North America, and is said to be, with the exception of Gibraltar, the best fortified outpost of the British empire. It is a fortress and naval station of magnificent development upon an unrivalled harbor. This is an arm of the sea, thrust for sixteen miles up into the land, and the Indians called it Chebucto, meaning the "chief haven." A thousand ships can be accommodated on its spacious anchorages. Its Northwest Arm, a narrow waterway opening on the western shore just inside the entrance, makes a long peninsula with water on either side, which in the centre rises into Citadel Hill, two hundred and fifty-six feet high. Upon its eastern slopes, running down to the harbor and spreading two or three miles along it, is the narrow and elongated town, having the Queen's Dockyard at the northern end. Covering the broad hilltop is the spacious granite Citadel of Fort George, its green slopes, cov-

ered with luxuriant grass, being now devoted to the peaceful usefulness of a cow-pasture. Along the harbor and across in the suburb of Dartmouth are the streets and buildings of the town, containing forty thousand people. To the southward is the modern green-covered Fort Charlotte on St. George's Island, commanding the entrance and looking not unlike a sugar-loaf hat, and both shores are lined with powerful batteries and forts that make the position impregnable. The Citadel was begun by the Duke of Kent, Queen Victoria's father, when he commanded the British forces in Canada in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and it has since been enlarged and strengthened. At the entrance gate, grim memorials of the past, are mounted two old mortars, captured at the downfall of Louisbourg, on Cape Breton, in 1758.

Halifax did not have an early settlement, though in the Colonial times the French came into Chebucto to refit their ships. The Massachusetts Puritans, who had long been fighting the French and Indians, first recognized its importance, and in 1748 they sent a petition to Parliament urging the establishment of a post there, and $200,000 was voted for a colonizing expedition, of which the English "Lords of Trade," George Montagu, Earl of Halifax, being the chief, took charge, hoping for commercial as well as military advantage. Lord Edward Cornwallis commanded the expedition, which brought twenty-five

hundred colonists, largely disbanded soldiers, into Chebucto, landing June 21, 1749, and founding Halifax, named in honor of the Chief Lord of Trade. They were soon attacked by the French and Indians, the suburbs being burnt, and they were harassed in many ways, leading to the erection of stockades and forts for defense; but they held the place, and it was the control of this fine harbor which finally enabled the British to secure Canada. The fleets and armies were concentrated here that took and destroyed the famous fortress of Louisbourg, which, with Quebec, held the Dominion for the French, and here was also organized the subsequent expedition under Wolfe that captured Quebec and ended a century and a half of warfare by the cession of Canada to England. In the American Revolution, Halifax was a chief base of the British operations, and when that war ended, large numbers of American loyalists exiled themselves to Halifax. There is now maintained a garrison of two thousand men and a strong fleet at Halifax, and the sailor and the soldier are picturesque features of the streets. The city has pleasant parks and suburbs, but everything is subordinated to the grim necessities of the fortress, although in all its noted career Halifax has never been the scene of actual warfare.

The Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia is indented by numerous bays that are good harbors, most of them having small towns and fishery stations. The west-

ern portal of Halifax harbor is Chebucto Head and Cape Sambro, with dangerous shoals beyond. There have been many serious wrecks in steering for this entrance during fogs, one of the most awful being the loss of the steamship "Atlantic" in 1873, when five hundred and thirty-five persons were drowned. Westward from Sambro are the broad St. Margaret's and Mahone Bays, and beyond, Lunenburg on its spacious harbor, a shipping and fishery town of four thousand people. To the westward are Bridgewater, Liverpool and Shelburne, with Cape Sable Island at the southwestern extremity of Nova Scotia, having behind it Barrington within a deep harbor. Off shore is Seal Island, with its great white guiding light, this being called, from its position, the "Elbow of the Bay of Fundy," and then around the "Elbow" is reached the broad estuary of the Tusket River and the beautiful archipelago of the Tusket Islands. The Tusket is one of the noted angling and sporting districts of the Province, this river draining a large part of the lake region of southwestern Nova Scotia, and having a succession of lakes connected by rapids and carrying a large amount of water down to the sea. There are eighty of these lakes of varying sizes. The salmon in the spring run up numerously, and the trout seek the cool recesses of the forests, while the rapids, the many islands and the charming woodlands are all attractive. In the archipelago of the estuary are some three hundred islands, the

group extending out into the sea and having the powerful tidal currents flowing through their tortuous passages with the greatest velocity. These islands vary from small and barren rocks up to larger ones rising grandly from the water and thickly covered with trees, the channels between being narrow and deep. Among these islands are some of the best lobster fisheries in America.

Eastward from Halifax are more deep bays and good harbors, but the shores are only sparsely peopled, being mostly a wilderness yet to be permanently occupied, though the venturesome fishermen have their huts dropped about in pleasant nooks. Here are Musquidoboit and Ship harbors, with Sherbrooke village in Isaac's harbor. Beyond, the long projecting peninsula of Guysborough terminates in the famous Cape Canso, the eastern extremity of Nova Scotia. This peninsula was named in honor of Sir Guy Carleton, and has the deep indentation of Chedabucto Bay on its northern side. Here is a village of a few hundred sailors and fishermen, where the French had a fort in the seventeenth century, until the Puritans under Sir William Phips came from Boston in 1690, drove them out and burnt it. Off this coast and ninety miles out at sea to the southward is the dreaded Sable Island, a long and narrow sandspit without trees, producing nothing but salt grass and cranberries. A lighthouse stands at either end, and there are three flagstaffs for signals at in-

tervals between them, with also a life-saving station, and the bleaching bones of many a wreck imbedded in the sands. It has few visitors, excepting those who are cast away, and everyone avoids it. Yet, strangely enough, the first American explorers were infatuated with the idea of planting a colony on this bleak and barren sandbar, and its history has mainly been a record of wrecks. Cabot originally saw this island, and in 1508 the first futile attempt was made to settle it, the colony being soon abandoned, though some live-stock were left there. Sir Humphrey Gilbert in 1583 lost his ship "Delight" here, with a hundred men, and going home on her consort, he lost his own life on the Azores. It was on this fateful voyage that Sir Humphrey, on his storm-tossed vessel "Squirrel," sweeping past the other, shouted to her crew: "Courage, my lads, we are as near Heaven by sea as by land." In 1598 a colony of forty French convicts was placed on the island and forgotten for seven years, when they were hunted up and twelve survivors found, whom the King pardoned, and they were then carried back to France dressed in seal-skins and described as "gaunt, squalid and long-bearded." This seems to have ended the attempts to colonize Sable Island. The Spaniards sent out an expedition to settle Cape Breton, but the fleet was dashed to pieces on this island. The great French Armada, sailing to punish the Puritans for capturing Louisbourg, suffered severely

on its shoals. The French afterwards lost there the frigate "L'Africaine," and later the steamer "Georgia" was wrecked. It is a long, narrow island, bent in the form of a bow, spreading twenty-six miles including the terminating bars, and nowhere over a mile wide. A long, shallow lake extends for thirteen miles in the centre. There is the French Garden, the traditionary spot where the convicts suffered during their exile, and a graveyard where the shipwrecked are buried. Wild ponies gallop about, the descendants of those left by the first settlers, seals bask on the sands, and ducks swim the lake. Such to-day is Sable Island.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

From Halifax a railroad leads northward across Nova Scotia to Pictou. It passes through the gold-digging regions of Waverley, Oldham and Renfrew, then over the rich red soils of the head of the Bay of Fundy and down the Shubenacadie River, meaning the "place of wild potatoes," and reaches Truro, an active manufacturing town of over five thousand people near the head of Cobequid Bay. Beyond, through forests and hills, it crosses the peninsula to the Pictou coal-fields and comes out on Northumberland Strait at Pictou harbor. The coal is sent here for shipment, the name having come from the Indian word *Pictook*, meaning "bubbling or gas exploding," in allusion to the boiling of the waters near the coal-

beds. Over across the Strait is Prince Edward Island, its red bluff shores along the edge of the horizon surmounted by a fringe of green foliage. The Micmacs recognized its peculiarity, calling it Epayquit, or "Anchored on the Wave." It is one hundred and thirty miles long and rather narrow, having deep bays, sometimes almost bisecting the island. The surface is low and undulating, with fertile soils mostly derived from the old red sandstone. The French first called it the Isle de St. Jean, but after the cession to England an effort was made to call it New Ireland, as Nova Scotia was New Scotland, and finally in 1800 it was given the present name in honor of Queen Victoria's father. It raises horses, oats, eggs and potatoes, and relatively to size is the best populated of all the Maritime Provinces. Charlottetown, inside of Hillsborough Bay,—called popularly "Ch-town," for short,—is the capital, a quiet place with about eleven thousand population, the Parliament House being its best building. A narrow-gauge railway is constructed through the island, near its western terminal being Summerside, on Bedeque Bay, where there is a little trade and three thousand people, probably its most active port.

THE ARM OF GOLD.

The eastern boundary of Nova Scotia is the Canso Strait, separating it from Cape Breton Island. At Canso, its southern entrance, various Atlantic cables

are landed, while others go off southward to New York. This strait is a picturesque waterway, fifteen miles long and about a mile wide, a highway of commerce for the shipping desirous of avoiding the long passage around Cape Breton, and it is called by its admirers "The Golden Gate of the St. Lawrence Gulf." The geologists describe it as a narrow transverse valley excavated by the powerful currents of the drift period. As it leads directly from the Atlantic Ocean into the Gulf, more vessels are said to pass it than any other strait excepting Gibraltar. It has several villages upon the shores, mainly with Scottish inhabitants, the chief being Port Hawkesbury, Port Mulgrave and Port Hastings, the latter a point for gypsum export. Cape Breton Island is about one hundred miles long and eighty miles wide, its greatest natural feature being the famous "Arm of Gold," thus named in admiration by the early French explorers. Nearly one-half the surface of the island is occupied by the lakes and swamps of this "Bras d'Or," an extensive and almost tideless inland sea of salt water, ramifying with deep bays and long arms through the centre, having two large openings into the sea at its northeastern end, and almost communicating with the Atlantic on its southwestern corner. This "Arm of Gold" has fine scenery, and presents within the rocky confines of the island a large lake, the Great Bras d'Or, where the mariner gets almost out of sight of land. To the

southward of Cape Breton Island is Arichat, or the Isle Madame, having the Lennox Passage between, this Isle being inhabited by a colony of French Acadian fishermen. Originally this region was colonized by the Count de Fronsac, Sieur Denys, the first French Governor of Cape Breton, in whose honor they always called the Canso Strait the Passage Fronsac, though since then its present title was adopted, being derived from the Micmac name of Camsoke, meaning "facing the frowning cliffs." Each little French settlement here, as on the St. Lawrence, has the white cottages clustering around the church with the tall spire, and the curé's house not far away, usually the most elaborate in the settlement. From the Lennox Passage a short canal has been cut through the rocks into the southwestern extremity of the Bras d'Or, thus actually dividing Cape Breton into two islands.

The village of "St. Peter at the Gate" is passed, and the lake entered at St. Peter's Inlet, a beautiful waterway filled with islands making narrow winding channels. Several of these islands are a Government reservation for a remnant of the Micmacs, and they have a small white church upon Chapel Island, where they gather from all parts of Cape Breton for their annual festival on St. Anne's Day. Beyond, the Great Bras d'Or broadens, an inland sea, the opposite shore almost out of vision, for the lake is eighteen miles across and fully fifty miles long. The

banks come together at the Grand Narrows, making the contracted Strait of Barra, and then they expand again into another lake, neither so long nor so wide, the Little Bras d'Or to the northeastward, but still nearly fifty miles long, including its northeastern prolongation of St. Andrew Channel. This in turn opens by a wider strait into yet another lake to the northward, upon the farther shore of which is Baddeck. To the westward this lake spreads into St. Patrick's Channel, and to the northeastward there are thrust out in parallel lines the two "Arms of Gold" connecting with the sea. An island over thirty miles long and varying in width separates these two curious arms. These strangely-fashioned lakes present varied scenery; the shores in some places are low meadows, in others gently-swelling hills, and elsewhere they rise into forest-clad mountains. In the pellucid waters swim jelly-fish of exquisite tints. The atmosphere blends the outlines and colors so well that it smoothes the roughness of the wilder regions, and casts a softness over the scene which adds to its charms. Beyond the bordering mountains, to the northward, is a dreary and almost uninhabited table-land stretching to the Atlantic Ocean, where the long projection of remote Cape North stands in silent grandeur within seventy-five miles of Newfoundland.

Upon the verge of the northern Bras d'Or Lake, in a charming situation, is the little town of Baddeck,

its houses scattered over the sloping hillsides and the church spires rising among the trees. A pretty island stands out in front as a protective breakwater, for storms often sweep wildly across the broad waters. This is the chief settlement of the lake district, the Highland Scottish inhabitants having twisted its present name out of the original French title of Bedique, there being a population of about one thousand. At the eastern extremity of Cape Breton Island, on an inlet from the Atlantic, and near the terminating arms of the Bras d'Or, is the coal-shipping port of Sydney, with a population of twenty-five hundred, though excepting coal-piers and colliers there is not much there to see. This is the port for the Sydney coal-fields, covering nearly three hundred square miles of the island, and the mine-galleries being prolonged in various places under the ocean. These were the first coal deposits worked in America, the French having got coal out of them in the seventeenth century. They are now all controlled by the wealthy Dominion Coal Company of Boston. Sydney, C. B., is a seaport known from its coaling facilities throughout the world, and while prosaic enough now, it saw stirring scenes in the Colonial times. The early name for its admirable harbor was Spanish Bay, because Spanish fishermen gathered there. It was a favorite anchorage for both French and English fleets in their preparations, as the tide of battle turned, for attacking New England

or Acadia in the long struggle for supremacy. In 1696 the French assembled in Spanish Bay for a foray upon Pemaquid. In 1711 Admiral Hovenden Walker, returning from his unsuccessful expedition against Quebec, his ships having been dispersed by a storm, collected in this capacious roadstead the most formidable fleet it had seen, forty-two vessels. The doughty British Admiral felt so good about it that he set up on shore a large signboard made by his carpenters, whereon was inscribed a pompous proclamation claiming possession of the whole country in honor of his sovereign Queen Anne. The French soon came along, however, and smashed his signboard, built their fortress of Louisbourg, and there was a half-century of warfare before the proclamation was made good and England had undisputed possession. The settlement on Spanish Bay was not named after Lord Sydney and made the Cape Breton capital until 1784, when exiled loyalists came from the United States to inhabit it.

THE GREAT ACADIAN FORTRESS.

Upon the seacoast, twenty-five miles southeast of Sydney, is a low headland with a dark rocky island in the offing. This headland is Cape Breton, originally named for the Breton French fishermen who frequented it, and it in turn named Cape Breton Island. Just west of Cape Breton is an admirable harbor which, being frequented in the early days by

English fishermen, the French named the *Havre aux Anglais*, or the "English Port." Upon Point Rochefort, on its western side, stood the famous French fortress and town of Louisbourg, which was called "the Dunkirk of America." While grass-grown ruins and some of the ramparts are still traceable, and visitors find relics, yet little is left of this great fortress, once regarded as the "Key to New France," or of the populous French town on the harbor which in the eighteenth century had a trade of the first importance. It was twice captured, after remarkable sieges and battles of world-wide renown, causing the most profound sensations at the time, and now absolutely nothing is left of the original place but an old graveyard on the point, where French and English dust commingle in peace under a mantle of dark greensward. There is at present a settlement of about a thousand people around the harbor, mainly engaged in the fisheries. The Treaty of Utrecht in 1713 transferred Newfoundland and Acadia from France to England, but the French held Cape Breton Island, and many of their refugees came hither. It was not long before the French King, Louis XIV., stirred by Admiral Walker's proclamation and anxious about Canada, determined to fortify the "English Port" and make a commercial depot there, and in 1714 the plan was laid out, the name being changed to Louisbourg. In 1720 work began on a prodigious scale, the intention being to make it the

leading fortress in America, and for more than twenty years France devoted its energy and resources to the completion of the stupendous fortifications, attracting inhabitants to the place by bounties, and creating a brisk trade by sea which soon drew inhabitants for a large town. When completed, this town stood upon the neck of land on the southwest side of the harbor enclosed by stone walls having a circuit of nearly three miles. These walls were thirty-six feet high and forty feet thick at the base, with a ditch outside eighty feet wide. The fortress was constructed in the first system of the noted French engineer, Vauban, and required a large garrison. A battery of thirty guns was located on Goat Island, at the harbor entrance, and at the bottom of the harbor opposite the entrance was another, the Royal Battery, also of thirty guns. The land and harbor sides of the town were defended by ramparts and bastions on which eighty guns were mounted, the land side also having a deep moat and projecting bastions, the West Gate on that side being overlooked by a battery of sixteen guns. There was a ponderous Citadel, and in the centre of the town the stately stone church of St. John de Dieu, with attendant nunnery and hospitals. The streets crossed at right angles, and five gates in the walls on the harbor side communicated with the wharves. Such was the greatest stronghold in North America in 1745, the famous Louisbourg fortress.

The people of New England, whose commerce was being preyed upon by privateers which found refuge in its harbor, and whose frontiers were harassed by forays thence directed, we are told by the historian, "looked with awe upon the sombre walls of Louisbourg, whose towers rose like giants above the northern seas." But the Puritans were not wont to lie still under such inflictions, nor to confine their efforts to prayers alone. Massachusetts planned an attack, and the command of the expedition was given William Pepperell of Kittery, a merchant ignorant of the art of war. Then followed one of the most extraordinary events in history. A fleet of about a hundred vessels carried a force of forty-one hundred undisciplined militia upon a Puritan crusade, which was started with religious services, the eloquent preacher, George Whitefield, imploring a blessing and giving them the motto, *Nil desperandum, Christo duce.* They rendezvoused at Canso, meeting there Commodore Warren and the British West Indian fleet by arrangement, and landing at Gabarus Bay, west of Louisbourg, April 30, 1745. They did not know much about war, but they set fire to some storehouses, and the black smoke drove down in such volumes upon the Royal Battery at the bottom of the harbor that its scared French defenders spiked the guns and fled in the night. The Puritans took possession, beat off the French who attacked them, got smiths at work, who drilled out the spikes,

and soon from this, the key to the position, they turned the guns upon the town. Then began a regular siege, though most unscientific in manner. They captured a French ship with stores and reinforcements, and by June had breached the walls twenty-four feet at the King's Bastion, dismounted all the neighboring guns, made the Goat Island Battery untenable, and ruined the town by showers of bombs and red-hot balls. Upon June 15th the British fleet of ten ships was drawn up off the harbor entrance for an attack, and the land forces were arrayed to assault the West Gate, when the French commander, knowing he could hold out no longer, decided to surrender, and on June 17th, the forty-ninth day of the siege, he capitulated.

Thus the grand fortress fell, as the Puritan historian describes it, upon the attack of "four thousand undisciplined militia or volunteers, officered by men who had, with one or two exceptions, never seen a shot fired in anger in all their lives, encamped in an open country and sadly deficient in suitable artillery." He continues: "As the troops, entering the fortress, beheld the strength of the place, their hearts for the first time sank within them. 'God has gone out of his way,' said they, 'in a remarkable and most miraculous manner, to incline the hearts of the French to give up and deliver this strong city into our hands.'" The capture was the marvel of the time, and caused the greatest rejoicings throughout

the British Empire; while Pepperell, who was made a Baronet, attributed his success, not to the guns nor the ships, but to the constant prayers of New England, daily arising from every village in behalf of the absent army. This victory at Louisbourg gave them an experience to which is attributed the American success at Bunker Hill thirty years afterwards. Colonel Gridley, who planned Pepperell's batteries, is said to have laid out the hastily constructed entrenchments on Bunker Hill, and the same old drums that beat in the siege of Louisbourg were at Bunker Hill, the spirit which this great victory imparted to the Yankee soldiers having never deteriorated.

The French were terribly chagrined at the loss of their great fortress, and in 1746 they sent out the "French Armada" of seventy ships under the Duc d'Anville, instructed to "occupy Louisbourg, reduce Nova Scotia, destroy Boston, and ravage the coast of New England." But storms wrecked and dispersed the fleet, and the vexed and disappointed commander died of apoplexy, his Vice-Admiral killing himself. Then a second expedition of forty-four ships was sent under La Jonquiere to retake Louisbourg, but the English squadrons attacked and destroyed this fleet off Cape Finisterre, Admirals Warren and Anson gaining one of the greatest British naval victories of the eighteenth century. The fortress which thus could not be retaken by arms was, however, to the general astonishment, surrendered

back to France by diplomacy. The peace of Aix la Chapelle in 1748 ended the war by restoring Louisbourg and Cape Breton Island to France, and the historian bluntly records that "after four years of warfare in all parts of the world, after all the waste of blood and treasure, the war ended just where it began." France then rebuilt, improved and strengthened the idolized fortress, sending it a powerful garrison.

War was renewed in 1755,—the terrible French and Indian War. Halifax was then the base of British-American operations, and fleets soon blockaded Louisbourg. The French had twelve warships in the harbor and ten thousand men in the garrison, but the British, bewailing the shortsightedness that gave it up by treaty, were bound to retake it at all hazards. They sent a fleet of one hundred and fifty-six warships and transports from Spithead, the most powerful England had down to that time assembled, carrying thirteen thousand six hundred men, with Admiral Boscawen commanding the navy and General Amherst the army, the immortal Wolfe being one of the brigadiers. Rendezvousing at Halifax, this great force sailed against Louisbourg May 28, 1758, the troops landing at Gabarus Bay, and beginning the attack June 8th, with Wolfe leading. The French commander sank five of his warships to blockade the harbor entrance. Wolfe closely followed Pepperell's method, got batteries in position to

bombard the city, and silenced the Goat Island Battery by his tremendous cannonade. In time he had destroyed the West Gate, the Citadel and barracks, and burnt three of the French ships by his red-hot balls. Two more ships ran out of the harbor in a fog to escape, and one was captured. Two French frigates alone remained, and a daring attack in boats was made on these, and both were destroyed. Breaches were rent in the walls, so that the place became untenable, and finally, after forty-eight days of terrific siege, Louisbourg, on July 26th, again surrendered to the British. Then more rejoicings came throughout the Empire, Wolfe was made a Major General, and the gain to ocean commerce by the downfall of the fortress, which had been a refuge for privateers, was seen in an immediate decline in marine insurance rates from thirty to twelve per cent. The next year the great British fleet and army sailed away from Louisbourg under Wolfe for the capture of Quebec and the final conquest of Canada. Then went forth the edict of the conqueror that the famous French fortress should be utterly destroyed. It was found as a seaport to be inferior to Halifax, where the admirable harbor is never closed by ice, and where the forts could make the place impregnable. The Louisbourg garrison was withdrawn, and the people scattered, many going to Sydney. All the guns, stores and everything valuable went to Halifax. In 1760 a corps of sappers and miners worked

six months, demolishing the fortifications and buildings, overthrowing the walls and glacis into the ditches, leaving nothing standing but a few small half-ruined private houses, and thus the proud Acadian fortress was humbled into heaps of rubbish. The merciful hand of time, left to complete the ruin, has during the centuries healed most of the ghastly wounds with its generous mantle of greensward, and the neighboring ocean sounds along the low shores the eternal requiem of proud Louisbourg.

THE MAGDALEN ISLANDS.

We have come to the uttermost verge of the Continent in quest of "Down East," and find it elusive and still beyond us. There is yet the remote island of Newfoundland, and we are pointed thither as still "Down East." To the northward, lying in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, are the group of Magdalen Islands, where a steamer calls once a week, sailing from Pictou, these probably being about as far away as one would wish to go in his search. There are thirteen in the group, sixty miles off the extremity of Cape Breton Island, the bleak Cape North. Acadian fishermen live there, the population being about three thousand, and New England fishery fleets visit them for cod, mackerel and seals, with lobsters and sea-trout also abundant, so that these islands have come to be called in the Provinces the "Kingdom of Fish." Amherst Island is the chief, having the vil-

lage and Custom House, the surface of this and other islands rising in high hills seen from afar. Coffin Island is the largest of the group, named after Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, the original owner. Coffin was a native of Boston, and in colonial times a distinguished British naval officer. When he was a Captain he took Governor General Lord Dorchester to Canada in his frigate, and designing to enter the St. Lawrence, a furious storm arose. With skill he saved his vessel by managing to get under the lee of these islands, which broke the force of the gale, and Lord Dorchester in gratitude procured the grant of the group for Coffin. There are also the Bird Isles, two bare rocks of sandstone, the principal one called the Gannet Rock. These are haunted by immense numbers of sea-birds, whose eggs the islanders gather. The surf dashes violently against the gaunt rocks on all sides, and they have been visited by the greatest naturalists of the world, who found them a most interesting study. A lighthouse is erected on one of them. Charlevoix, in 1720, recorded his visit here, and his wonder how "in such a multitude of nests every bird immediately finds her own." It is also recorded of this remote region that it, too, is a colonizer, the people of the Magdalen Islands having established three small but prosperous colonies over on the Labrador shore. Outlying the group to the westward, eight miles from Amherst, is the desolate rock, resembling a corpse prepared for burial,

known as Deadman's Isle. Tom Moore sailed past this gruesome place in 1804, and wrote the poem making it famous:

"There lieth a wreck on the dismal shore
Of cold and pitiless Labrador,
Where, under the moon, upon mounts of frost,
Full many a mariner's bones are tossed.

"Yon shadowy bark hath been to that wreck,
And the dim blue fire that lights her deck
Doth play on as pale and livid a crew
As ever yet drank the churchyard dew.

"To Deadman's Isle in the eye of the blast,
To Deadman's Isle she speeds her fast;
By skeleton shapes her sails are furled,
And the hand that steers is not of this world."

FROM THE OHIO TO THE GULF.

XIX.

FROM THE OHIO TO THE GULF.

The Ohio River—Economy—The Harmonists—Columbiana—Wheeling—Moundsville—Marietta—Parkersburg—Blennerhassett's Island—Point Pleasant—Maysville—Blue Grass—Lexington—Cincinnati—Covington—Newport—Dayton—North Bend—Carrolton—Frankfort—Kentucky River—Daniel Boone—Louisville—Jeffersonville—Bowling Green—Mammoth Cave—Nashville—Battle of Nashville—Evansville—Cairo—Cumberland River—Tennessee River—Forts Henry and Donelson—Battle of Shiloh—Cumberland Mountains—Cumberland Gap—Mount Mitchell—Chattanooga—Missionary Ridge—Lookout Mountain—Chickamauga Park—The Chickamauga Battles—Rosecrans against Bragg—Battle Above the Clouds—Grant Defeats Bragg—Knoxville—Parson Brownlow—Greenville—Andrew Johnson—Roan Mountain—Land of the Sky—Swannanoa River—Buncombe—Asheville—Biltmore—Hickory-Nut Gap—French Broad River—Hot Springs—Spartansburg—Cowpens—King's Mountain—Charlotte—Mecklenburg—Salisbury Prison—Guilford Court House—Chapel Hill—Durham—Raleigh—Columbia—Aiken—Augusta—Chattahoochee River—Atlanta—Its Siege and Capture—Sherman's March to the Sea—Rome—Anniston—Talladega—Birmingham—Tuscaloosa—Macon—Andersonville Prison—Columbus—West Point—Tuskegee—Alabama River—Montgomery—Cotton Plantations—Selma—Meridian—Jackson—Tombigbee River—Mobile and Its Bay—Admiral Farragut—Capture of Mobile Forts—The Pine and the Orange.

THE OHIO RIVER.

THE Ohio—the Indian "stream white with froth," the French *La Belle Riviere*—is the greatest river

draining the western slopes of the Alleghenies. Its basin embraces over two hundred thousand square miles, and it flows for a thousand miles from Pittsburg to the Mississippi at Cairo. In the upper reaches the Ohio is about twelve hundred feet wide, broadening below to twenty-four hundred feet, its depth varying fifty to sixty feet in the stages between low and high water, and it goes along with smooth and placid current at one to three miles an hour, having no fall excepting a rocky rapid of twenty-six feet descent in two miles at Louisville. From Pittsburg it flows northwest about twenty-six miles at the bottom of a deep canyon it has carved down in the table land, so that steep and lofty hills enclose it. Then the river turns west and finally south around the long and narrow "Panhandle" protruding northward from the State of West Virginia. It passes through a thriving agricultural region, with many prosperous cities on its banks, almost everyone having a great railway bridge carrying over the many lines seeking the west and south. In its whole course it descends some four hundred feet; its scenery is largely pastoral and gentle, without the grandeur given by bold cliffs, although much of the shores are beautiful, and its banks in various places disclose elevated terraces, indicating that it formerly flowed at much higher levels, whilst its winding route gives a constant succession of curves that add to the attractiveness.

Eighteen miles from Pittsburg is the town of Economy, where are the fine farms and oil-wells of the quaint community of "Harmonists." Georg Rapp, of Wurtumberg, believing he was divinely called to restore the Christian religion to its original purity, established a colony there on the model of the primitive church, with goods held in common, which in 1803 he transplanted to Pennsylvania, settling in Butler County. A few years later they removed to Indiana, but soon came back, and founded their settlement of Economy in Beaver County in 1824. Originally they numbered six hundred, and grew very rich, but being celibates, their community dwindled until there were only eighteen, who owned a tract of twenty-five hundred acres with valuable buildings and much personal property, so that if divided it was estimated each would have more than $100,000. The baby "Harmonist" then was over sixty years old, and to perpetuate the community, in 1888 they began accepting proselytes, who assumed all the obligations with vows of celibacy, and thus the number was increased to fifty. Economy is a sleepy village, its vine-covered houses built with gables towards the street and without front doors, all being entered from side-yards. They now labor but little themselves, their factories are silent, and their noted brand of Pennsylvania "Economy whiskey" is no longer distilled. Their church-bell rings them up at five o'clock in the morning, they breakfast at

six, and at seven the bell again rings for the farm-hands to go to work. At nine the bell summons them to lunch, at twelve to dinner, at three to lunch again, at six to supper, and at nine in the evening it finally warns the village to go to bed. They have a noted wine-cellar, and none drink water, but they give all the hands wine and cider, and present cake and wine to every visitor. At the church service, the men sit on one side and the women on the other, and when a "Harmonist" dies he is wrapped in a winding-sheet and buried in the "white graveyard," no tombstone marking the grave. They have recently suffered from litigation, others trying to get a share of their wealth, but they live quietly, awaiting the final summons, firm in their faith, and thoroughly believing its cardinal principle that their last survivor will see the end of the world.

GOING DOWN THE OHIO.

Having crossed the Pennsylvania western boundary, the Ohio River separates West Virginia from the State of Ohio, passing a region which seems mournful from the many abandoned oil-derricks displayed near the banks for a long distance. The Ohio shore is Columbiana County, a name fancifully compounded by an early State Legislature from "Columbus" and "Anna;" and it is recorded that when the subject was pending one member proposed to add "Maria," so that the euphonious whole would

be "Columbianamaria." His effort failed, however. At the various towns, the railroads come out from the mountain regions of West Virginia, bringing the bituminous coal for shipment. Ninety-four miles below Pittsburg is Wheeling, the metropolis of West Virginia, a busy manufacturing city of forty thousand people. Farther down, in the midst of the flats adjoining the river, at Moundsville, is the great Indian Mound, a relic of the prehistoric inhabitants of this region standing up eighty feet high and being eight hundred and twenty feet in circumference at the base. In this mound were found two sepulchral chambers containing three skeletons. At Benwood, near by, one branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad crosses the river to Bellaire in Ohio. The Muskingum River, coming out of the heart of the State, flows in at Marietta, a stream thus named by the Delaware Indians when they first came to this region, from the abundance of elk and deer who could be approached near enough to see their eyes, Muskingum meaning "elk's eyes." Marietta is the oldest town in Ohio, settled in 1788 by a colony sent out by the "Ohio Company" of New England, which had been granted many square miles of land along the river. This colony of forty-seven Yankee pioneers marched over the Alleghenies, floated down the Ohio on a flatboat which they called the "Mayflower," and landing at the mouth of the Muskingum, their first act was writing a set of laws and nailing

them to a tree, and in this code naming their settlement in honor of Marie Antoinette, the Queen of France. A company of troops in a little stockade fort protected them from the Indians. Here they found a curious mass of ancient fortifications, relics of the prehistoric mound-builders—a square enclosed by a wall of earth ten feet high, having twelve entrances, a covered way, bulwarks to defend the gateways, and other elaborate works, including a moat fifteen feet wide defended by a parapet. Thirteen miles below, the Little Kanawha River flows in at Parkersburg, and here the other branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad crosses on a massive bridge, a mile and a half long, over the river and lowlands. This is the entrepot of a great petroleum district which gives the town a large trade, and they are said to be still striking in the Ritchie County oil-field thousand-barrel wells. In the river two miles below is the noted Blennerhassett's Island, where that gentleman, an Irishman of distinction, built himself a splendid mansion and made a fine estate in 1798. When Aaron Burr afterwards concocted his notorious conspiracy, he induced Blennerhassett to invest his fortune in the scheme. Whilst not convicted of treason, Burr's dupe was irretrievably ruined and his house and estate fell into decay.

The Great Kanawha flows in, the chief river of West Virginia, at Point Pleasant, the Indian "rapid river," and it is now the outlet of one of the leading

coal-fields, the New River district, in its upper waters, the navigation being maintained by an elaborate system of locks and movable dams. At the mouth was fought the severest battle with the Indians in the Ohio Valley, the tribes from beyond the river attacking the troops, but being beaten off after great bloodshed. Huntington is beyond, where the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway comes out to the Ohio, after having passed Charleston, the West Virginia State capital, fifty miles up the Kanawha. The Big Sandy River enters below, the boundary of Kentucky, and beyond is the mouth of the Scioto on the Ohio bank, where the terminus of the Lake Erie and Ohio Canal gave the start to the city of Portsmouth, having twenty thousand people. Maysville, to the westward on the Kentucky shore, is a leading hemp-market, and one of the towns supplying the famous "Blue Grass Region." The river banks here are very attractive and are backed by ranges of hills. Stretching southward from the shores are extensive green parks, with few fences and only occasional green fields, displaying majestic trees, one of the best grazing districts in America, the wealth of the inhabitants being in their flocks. Some distance back from the river the blue grass begins, so named from its blue tinge when in blossom, the district occupying ten thousand square miles in five Kentucky counties, the soil being very rich and the extensive pastures lined by hemp and tobacco fields. Stock farms

abound, and Lexington is the metropolis of the district, a thriving town of twenty-five thousand people, about eighty miles south of the Ohio, an important horse and cattle market, and also famous for its distilleries of the native Bourbon whiskies. Here is the noted race-track of the "Kentucky Horse-Breeders' Association," and in this district are raised the greatest racing horses of America. Probably the leading stock farm is at Ashland, a short distance out of town, where Henry Clay long had his home. Lexington received its name from having been founded in 1775 about the time of the battle of Lexington. It has a fine monument to Henry Clay, who died in 1852, and it is also the seat of the University of Kentucky, with eight hundred students.

THE CITY OF CINCINNATI.

Sixty miles below Maysville the Licking River flows out of Kentucky, and on the opposite Ohio shore, built upon the magnificent amphitheatre of hills rising tier upon tier, and surrounded by villa-crowned heights elevated five hundred feet as a background, is Ohio's metropolis, Cincinnati, the Queen City. It spreads fourteen miles along the river, one of the most important manufacturing and commercial centres of the West, and is fronted by Covington and Newport on the Kentucky shore, the Licking River dividing them. John Cleves Symmes, a prominent American in the eighteenth century,

bought from the Government after the Revolution a large tract of land in Ohio between the Great and Little Miami Rivers, known as "Symmes' Purchase." His nephew and namesake was the noted author of the "Theory of Concentric Spheres," which was called in derision "Symmes's Hole," and he afterwards died on this tract, being buried there with a monument surmounted, according to his pet theory, by a globe open at the poles. The people interested in the land purchase decided to establish a settlement opposite the mouth of the Licking, and they gave it the pedantic name of Losantiville, a word ingeniously contrived to describe its position by using the "L" signifying Licking River, "os" the mouth, "anti" opposite, and "ville" a city. General St. Clair, however, came along afterwards to establish a military post in his campaign against the Indians, and being prominently identified with the Society of the Cincinnati, he gave the place that name. It was for many years a small collection of log cabins, and had only slow growth until steamboating began on the Ohio, when it rapidly expanded, receiving an additional impetus from the opening of the Miami Canal connecting with Lake Erie in 1830 and from the great development of the western railway systems after 1840. Its earlier inhabitants came largely from the Atlantic States and Kentucky, but subsequently there was a great German influx, so that a considerable district north of the Miami Canal is

their special home, and is familiarly known as "Over the Rhine." The Civil War gave the city a serious set-back by destroying its extensive Southern trade, but it has since greatly grown, and now has a population of four hundred thousand. The immediate advantage of location comes from having around it a district of a hundred miles radius which is one of the most fertile in America.

The Fountain Square at Fifth Street may be regarded as the business centre of Cincinnati, this being an expansion of the street, having upon a spacious esplanade the grand bronze Tyler-Davidson Fountain, the gift of a prominent townsman, which was cast at the Royal Bronze Foundry in Munich and is one of the noblest fountains existing. To the northward is the granite United States Government Building which cost $5,000,000, while farther inland is the red Romanesque City Hall, with a lofty tower, erected at an expense of $1,600,000. The high hills enclosing Cincinnati give grand outlooks, and upon them are the finest parts of the city. They are reached by inclined-plane railways from the lower grounds, as well as by winding roadways. Upon these hills to the eastward is Eden Park, a fine pleasure-ground of over two hundred acres containing the water reservoirs and an elaborate Art Museum, of handsome architecture, surmounted by a red-tiled roof. The famous Rookwood Pottery is also on these eastern hills. To the northward is

Mount Auburn, and beyond, the Clifton Heights with the Burnet Woods Park, a fine natural forest. These high encircling hills, diversified by ravines, give to suburban Cincinnati a singularly picturesque and beautiful environment, being covered by attractive and costly villas surrounded by lawns and gardens, making throughout a most delicious park. The Spring Grove Cemetery, about five miles to the northwest, covers a square mile, and is an appropriate home of the dead, having elaborate monuments, of which the finest is the Dexter Mausoleum, a Gothic chapel of grand proportions and splendid decoration. Five great bridges span the Ohio in front of Cincinnati, crossing over to the Kentucky shore at Covington and Newport, where there are seventy thousand people, the United States military post of Fort Thomas being upon the hills behind Newport. Up the Great Miami, sixty miles to the northward, and at its confluence with Mad River, is Dayton, a busy manufacturing and railway centre, having seventy thousand people. It is the location of the Central National Soldiers' Home, where there are several thousand old soldiers, the spacious buildings, in an attractive park of seven hundred acres, standing prominently on the hills sloping up from the Miami River to the westward of the city.

CINCINNATI TO LOUISVILLE.

North Bend on the Ohio River, fifteen miles from Cincinnati, was the home of General William Henry

Harrison, and upon a commanding hill is his tomb, a modest structure of brick. The family mansion built in 1814, to which he brought his bride, is still preserved, and in it were born his son John Scott Harrison and his grandson, President Benjamin Harrison. To the westward the Great Miami River flows in at the boundary between Ohio and Indiana. Some distance farther down, at Carrolton, is the mouth of the Kentucky River, which named the "Blue Grass State," a beautiful stream, having upon its banks, sixty miles south of the Ohio, the Kentucky capital, Frankfort. The name of this river comes from the Iroquois word *Kentake*, meaning "among the meadows," in allusion to a large and almost treeless tract in the southern part of the State from which the river flows, called by the pioneers "the Barrens." To this region first came the famous hunter Daniel Boone, who had been born in Berks County, Pennsylvania, in 1735, but went in early life to North Carolina. In 1769, being of a roving disposition, he crossed the mountains with five companions and penetrated the forests of Kentucky, the first white men who trod them. He was captured by the Indians, but escaped, returning to North Carolina after wandering and hunting through Kentucky over a year. He finally moved with some others, all taking their families, into Kentucky in 1773, settling on the upper Kentucky River, and building a defensive fort there at Boonesborough in 1775. The

Indians repeatedly attacked the place and were repulsed, but finally, in 1778, they captured Boone, taking him northward to Detroit. Again he escaped, returning later in the year, having another combat with the Indians at his fort and defeating them. For seventeen years afterwards he hunted in Kentucky, and his name and exploits became a household word; but there was a large migration into the region from Virginia and elsewhere, and the increased population was crowding the old hunter too much, so he went west in 1795 to Missouri, settling beyond St. Louis. He had received large land grants in both States, and had various legal conflicts, losing much of his property, but he lived in Missouri the remainder of his life, dying there on his farm in 1820 at the age of eighty-five. Being the founder of Kentucky, that State in 1845, as the result of a popular movement, brought back the remains of the old hunter, and they were interred near Frankfort, alongside the river he loved so well.

The Ohio River flows westward past Madison, a thriving manufacturing town on the Indiana bank, and then sweeps around a grand curve to the south in its approach to the Kentucky metropolis, Louisville. The view of Louisville and Jeffersonville, opposite in Indiana, is very fine, as the visitor comes towards them down the river. The Ohio is a mile wide, and the Kentucky hills which lined it above, here recede from the bank, and do not come out to

it again for twenty miles, leaving an almost level plain several miles in width, and elevated some distance above the water, upon which Louisville is built, spreading along the shore for eight miles in a graceful crescent. The rapids at the lower end of the city cover the whole width of the river, and go down twenty-six feet in two miles, making a series of foaming cascades in ordinary stages of water, but being almost entirely obliterated in times of freshet, when the steamboats can pass down them. A long canal cut through the rocks provides safe navigation around them. An expedition of thirteen families of Virginia, under Colonel George Rogers Clarke, floated down the Ohio on flatboats in 1778, and halting at the falls, settled there, at first on an island, but afterwards on the southern shore. This began the town which in 1780 was named by the Virginia Legislature in honor of the French King Louis XVI., who was then actively aiding the American Revolution. The Ohio River steamboating began the city's rapid growth, which was further swelled by the later development of railway traffic, and it now has two hundred and fifty thousand population. There is a large southern trade in provisions and supplies, and it is probably the greatest leaf-tobacco market in the world, being also the distributing depot for the Kentucky whiskies. There are, besides, other prominent branches of manufacture. Its foliage-lined and lawn-bordered streets in

LANDING, BAR HARBOR, MAINE

the residential section are very attractive and a notable feature. The chief public buildings are the Court House and the City Hall, the former adorned by a statue of the Kentucky statesman Henry Clay. Its great disaster was a frightful tornado, which swept a path of desolation through the heart of the city in March, 1900, killing seventy-six persons and destroying property estimated at $3,000,000. Its most famous citizen was George D. Prentice, poet, editor and politician, whose monument, a Grecian canopy of marble, is in Cave Hill Cemetery, prettily laid out on the hills to the eastward. The city has an environment of pleasant parks, and three fine bridges span the Ohio in front, crossing to the suburban towns of Jeffersonville and New Albany over on the Indiana shore. Five miles east of Louisville lived General Zachary Taylor, old "Rough and Ready," who commanded the army of the United States in the conquest of Mexico, and died while President in 1850. He is buried near his old home.

LOUISVILLE TO NASHVILLE.

Southward from Louisville runs the railroad to Nashville, and proceeding along it, Green River is reached, which, flowing northwest, falls into the Ohio near Evansville. At the Green River crossing were fought the initial skirmishes of the Civil War, in various conflicts between the western armies of

Generals Buell and Bragg in 1862. Farther southwestward is Bowling Green, now a quiet agricultural town, but then a location at the crossing of Barren River of great strategic importance, it having been occupied and strongly fortified by the Confederates in 1861, to defend the approach to Nashville. But after the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson in February, 1862, the Confederates being outflanked abandoned the town, retiring southward. Between these places, and adjoining Green River, about ninety miles south of Louisville, is the famous Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. This is the largest known cavern in the world, extending for a distance of nine or ten miles, the various avenues that have been explored having a total length approximating two hundred miles. The carboniferous limestones of Kentucky, in which the cave is located, occupy an area of eight thousand square miles, and the geologists estimate that there are probably a hundred thousand miles of open caverns beneath this surface. There is a hotel near the cave entrance, and it has several thousand visitors annually. Its mouth is reached by passing down a rocky ravine through the forest, and is a sort of funnel-shaped opening about a hundred feet in diameter at the top, with steep walls fifty feet high. A hunter accidentally discovered the cave in 1809, and for years afterwards it was entered chiefly to obtain nitre for the manufacture of gunpowder, especially during the War of 1812, the nitre being

found in deposits on the cave floor, mainly near the entrance, and owing its origin to the accumulation of animal remains, mostly of bats, in which the cave abounds. It subsequently became a resort for sight-seers, and yields its owners a good revenue.

Upon entering the cave, the first impression is made by a chaos of limestone formations, moist with water oozing from above, and then is immediately felt what is known as "the breath" of the cave. It has pure air and an even temperature of 52° to 56°, and this is maintained all the year round. In summer the relatively cooler air flows out of the entrance, while in winter the colder air outside is drawn in, and this makes the movement of "the breath," at once apparent from the difference of temperature and currents of wind when passing the entrance. For nearly a half-mile within are seen the remains of the Government nitre-works, the vats being undecayed, while ruts of cart-wheels are traceable on the floor. The Rotunda is then entered, a hall seventy-five feet high and one hundred and sixty feet across, beginning the main cave, and out of which avenues lead in various directions. The vast interior beyond contains a succession of wonderful avenues, chambers, domes, abysses, grottoes, lakes, rivers, cataracts, stalactites, etc., remarkable for size and extraordinary appearance, though they are neither as brilliant nor as beautiful as similar things seen in some other caves. But their gigantic scale

is elsewhere unsurpassed. There are eyeless fish and crawfish, and a prolific population of bats. In the subterranean explorations there are two routes usually followed, a short one of eight miles and another of twenty miles. Various appropriate names are given the different parts of the cave, and curious and interesting legends are told about them, one of the tales being of the "Bridal Chamber," which got its name because an ingenious maiden who had promised at the deathbed of her mother she would not marry any man on the face of the earth, came down here and was wedded. Bayard Taylor wrote of this Mammoth Cave, "No description can do justice to its sublimity, or present a fair picture of its manifold wonders; it is the greatest natural curiosity I have ever visited, Niagara not excepted."

Seventy miles south of Bowling Green, at the Cumberland River, and occupying the hills adjoining both banks, is Nashville, the capital and largest city of Tennessee, having eighty thousand population. It is in an admirable situation, and is known as the "Rock City," its most prominent building, the State Capitol, standing upon an abrupt yet symmetrical hill, rising like an Indian mound and overlooking the entire city, its high tower seen from afar. In the grounds are the tomb of President James K. Polk, who died in 1849 and whose home was in Nashville, and a fine bronze equestrian statue of General An-

drew Jackson, the most famous Tennesseean, whose residence, the Hermitage, was eleven miles to the eastward. Nashville has considerable manufactures, but is chiefly known as the leading educational city of the South. The most prominent institution is the Vanderbilt University, attended by eight hundred students and endowed by Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt with $1,000,000, his colossal statue, unveiled in 1897, standing on the campus. The University of Nashville, originally begun by charter of the North Carolina Legislature as an Academy in 1785, has four hundred students in its Normal Department, which trains teachers for Southern schools, and as many more in its Medical Department. There are also the Fisk University, Roger Williams University, and Central Tennessee College, all endowments for colored students and having about thirteen hundred in attendance. The city has various other educational institutions and public buildings, and in the southwestern suburbs is the famous Belle Meade stock-farm, where was bred Iroquois, the only American horse that was a winner of the English Derby. Nashville was in the midst of the Civil War, and four miles to the northward is a National Cemetery with over sixteen thousand soldiers' graves. The great battle of Nashville was fought just south of the city December 15 and 16, 1864. In November of that year General Sherman had captured Atlanta, Georgia, to the southeast, and the Confederate General

Hood, who had lost it, marched in Sherman's rear northward and began an invasion of Tennessee, advancing upon Nashville and forcing General George H. Thomas to fall back within its fortifications south of the Cumberland. For two weeks little was done, the weather preventing, but Thomas suddenly attacked, and in the two days' battle worsted Hood and put his army to flight, pursuing them over the boundary into Alabama, where the remnants escaped across the Tennessee River, a demoralized rabble. Hood's army being thus destroyed, Sherman, who had been waiting at Atlanta, began his famous march to the sea.

The Ohio River below Louisville passes Evansville, the chief town of southwestern Indiana, having sixty thousand people and a large trade. A short distance beyond, the Wabash River flows in, the boundary between Indiana and Illinois. Shawneetown in southern Illinois and Paducah in Kentucky are passed, and the Ohio River finally discharges its waters into the Mississippi at Cairo, the southern extremity of Illinois, the town being built upon a long, low peninsula protruding between the two great rivers, around which extensive levees have been constructed to prevent inundation. The place has about twelve thousand people and considerable manufacturing industry. All about is an extensive prairie land, which in times of great spring freshets is generally overflowed.

CUMBERLAND AND TENNESSEE RIVERS.

A large portion of the waters brought down by the Ohio come from its two great affluents flowing in almost alongside each other on the southern bank, just above Paducah, the Cumberland and Tennessee Rivers. The Cumberland has its sources in the Cumberland Mountains, the eastern boundary of Kentucky, and flows for six hundred and fifty miles, the whole length of that State, making a wide, sweeping circuit down into Tennessee, where it passes Nashville, at the head of steamboat navigation, two hundred miles from its mouth. For twenty miles above their mouths, in their lower courses, these two great rivers are rarely more than three miles apart. The Tennessee is twelve hundred miles long from its head stream, the Holston River, rising in the mountains east of Kentucky and Tennessee. It comes through East Tennessee, makes a great bend down into Alabama, and then coming up northward flows through Tennessee and Kentucky to the Ohio. It is navigable for nearly three hundred miles to the Mussel Shoals at Florence, Alabama, where canals and locks have improved the navigation for twenty miles past the shoals, and it can also be navigated for eight hundred miles above, excepting at very low stages of water. Its name signifies "the river of the Great Bend," and it was also called in early times the "river of the Cherokees."

It was by the capture of Fort Donelson, near the mouth of the Cumberland River, that General Grant gained his early fame in the Civil War. The Confederates erected strong defensive works on the two rivers in order to prevent an invasion of Western Kentucky and Tennessee. The places selected were about forty miles south of the Ohio—Fort Henry being built on the eastern bank of the Tennessee River and Fort Donelson on the western bank of the Cumberland, twelve miles apart, and connected by a direct road. A combined land and naval attack was made on these forts in February, 1862, under command of General Grant and Commodore Foote. Fort Henry was easily captured by Foote's gunboats on February 6th after an hour's action, most of the garrison retreating across the neck of land to Fort Donelson. Grant then invested Fort Donelson, being reinforced until he had twenty-seven thousand men, and he attacked so vigorously that after a severe battle on the 15th he effected a lodgement in the Confederate lines and severely crippled them. Part of the garrison escaped southward during the night, and in the morning General Buckner, commanding, asked for an armistice and commissioners to arrange a capitulation. To this Grant made his noted reply, "No terms except unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted; I propose to move immediately upon your works." Having no alternative, Buckner surrendered. The

Union army captured fourteen thousand prisoners, a vast amount of small arms and stores, and sixty-five cannon. Almost immediately afterwards the Confederates practically abandoned Western Kentucky and Tennessee, and Grant moved his army up the Tennessee River, and by the middle of March it was encamped to the westward and along the banks, near the southern Tennessee border, the lines extending several miles from Shiloh Church to Pittsburg Landing. The Confederates under A. S. Johnston and Beauregard were at Corinth, Mississippi, about twenty miles to the southwest. The Union plan was that General Buell, who was coming southwestward from Nashville, should join Grant, and then an advance southward be made. The Confederates, having learned of the plan, early in April decided to attack Grant before Buell could join him, and on the morning of the 6th the onslaught began, the Union army being surprised. This was the great battle of Shiloh, in which the Union forces were pushed back with heavy loss on the first day. Buell arrived, however, crossing the Tennessee that night and joining, so that next day, after a stubborn battle, Grant recovered his position, and the Confederates retreated to Corinth. In this battle the losses were about twenty-five thousand killed, wounded and missing, including three thousand Union prisoners taken.

The Cumberland Mountains, dividing Virginia from Kentucky, and extending farther southwest to

separate East from Middle Tennessee, are the main watershed between the upper waters and sources of the two great rivers. This range is an elevated plateau rising about a thousand feet above the neighboring country and two thousand feet above the sea, the flat top being in some parts fifty miles across. On both sides the cliffs are precipitous, being much notched on the western declivities. Pioneer hunters coming out of Virginia discovered these mountains and the river in 1748, giving them the name of the Duke of Cumberland, the hero of Culloden, then the prominent military leader of England. These explorers came through the remarkable notch cut part way down in the range on the Kentucky-Tennessee boundary, just at the western extremity of Virginia, —the Cumberland Gap. This cleft, five hundred feet deep, is in some places only wide enough for a road, and extends for six miles through the ridge. It was for over a century the highway from southwestern Virginia into East Tennessee and southeastern Kentucky, being previously the trail followed by the Cherokees and other Indians in their movements east and west of the mountains. Through it came Daniel Boone and his companions from North Carolina into Kentucky, and the pass naturally became a great battleground of the Civil War. It is now utilized as the route for a branch of the Southern Railway from East Tennessee into Kentucky, traversing the Gap at about sixteen hundred

feet elevation. In one place this road passes through a tunnel of over a half-mile, beginning in Tennessee, going under the corner of Virginia, and coming out in Kentucky. Iron is in abundance all about the Gap. During the war it was fortified by the Confederates, but in June, 1862, they were compelled to abandon it, and the Union troops took possession, being in turn forced out the following September. In September, 1863, the Union armies besieged and captured it, holding the Gap till the end of the war. The great curiosity of Cumberland Gap was the Pinnacle Rock, overhanging the narrow pass in a commanding position. This huge rock, weighing hundreds of tons, fell on Christmas night, 1899, awakening the village at the Gap as if by an earthquake, though no one was injured.

CHATTANOOGA AND ITS BATTLES.

The great Allegheny ranges, stretching from northeast to southwest, attain their highest altitude in western North Carolina. They come down southwestward out of Virginia in the Blue Ridge and other ranges, forming a high plateau, having the Blue Ridge on the eastern side, and on the western, forming the boundary between North Carolina and Tennessee, the chain known in various parts as the Stony, Iron, Great Smoky and Unaka Mountains, while beyond, to the northwest, the Cumberland Mountains extend in a parallel range through East

Tennessee. There are also various cross-chains, among them the Black Mountains. In these ranges are eighty-two peaks that rise above five thousand feet and forty-three exceeding six thousand feet. The highest mountains of the Blue Ridge in North Carolina are the Grandfather and the Pinnacle, rising nearly six thousand feet. In the Great Smoky Mountains, Clingman's Dome is sixty-six hundred and sixty feet high and Mount Guyot sixty-six hundred and thirty-six feet. The highest peak of all is in the Black Mountains, and it is the highest east of the Rockies, Mount Mitchell rising sixty-six hundred and eighty-eight feet. Between and among these ranges are the sources of Tennessee River, in the Clinch River, the Holston and its North Fork, and the French Broad, their head streams coming westward out of Virginia and North Carolina through the mountain passes. The extensive mountain region they drain in North Carolina and East Tennessee is a most attractive district, noted as a health resort, and famous for the sturdy independence of its people, while along the Tennessee and upon the mountains near it were fought some of the greatest battles of the Civil War.

Upon the Tennessee River, at the head of navigation, and near the junction-point of the three States, Tennessee, Alabama and Georgia, is Chattanooga, the Indian "crow's nest," now a busy manufacturing city and a great railroad centre, served by

no less than nine different roads diverging in all directions, the iron, coal and timber of the neighboring country having given it an impetus that has brought a population of fifty thousand. This city has had all its development since the Civil War, and is the seat of Grant University of the Methodist Church, attended by six hundred students. It borders the river winding along the base of the Missionary Ridge and the famous Lookout Mountain. The battlefields upon them have been placed in control of a Government Commission, who have laid out the Chickamauga and Chattanooga Military Park, restoring all the roads used by troops during the battles, and marking the points of interest and the locations of regiments and batteries by tablets and monuments. There are sixty miles of driveways on the field, which embraces over five thousand acres of woodland cleared of underbrush and fifteen hundred acres of open ground. Here have been identified and accurately laid down the brigade lines of battle of seven distinct and successive engagements in the series of terrific contests that were fought, all of them being plainly marked. The fighting positions of batteries for both sides have been indicated by the location of guns of the same pattern as those used in the engagement. There are thus marked thirty-five battery positions on one side and thirty-three on the other, mounting over two hundred guns. The restoration to the conditions existing at the times of

the battles is almost complete, both the Northern and Southern States that had troops engaged, actively aiding the historical labor. Lookout Mountain rises to the south of the city, its summit being over twenty-one hundred feet high, and it commands a superb view, extending over seven States. Inclined-plane railways ascend it, and there is a hotel at the top, and also another railway along the crest of the ridge. Upon the summit of this mountain, which is almost a plateau, the boundaries of the three States come together, and it overlooks to the northward the plain of Chattanooga and the windings of Tennessee River, traced far to the southwest along the base of the ridge into Alabama. The favorite post for the magnificent view from the mountain top is Point Rock, a jutting promontory of massive stone reared on high, and overhanging like a balcony the deep valley. Far beneath, the river in its grand and graceful sweeping curves forms the famous Moccasin Bend, which almost enfolds the city of Chattanooga, and then spreads beyond, fringed with forest and field, a waving silvery gleaming thread, until lost to view.

Beyond Missionary Ridge is the battlefield of Chickamauga, the "river of death," a stream flowing up from Georgia into the Tennessee, about twelve miles east of Chattanooga. General Rosecrans commanded the Union forces holding Chattanooga in 1863 and General Bragg the opposing Con-

federates. The conflict began September 19th by the Confederates attempting to turn Rosecrans' left wing and get possession of the roads leading into Chattanooga, and it continued fiercely for two days, when the Union forces withdrew, and the result was a nominal victory for the Confederates on the field, although Chattanooga and East Tennessee, the prize for which the battle was fought, remained in possession of the Union forces. This was one of the bloodiest battles of the war, thirty-four thousand being killed and wounded on both sides out of one hundred and twelve thousand engaged. Immediately after the battle, Rosecrans withdrew behind the fortifications of Chattanooga, while Bragg moved up and occupied positions upon Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain, extending his flanks to the Tennessee River above and below the city. He cut the communications westward, and the Union army was practically blockaded and in danger of starvation. Rosecrans was relieved and Grant took command. He ordered Sherman to join him, coming up from the southwest, and by the close of October had opened communication along the Tennessee River and secured ample supplies. Bragg, who felt he was in strong position, detached Longstreet with a large force to go northeast in November and attack Burnside at Knoxville. Sherman's army joined Grant on the 23d, and next day the battle began on Lookout Mountain, continuing on the 25th on Missionary

Ridge, and Bragg was driven out of his position and his army pursued in disorder through the mountains, over six thousand prisoners being taken. As the Union forces ascended Lookout Mountain in the mist, this has been called the "Battle above the Clouds." Burnside was afterwards relieved at Knoxville, and these decisive victories, which broke the Confederate power in Tennessee, resulted in Grant being made a Lieutenant General the next year and placed in command of all the armies of the United States.

At the head of navigation for steamboats on the Tennessee River is Knoxville, the chief city of East Tennessee, in a fine location among the foothills of the Clinch Mountains, which are a sort of offshoot of the Cumberland range. This was the spot where General Knox, then Secretary of War, in the latter part of the eighteenth century made a treaty with the Indians of the upper Tennessee, and the village which grew there was named after him. It is the centre of the Tennessee marble district, shipping hundreds of thousands of tons of this beautiful stone all over the country. It also has coal and iron and other industries, and a population of over forty thousand. Here are the buildings of the University of Tennessee, with five hundred students, and also an Agricultural College. Knoxville was the rallying point of Union sentiment in East Tennessee during the Civil War, and its most noted citizen was Parson

William G. Brownlow, a Methodist clergyman and political editor, whose caustic articles earned for him the sobriquet of the "fighting Parson." He was Governor of Tennessee and Senator after the war, and died in Knoxville in 1877. The famous Davy Crockett was also a resident of that city. Twelve miles west of Knoxville, at Low's Ferry, Admiral Farragut was born, July 5, 1801, and a marble shaft marking the place was dedicated by Admiral Dewey in May, 1900. A short distance above Knoxville the Tennessee River is formed by the union of the Holston and French Broad Rivers. Following up the Holston, we come to Morristown, and beyond to Greenville, where, in sight of the railway, are the grave and monument of President Andrew Johnson, who lived there the greater part of his life, and died there in 1875. His residence and the little wooden tailor shop where he worked are still preserved. High mountains are all about, and to the eastward from Johnson City a narrow-gauge railway ascends through the romantic canyon of Doe River, in places fifteen hundred feet deep, up the Roan Mountain to Cranberry. This line is known in the neighborhood, on account of its crookedness, as the "Cranberry Stem-Winder." On the summit of Roan Mountain is the Cloudland Hotel, at an elevation of more than sixty-three hundred feet, the highest human habitation east of the Rockies, and having a magnificent view. It is a curious circumstance that the boundary

line between Tennessee and North Carolina on the mountain top runs through the hotel, and is painted a broad white band along the dining-room floor, while out of the windows are views for a hundred miles in almost every direction.

THE LAND OF THE SKY.

We have come to the famous region in Western North Carolina, the resort for health and pleasure, the "Land of the Sky," sought both in winter and summer on account of its pure, bracing atmosphere and equable climate, and where eighty thousand visitors go in a year. Between the Unaka and Great Smoky range of mountains which is the western North Carolina boundary, and the Blue Ridge to the eastward, there is a long and diversified plateau with an average elevation of two thousand feet, stretching two hundred and fifty miles from northeast to southwest, and having a width of about twenty-five miles. Various mountain spurs cross it between the ranges from one towards the other, and numerous rivers rising in the Blue Ridge flow westward over it and break through picturesque gorges in the Great Smoky Mountains to reach the Tennessee River, the most noted of these streams being the French Broad. From any commanding point along the Great Smoky range there may be seen stretching to the east and south a vast sea of ridges, peaks and domes. No single one dominates, but most all of them reach

nearly the same altitude, appearing like the waves in a choppy sea, the ranges growing gradually less distinct as they are more distant. The whole region seems to be covered with a mantle of dark forest, excepting an occasional clearing or patch of lighter-colored grass. Very few rocky ledges appear, so that the slopes are smoothed and softened by the generous vegetation. The atmosphere also tends to the same result, the blue haze, so rarely absent, giving the names both to the Blue Ridge and the Great Smoky Mountains. This haze softens everything and imparts the effect of great distance to peaks but a few miles away. Thus the remarkable atmospheric influence produces more impressive views than are got from greater peaks and longer distances in a clearer air elsewhere. The most elevated peak of the district, Mount Mitchell, rises four hundred and twenty-five feet higher than Mount Washington in the White Mountains. It was named for Professor Elisha Mitchell, who was an early explorer, a native of Connecticut, and Professor in the University of North Carolina, who lost his life during a storm on the mountain in 1857, and is buried at the summit. From its sides the beautiful Swannanoa River, the Indian "running water," flows eighteen miles westward to fall into the French Broad at Asheville, the centre and chief city of this charming region, whose fame has become world-wide.

"Land of forest-clad mountains, of fairy-like streams,
Of low, pleasant valleys where the bright sunlight gleams
Athwart fleecy clouds gliding over the hills,
'Midst the fragrance of pines and the murmur of rills.

"A land of bright sunsets, whose glories extend
From horizon to zenith, there richly to blend
The hues of the rainbow, with clouds passing by—
Right well art thou christened 'The Land of the Sky.'

"A land of pure water, as pure as the air;
A home for the feeble, a home for the fair;
Where the wild roses bloom, while their fragrance combines
With health-giving odors from balsamic pines.

"The pure, healthful breezes, the life-giving air,
The beauteous landscapes, oft new, ever fair,
Are gifts that have come from the Father on high;
To Him be all praise for 'The Land of the Sky.'"

In the early days of Congress, a North Carolina member, who was making a long speech for home consumption, observed that several of his colleagues, becoming tired, had gone out, whereupon he bluntly told those who remained that they might go out too, if so inclined, as he "was only talking for Buncombe." This member, whose remark has become immortal as the title of a certain type of Congressional oratory, represented the county of Buncombe, which embraces a large portion of the "The Land of the Sky," and Asheville is the county-seat. This town has a permanent population of twelve thousand, and is one of the most elevated towns east of Denver, being at a height of nearly twenty-three hundred

feet above the sea. It is built in the attractive valley of the French Broad River, surrounded by an amphitheatre of magnificent hills, and commands one of the finest mountain views in this country. The Swannanoa unites with the French Broad just above the town in a charming locality; there are various pleasant parks; and the tree-shaded streets are adorned by many fine buildings. To Asheville come the Northerner for equable mildness in winter and the Southerner for coolness in summer, the climate being dry and bright, and most restorative in lung and other similar troubles, while the whole surrounding region has had its scenic attractions made available by improved roads and paths. About two miles to the southeast is George Vanderbilt's noted chateau of Biltmore, the finest private residence in the United States, built upon the verge of a princely estate covering a hundred thousand acres of these glens and mountains. The house, which commands magnificent views, stands upon a terrace seven hundred feet long and three hundred feet wide, and cost $4,000,000, while nearly as much more is said to have been expended in constructing many miles of drives over the estate and in landscape gardening and improvements, which in time will make this one of the world's greatest show places. The building is an extensive French baronial hall of the days of King Francis I., elaborated from the chateaux of the Loire, exceedingly rich in every detail, and having

the general effect heightened by the free employment of decorative sculpture. From the grand esplanade the outlook is upon the "wild tumult of mountains stretching away in every direction." There are various other fine houses in the Asheville suburbs, and the locality is steadily improving through the attractions it has for men of wealth who love a home amid the grandest charms of Nature. Routes have been opened in various directions from Asheville to develop the mountain district. One railroad goes for a hundred miles through the gorges and valleys southwestward along the base of the Great Smoky range. Another route is southeast through the romantic pass of the Hickory-nut Gap, where the Rocky Broad River penetrates the Blue Ridge, a splendid canyon of nine miles, with cliffs rising fifteen hundred feet and having the remarkable Chimney Rock built on high alongside the gorge, where it stands up an isolated sentinel. Bald Mountain, rising opposite, is celebrated in Mrs. Burnett's *Esmeralda*. Cæsar's Head, to the southward, is an outlier of these mountain ranges, bordering the lowlands; and standing on top of its southern brow, upon a precipice rising almost sheer for fifteen hundred feet, one can overlook the lower regions of South Carolina and Georgia for more than a hundred miles away.

The French Broad River, the chief stream of this charming region, got its name from the early hunters who came up from the settled regions of Carolina

nearer the coast, and penetrating the mountains explored it. The Cherokees called it Tselica, or "The Roarer," a not inappropriate name. The hunters who came through the Blue Ridge by the Hickory-nut Gap in colonial times followed down the Rocky Broad that flowed out of it into this river, which was much larger, and as the region beyond the mountains was then controlled by the French, they named it the French Broad. It rises in the Blue Ridge range almost on the South Carolina boundary, and nearly interlocks its headwaters with those of the Congaree flowing out to the Atlantic. Its upper waters wind for forty miles through a beautiful and fertile valley, but in approaching Asheville the scenery changes, the hills press more closely upon the stream, its course becomes more rapid, and after a swift turmoil it plunges down the cataract at Mountain Island. Here a knob-topped rock rises fifty to seventy feet high, the stream forcing its way on either hand by a channel cut through the enclosing ridge, and it descends a cataract of forty-five feet, running away through a deep abyss. The river passes Asheville and flows in a most picturesque gorge through the high mountains, everywhere disclosing new beauties, the water rushing and roaring over ledges and boulders, going around sharp bends, receiving gushing tributaries coming down the mountain side or trickling over the face of some broad high cliff. Massive rocks rise on high,

and the road is often on a shelf cut into their face, the river boiling along far down below. Then the valley broadens, and here, in a lovely vale surrounded by the mountains, are the North Carolina Hot Springs, a popular resort, with a climate even milder in winter than at Asheville, as the Great Smoky range protects it from the northern blasts. The curative properties of these springs are efficacious in rheumatic and cutaneous diseases. Beyond, the bold precipices overhang the road and river that are known as the Paint Rocks, where the rushing torrent forces its way through a gorge between the Great Smoky and Bald Mountains and then emerges in Tennessee, to finally fall into the Tennessee River at the junction with the Holston just above Knoxville. These rocks received their name from Indian pictures and signs painted upon them. William Gillmore Simms, the Carolina author, tells in *Tselica* the legend of this spot, founded on the tradition of the Cherokees that a siren lives on the French Broad who allures the hunter to the stream and strangles him in her embrace. Thus have the American aborigines reproduced in their way on this beautiful river the romantic legends of the Lurelie Rock on the Rhine, where, the ancient German legend tells us so interestingly, there dwelt another beautiful siren whose seductive music lured her lovers to the rock, when she drowned them in the waves washing its base.

STATE HOUSE FACING THE COMMON, IN WINTER

CAROLINA AND GEORGIA.

Eastward from the Blue Ridge the extended line of the Piedmont Branch of the Southern Railway parallels the base of the range on its route from Washington southwest to Atlanta. The railroad from Asheville southeast to Columbia and Charleston crosses it at Spartansburg in South Carolina. This is a prosperous little town in a region of iron and gold-mines, with also a development of mineral springs, attractive as a summer resort to the people of Charleston and residents of the South Carolina lowlands. Ten miles northeast of Spartansburg is the Revolutionary battlefield of the Cowpens, getting its name from the adjacent cow-pasture in the olden time. Here on a hill-range called the Thickety Mountain, January 17, 1781, the British under Tarleton were signally defeated. The railway passes through a rolling country, and thirty-three miles farther northeast is King's Mountain, where the previous battle was fought, October 7, 1780, in which the British under Colonel Ferguson were also defeated and a large part of their forces captured. Beyond, the boundary is crossed from South to North Carolina and Charlotte is reached, having cotton factories and gold mines and twelve thousand people, the county-seat of Mecklenburg, where the famous resolutions were passed, May 20, 1775, demanding independence. Farther northeast is Salisbury, where

was located one of the chief Confederate prisons during the Civil War, and the National Cemetery now contains the graves of over twelve thousand soldiers who died there in captivity. Beyond this, the Yadkin River is crossed, and the route enters the tobacco district. Here is Greensboro', and near it the Revolutionary battle of Guilford Court House was fought March 15, 1781, when Lord Cornwallis defeated General Greene. To the eastward is Chapel Hill, the seat of the University of North Carolina, with three hundred students. Farther east is the great tobacco town of Durham, with large factories and six thousand people supported by this industry, whose education is cared for by Trinity College, which has been munificently endowed by the tobacco princes Colonels Duke and Carr. Twenty-five miles still farther east is Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina, a city of fifteen thousand inhabitants, built on high ground near the Neuse River. It has a central Union Square from which fine streets diverge, and here is located the impressive State House, modelled after the Parthenon. Raleigh has various public institutions, and large cemeteries where the dead of both armies who fell in the Civil War are buried.

The Congaree River, flowing southeast out of the Blue Ridge, intersects the extensive Pine Barrens of South Carolina, and here on the railway route from Asheville via Spartansburg to Charleston is the South

Carolina State capital, Columbia. It is built on the bluffs along the river, a few miles below its falls, and in a charming location, the view of the valley from the grounds of the Executive Mansion and Arsenal Hill being very fine. The South Carolina State House is a magnificent building on which a large sum has been expended, and in the grounds is a monument to the Palmetto Regiment of South Carolinians who served with distinction in the war with Mexico. It was here that the Nullification Ordinance was passed in 1832, and the Secession Ordinance in December, 1860. General Sherman, on his march from Atlanta to the sea in February, 1865, occupied Columbia, when, unfortunately, the city was set fire and a large portion destroyed. The Pine Barrens and sand hills of South Carolina stretch southwestward from the Congaree to the Savannah River, and in this region is the popular winter resort of Aiken, surrounded by vast forests of fragrant pines growing in a soil of white sand, the town being a gem in the way of gardens and shrubbery which, with the balmy atmosphere, make it additionally attractive. While Aiken does not have a large population, yet it has very wide streets to accommodate them, the main avenue being two hundred and five feet and the cross streets one hundred and fifty feet wide. Its attractiveness of climate is condensed into the statement that the Aiken winter is "four months of June." A few miles westward is the Savannah River, and here

at the head of navigation is Augusta, Georgia, on the western bank, a great cotton mart and seat of textile factories, which have attracted a population of thirty-five thousand, the city being known as the "Lowell of the South." The Sibley Cotton Mill is regarded as being architecturally the handsomest factory in the world. The whole surrounding district is an almost universal cotton-field, thus furnishing the raw materials for this industry. Near this mill stands the tall chimney of the Confederate Powder Works, left as a grim memorial of the Civil War. The various mills are served by canals bringing the water for power from the Savannah River at a higher level above the city, with an ample fall. Augusta is regarded as one of the most beautiful of the Southern cities, having wide tree-embowered streets and many ornate buildings, and it fortunately escaped injury during the Civil War. It was laid out by General Oglethorpe, the Georgia founder, on the same artistic plan as Savannah, and he named it after the English princess, Augusta. The Savannah River, the largest of Georgia, and forming the boundary with South Carolina, rises in the Blue Ridge in close proximity to the headwaters of the Tennessee and the Chattahoochee. Its initial streams, the Tugaloo and Kiowee, unite in the Piedmont district to form the Savannah, which then flows four hundred and fifty miles past Augusta and Savannah to the sea.

ATLANTA AND ITS NEIGHBORHOOD.

The Chattahoochee was the Indian "river of the pictured rocks." Its head-streams rise in the Blue Ridge in northeastern Georgia, and flowing southwest and afterwards south, it forms the western boundary of the State. Then uniting with the Flint River, the two make the Appalachicola, which, crossing Florida, empties into the Gulf. The Chattahoochee in its course passes, about seven miles from the Georgia capital, Atlanta, the "Gate City," the metropolis of the "Empire State of the South," and the chief Southern railway centre. Being largely a growth of the railway system of the "New South," the city is picturesquely situated on a hilly surface, elevated a thousand feet above the sea, and is laid out in the form of a circle of about four miles radius around the Union Passenger Depot, which is the central point. The first house was built at this place in 1836, on an Indian trail to the crossing of the Chattahoochee, whither a railroad was projected, and for several years it was called, for this reason, Terminus, being afterwards incorporated as the town of Marthasville, and named after the Georgia Governor Lumpkin's daughter. In 1845, the first railroads were constructed connecting it with the seaboard, and soon becoming a tobacco and cotton-mart, it grew rapidly, and in 1847 was incorporated as the city of Atlanta, having about twenty-five hundred

people. During the Civil War it was a leading Confederate depot of supplies, but its great growth has come since, and largely through the development of the railway system and manufactures, so that now the city and suburbs, which are extensive, have a population approximating two hundred thousand. Its State Capitol is an impressive building, costing $1,000,000, and it has many imposing business and public structures and fine private residences. Joel Chandler Harris, *Uncle Remus*, is a resident of Atlanta. Its great historical event was the memorable siege during the Civil War. The geographical position of the city made it of vital importance to the Confederacy. General Sherman, in his advance southward from Chattanooga in the spring and early summer of 1864, steadily fought and outflanked the Confederates, until in July they fell back behind the Chattahoochee and took a line covering Atlanta, General Hood assuming command July 17th. Sherman crossed the Chattahoochee and then Hood retired to the intrenchments around the city. For several weeks there were manœuvres and battles around Atlanta, until near the end of August, when Sherman had got behind the city, cutting the railways supplying it. On the night of September 1st, Hood evacuated Atlanta, and next day Sherman entered. In this great siege and in the previous contests from Chattanooga the losses of the two armies were sixty-six thousand men, each army having been repeatedly

reinforced. This capture sealed the doom of the Confederacy, although there were subsequent battles and movements around Atlanta until November. Then Sherman, reinforcing General Thomas at Nashville, and leaving him to take care of Hood, ran back all the surplus property and supplies to Chattanooga, broke up the railway, cut the telegraph behind him, burnt Atlanta November 12th, and on the 15th started on his famous "March to the Sea," to cut the Confederacy in two, capturing Savannah in December. The destruction of Atlanta was almost complete, every building being burnt excepting a few in the centre, and a number of scattered dwellings elsewhere. After peace came, however, the restoration of Atlanta was rapid and thorough, and it is now one of the most progressive and wealthy Southern cities. It was Sherman's "March to the Sea" which furnished the theme for one of the most inspiriting songs of the Civil War, "Marching Through Georgia":

"Bring the good old bugle, boys! we'll sing another song—
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along,
Sing it as we used to sing it fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia.

Chorus—"'Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the Jubilee!
Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that makes you free!'
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia.

"How the darkies shouted when they heard the joyful sound!
How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found!

How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground,
While we were marching through Georgia.—*Chorus.*

"So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her train,
Sixty miles in latitude—three hundred to the main,
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,
While we were marching through Georgia."—*Chorus.*

The railway leading north from Atlanta to Chattanooga exhibits, throughout the line, relics of Sherman's protracted struggle with the Confederates as he pressed southward, and they opposing him were repeatedly outflanked and retired to new defenses. Long ranges of hills cross the country from northeast to southwest, and on their crests are the remains of massive breastworks and battlements which time is gradually obliterating. Dalton, Resaca and Allatoona were all formidable defensive works, and each in turn was outflanked. Rome, the chief town on this route, now has seven thousand people and various factories. To the westward of Atlanta the railway leads a hundred miles to Anniston, Alabama, in the foothills of the Blue Ridge among the rich beds of Alabama iron-ores, and then to Talladega, the Indian "village on the border," where General Jackson fought one of his severest battles with the Creeks. It is now a busy manufacturing town. Beyond is the great industrial city of Birmingham with thirty-five thousand people, founded in 1871, a phenomenal development of the "New South," its industry being exhibited in enormous iron and steel

mills, foundries, and similar establishments. Near the city is its El Dorado, the Red Mountain containing vast stores of hematite iron-ores, with abundant coal and limestone, minerals which have made Alabama the third iron-producing commonwealth in the United States, three-fourths of it being made in the Birmingham district. Nearby is another iron town of recent foundation, Bessemer, and a short distance to the southwest the old Alabama city of Tuscaloosa, the seat of the University of Alabama. This Indian word means the "Black Warrior," and thus was named the river, Tuscaloosa being at the head of steamboat navigation on the Black Warrior. The tradition is that before the white man knew this region it was held by a proud and powerful Indian tribe. When De Soto came along in 1540, searching for gold, he encountered these Indians, whose sachem was the fearless and haughty black giant Tuscaloosa. By stratagem De Soto captured the giant and carried him off a hostage down to Mobile, whence he afterwards escaped. This old city is shown on a French map of Louisiana published in 1720.

Southeast of Atlanta is Macon, at the head of navigation on Ocmulgee River, a prominent cotton-shipping city, with twenty-five thousand people. Here is the Wesleyan Female College with four hundred students, founded in 1836, and said to be the oldest female college in the world. To the south-

ward, at Andersonville, was the great Stockade Prison of the Civil War, where large numbers of captured Union soldiers were confined, being so badly treated that thirteen thousand of them died. Henry Wirtz, a Swiss adventurer, was in charge, and the Confederate authorities in two official reports attributed the excessive mortality to the bad management of the prison. A military court after the close of the war convicted Wirtz of excessive cruelty, and he was executed in November, 1865. The prison-grounds are now a park, a memorial monument has been erected, and in an extensive National Cemetery the dead soldiers are buried. Southward of Atlanta is Columbus, with thirty-five thousand people and large cotton, woollen and flour-mills, one of the chief manufacturing cities of the Southern States. It stands on the Chattahoochee, which here rushes down rocky rapids, providing an admirable water-power improved by a massive dam. The river is navigable to the Gulf, and its steamboats have a large trade.

ATLANTA TO MOBILE.

Proceeding southwest from Atlanta, the route crosses the Chattahoochee at West Point, another shipping port for the vast cotton plantations of this region, whence steamboats take the cotton-bales down to the Gulf. Beyond is Tuskegee in Alabama, where is located the famous Industrial and

Normal Institute for colored youth, conducted by Booker T. Washington, the distinguished colored educationalist, who was born a slave in Virginia. It was founded in a small way by him in 1881 to meet the needs of education, and particularly to provide for the training of teachers for the colored race, and having greatly grown, has sent out nearly four hundred of its graduates throughout the South, where they are teaching others of their people. It has seventy instructors and over a thousand students; its lands cover nearly four square miles and there are forty-two buildings, many of them substantial brick structures erected by the students, the property being valued at $300,000. Great attention is given to manual training, and this institution, entirely supported by donations and requiring $75,000 annually for its expenses, is doing a great work in furthering the advancement of the colored race in the South.

A short distance westward, the Alabama River is formed by the union of the Coosa and Tallapoosa, and coming down a winding course a few miles from the junction, sweeps around a grand bend to then go away towards the setting sun, and ultimately seek the Gulf. The story is that a wearied Creek Indian, seeking quiet in the far-off land, wandered out of the mountains to the fertile plains of this attractive region. Charmed by the scenery and the beauties of the valley, when he reached the bank of the river

he gazed about him, and then struck his spear into the earth, saying *Alabama*—"Here we Rest." At this grand bend of the river, upon a circle of hills surrounded by rich farming lands, is Montgomery, the capital of Alabama. There was an Indian village here in remote times, and traders came to the place, so that gradually a settlement grew, which in 1817 was made a town and named after the unfortunate General Montgomery who fell in storming Quebec. The bluffs rise to Capitol Hill, crowned with the State House, a small but imposing structure, having from its elevated dome an extensive view. Here was organized the Government of the Confederate States in February, 1861, continuing until the capital was removed to Richmond the following May. In the grounds there is a handsome Confederate Monument. There are thirty thousand people in Montgomery, and it has a large trade in cotton, gathered from the adjacent districts, shipped down the river to Mobile and also by railroad to Savannah for export. In the suburbs are many old-fashioned plantation residences, and the adjacent country is largely a cotton-field, the great Southern staple growing luxuriantly on the black soils of this region. The Alabama people devote themselves chiefly to cotton-growing, and this industry leads throughout the vast section of the South below the Tennessee boundary. This great product is the leading foreign export of the United States, and being indirectly the

cause of the Civil War, it brought to the Confederacy the sympathy of the nations of Europe, which were the chief consumers. Cotton is said to have originated in India, and in America was first cultivated for its flowers in Maryland. It was not until about the beginning of the nineteenth century, however, that the invention by Eli Whitney of the cotton-gin enabled the seeds to be easily removed from the lint, and thus enlarged the uses of cotton, so that a rapid increase was given its growth and also its manufacture throughout the civilized world. Both the seed and the lint are now used, the former producing valuable oil.

The Alabama River flows a winding course from Montgomery southwest to Mobile Bay, first going westward to Selma. It passes a region of the finest cotton lands, where originally the old southern plantation system reached its richest development, and where the modern plan of smaller farms has been making some headway since the Civil War. Selma is the *entrepôt* of what is known as the Alabama "Black Belt," built on a high bluff along the river, and has cotton factories and other industries, including large mills for crushing the cotton-seed and producing the oil. To the westward, over the boundary of the State of Mississippi, is Meridian, a manufacturing town of fifteen thousand people, which has grown around a railway junction. This was the

place which General Sherman, in one of his rapid marches, captured in February, 1864, and destroyed, the General reporting that his army made "the most complete destruction of railways ever beheld." Farther westward, on Pearl River, is Jackson, the capital of Mississippi, a small city with an elaborate State House. The Alabama River flows southwest from Selma and joins the Tombigbee River coming from the north, the stream thus formed being the Mobile River. A few miles below the junction it divides into two branches, of which the eastern is called the Tensas, both then dividing into several others and making a sort of delta, but meeting again in a common embouchure at the head of Mobile Bay, the Mobile River being about fifty miles long. The Tombigbee River is four hundred and fifty miles in length, and rises in the hills of Northeastern Mississippi. The name is Indian, and means the "coffin-makers," though why this name was given is unknown. The Tombigbee became celebrated in politics in the early nineteenth century, through a correspondence between the Treasury at Washington and a customs officer at Mobile, wherein the latter, being asked "How far does the Tombigbee River run up?" replied that "The Tombigbee River does not run up; it runs down." He was removed from office for his levity, and the controversy following, which became an acrimonious partisan dispute, gave the river its celebrity.

MOBILE AND ITS BAY.

When De Soto journeyed through Florida and to the Mississippi River, he found in this region the powerful tribe of Mauvillians, and their village of Mavilla is mentioned in early histories of Florida. From this is derived the name of Mobile, on the western bank of the river near the head of Mobile Bay, the only seaport of the State of Alabama, about thirty miles from the Gulf of Mexico. This was the original seat of French colonization in the southwest, and for a few years the capital of their colony of Louisiana. It was settled at the beginning of the eighteenth century. In 1710 the Sieur de Bienville transferred the earliest French colony from Biloxi to Mobile Bay, and many of the first settlers were French Canadians. In 1723, however, the seat of the colonial government was removed from Mobile to New Orleans. In 1763 this region was transferred to England; in 1780 England gave it to Spain; and in 1813 Spain made it over to the United States. The city is laid out upon a plain having a background of low hills; its broad and quiet streets are shaded with live oaks and magnolias; and everywhere are gardens, luxuriant with shrubbery and flowers. There is a population approximating thirty-five thousand, but the city does not make much progress, owing to the difficulties of maintaining a deep-water channel, though this has been better ac-

complished of late. Cotton export is the chief trade. There are attractive parks, a magnificent shell road along the shore of the bay for several miles, and fine estates with beautiful villas on the hills in the suburbs. The harbor entrance from the Gulf is protected on either hand by Fort Morgan and Fort Gaines, while the remains can be seen of several batteries on the shores of the bay, relics of the Civil War. Over on Tensas River is a ruin, Spanish Fort, one of the early colonial defenses, while in the city is the Guard House Tower, a quaint old structure built in Spanish style. Mobile was held by the Confederates throughout the war, not surrendering until after General Lee had done so in April, 1865, although the Union forces had previously captured the harbor entrance. This capture was one of Admiral Farragut's achievements. Having opened the Mississippi River in 1863, Farragut, in January, 1864, made a reconnoissance of the forts at the entrance to Mobile Bay, and expressed the opinion that with a single iron-clad and five thousand men he could take the city. Several months elapsed, however, before the attempt was made, but in August he got together a fleet of four iron-clads and fourteen wooden vessels, and on the 5th ran past the forts at the entrance, after a desperate engagement, in which one of his ships, the Tecumseh, was sunk by striking a torpedo, and he lost three hundred and thirty-five men. During the fight, Farragut watched it and

gave his directions from a place high up in the main rigging of his flagship, the Hartford. Shoal water and channel obstructions prevented his ascending to the city, but in a few days the forts surrendered, the harbor was held, and blockade-running, which had been very profitable, ceased.

Mobile Bay is one of the finest harbors on the coast of the Gulf of Mexico. Its broad waters have low shores, backed by gentle slopes leading up to forest-clad plateaus behind, a large surface being wooded and displaying fine magnolias and yellow pines, while in the lowland swamps and along the water-courses are cypress, and interspersed the live oak, festooned with gray moss. But almost everywhere Southern Alabama, like Florida, displays splendid pine forests, reminding of Longfellow's invocation to *My Cathedral:*

"Like two cathedral towers these stately pines
Uplift their fretted summits tipped with cones;
The arch beneath them is not built with stones,
Not Art but Nature traced these lovely lines,
And carved this graceful arabesque of vines;
No organ but the wind here sighs and moans,
No sepulchre conceals a martyr's bones,
No marble bishop on his tomb reclines.
Enter! the pavement, carpeted with leaves,
Gives back a softened echo to thy tread!
Listen! the choir is singing; all the birds,
In leafy galleries beneath the eaves,
Are singing! Listen, ere the sound be fled,
And learn there may be worship without words."

And in garden and grove, all about, there is a wealth of semi-tropical flowers and shrubbery, with their rich perfumes crowned by the delicious orange tree, whereof Hoyt thus pleasantly sings:

"Yes, sing the song of the orange tree,
With its leaves of velvet green;
With its luscious fruit of sunset hue,
The finest that ever was seen;
The grape may have its bacchanal verse,
To praise the fig we are free;
But homage I pay to the queen of all,
The glorious orange tree."

THE VALLEY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

XX.

THE VALLEY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

The Father of Waters—Its Drainage Area—The Big Muddy—Sources of the Missouri—The Great Falls—Fort Benton—Sioux City—Council Bluffs—Omaha—St. Joseph—Atchison—Leavenworth—Lawrence—Topeka—Osowatomie—John Brown—Kansas Emigrants—The Walls of Corn—Kansas City—Wyandotte—Chillicothe—Florida—Mark Twain—Muscatine—Burlington—Nauvoo—Keokuk—Des Moines—St. Louis—Jefferson Barracks—Egypt—Belmont—Columbus—Island No. 10—Fort Pillow—The Chickasaws—Memphis—Mississippi River Peculiarities—Its Deposits and Cut-Offs—The Alluvial Bottom Lands—St. Francis Basin—Helena—White River—Arkansas River—Fort Smith—Little Rock—Arkansas Hot Springs—Washita River—Napoleon—Yazoo Basin—Vicksburg—Natchez Indians—Natchez—Red River—Texarkana—Shreveport—Red River Rafts—Atchafalaya River—Baton Rouge—Biloxi—Beauvoir—Pass Christian—New Orleans—Battle of New Orleans—Lake Pontchartrain—The Mississippi Levees—Crevasses—The Delta and Passes—The Balize—The Forts—South Pass—Eads Jetties—Gulf of Mexico.

THE BIG MUDDY.

The great "Father of Waters," with its many tributaries, drains a territory of a million and a half square miles, in which live almost one-half the population of the United States. The length of the Mississippi River from Lake Itasca to the Gulf of Mexico is about twenty-six hundred miles, the actual distance in a direct line being but sixteen hundred and sixty miles. Its name comes from the Ojibway

words *Misi Sepe*, meaning the "great river, flowing everywhere," and the early explorers spelled it "Mesasippi." The Iroquois called it the Kahnahweyokah, having much the same meaning. The upper waters of the Mississippi have already been described in a preceding chapter, and taken in connection with its chief tributary, the Missouri, it is one of the longest rivers in the world, the distance from the source to the Gulf being almost forty-two hundred miles. The Dakotas called this stream *Minni-shosha*, or the "muddy water," and its popular name throughout the Northwest, from the turbid current it carries, has come to be the "Big Muddy." The head streams rise in Idaho, the *Eda Hoe* of the Nez Perces, meaning the "Light on the Mountains," and in Wyoming. The name of the Indian nation through whose lands its upper waters flow—the Dakotahs—means the "Confederate People," indicating a league of various tribes. The Mississippi drains practically the whole country between the Appalachian Mountains on the east and the "Continental Divide" of the Rockies on the west.

The Missouri River is formed in southwestern Montana, by the union of the Jefferson, Madison and Gallatin Rivers. Its length from the source of the Madison River in the Yellowstone National Park to its confluence with the Mississippi above St. Louis is about three thousand miles. The first exploration of the headwaters of the Missouri was by the famous

expedition of Captains Lewis and Clark in 1805, who ascended to its sources, and crossing the Rockies descended the Snake and Columbia Rivers into Oregon. They found the confluence of the three rivers making the Missouri, in July, and called it "the Three Forks," at the same time naming the rivers after President Jefferson and his Secretaries of State and the Treasury. The Missouri, from the junction, first flows northward through the defiles of the Rockies, and breaks out of the mountain wall in Prickly Pear Canyon, at the Gate of the Mountains, where the rocky cliffs rise twelve hundred feet. Forty miles northeast it goes down its Great Falls to a lower plateau, having a total descent of nearly five hundred feet, the stream contracting in the gorge to a width of three hundred yards, and tumbling over repeated cascades, with intervening rapids. The Black Eagle descends fifty feet, Colter's Falls twelve feet, the Crooked Falls twenty feet, the Rainbow forty-eight feet, and the Great Falls ninety-two feet, this series of rapids and cascades covering a distance of sixteen miles. Lewis and Clark were the first white men who saw these magnificent cataracts of the Upper Missouri, and they named the different falls. The Black Eagle was named from the fact that on an island at its foot an eagle had fixed her nest on a cottonwood tree. It is recorded by a United States Engineer officer who was there in 1860, that the eagle's nest then still remained in the

cottonwood tree on the island, being occupied by a bald eagle of large size. Again in 1872 the nest and the old eagle were still there, and from the longevity of these birds, it was then believed to be the same eagle seen in 1805. The old eagle nest and cottonwood tree are all gone now, and in their place are a big dam, power-house and huge ore-smelter, worked by the ample water-power of the fall. The flourishing town of Great Falls gets its prosperity from these cataracts and is a prominent locality for copper-smelting, having fifteen thousand people. At the head of river navigation, some distance farther down, is the military post of Fort Benton. The river then flows eastward through Montana, receives the Yellowstone at Fort Buford and turns southeast in North Dakota, passing Bismarck, the capital, and flowing south and southeast it becomes the boundary between Nebraska and Kansas on the west, and South Dakota, Iowa and Missouri on the northeast. Its course is through an alluvial valley of great fertility, from which it gathers the sediment with which its waters are so highly charged. Much of the adjacent territory in Dakota and Montana is covered by the extensive reservations of the Indian tribes of the Northwest, where the remnants now live a semi-nomadic life under military guardianship and government control. The river flows past Yankton, a supply post for these reservations, which being the settlement farthest up-stream, was thus named Yankton,

meaning "the village at the end." Some distance below, the Big Sioux River flows in, forming the boundary between Dakota and Iowa, and here is Sioux City, where there are forty thousand people, much trade, and important manufactures.

Below here lived the Omahas, or "up-stream" Indians, and soon the Missouri in its onward course flows between Omaha and Council Bluffs. Here the bluffs bordering the river recede for some distance on the eastern bank, making a broad plain adjoining the shore, whither the Indians of all the region formerly came to hold their councils and make treaties. A settlement naturally grew at the Council Bluffs, which is now a city of twenty-five thousand people on the plain and adjacent hills, with fine residences in the numerous glens intersecting the bluffs in every direction. Three bridges cross the Missouri to Omaha, on the western shore, two for railways, one of them being the great steel bridge carrying over the Union Pacific, the pioneer railroad constructed to the Pacific Coast. Omaha is the chief city of Nebraska, the State receiving its name from the Nebraska river, meaning the "place of broad shallow waters." Omaha has over one hundred and fifty thousand people and is built on a wide plateau elevated about eighty feet above the river, from which it gradually slopes upward. It dates from 1854, but did not receive its impetus until the completion of the Pacific Railway converged to it various lines

bringing an enormous trade. From its position at the initial point it is known as the "Gate City." There are large manufactures and its meat-packing industries are of the first importance, while its enterprise is giving it rapid growth. The Union Pacific Railroad pursues its route westward through Nebraska, up the valley of the Platte River for several hundred miles, and at Fort Omaha, just north of the city, is the military headquarters of the Department.

THE STATE OF KANSAS.

Various great railways bound to the West cross the Missouri in its lower course. The river flows between Kansas and Missouri, and here are St. Joseph with sixty thousand people, immense railway and stock-yards, and many factories; and Atchison with twenty thousand population and large flouring-mills, where the Atchison railway system formerly had its initial point, though now it traverses the country from Chicago southwest to Santa Fe and the Pacific Ocean. Leavenworth, a city of twenty-five thousand, has grown at the site of Fort Leavenworth, one of the important early posts on the Missouri. To the southward the Kaw or Kansas River flows in, the Indian "Smoky Water," coming from the west, draining the greater part of the State which it names. Upon this river is Lawrence, the seat of the Kansas State University, having a thousand students, and of

Haskell Institute, a Government training-school for Indian boys and girls. Westward along the Kansas River broadly spread the vast and fertile prairies making the agricultural wealth of the State, and sixty-seven miles from the Missouri, built on both sides of the river, is Topeka, the capital, having thirty-five thousand people, large mills and an extensive trade with the surrounding farm district. In this eastern portion of Kansas, prior to the Civil War, was fought, often with bloodshed, the protracted border contest between the free-soil and pro-slavery parties for the possession of the State, that had so much to do with bringing on the greater conflict. When Congress passed the bill in 1854 organizing Nebraska and Kansas into territories, an effort began to establish slavery, and the Missourians coming over the border tried to control. They founded Atchison and other places and sent in settlers. At the same time Aid Societies for anti-slavery emigrants began colonizing from New England, large numbers thus coming to preëmpt lands. During four years the contests went on, Lawrence and other towns being besieged and burnt. The first Free-State Constitution was framed at Topeka in 1855, which Congress would not approve, and the following year the pro-slavery Constitution was enacted at Lecompton, which the people rejected. After the Civil War began, Kansas was admitted to the Union in 1861 with slavery prohibited. Among

the free-soilers who went out to engage in these Kansas conflicts was old John Brown. Near the Missouri border, to the southward of Kansas River, is the little town of Osowatomie, in the early settlement of which Brown took part. Here he had his fights with the slavery invaders who came over from Missouri, finally burning the place and killing Brown's son, a tragedy said to have inspired his subsequent crusade against Harper's Ferry, which practically opened the Civil War. A monument is erected to John Brown's memory at Osawatomie. The New England emigration to Kansas in those momentous times inspired Whittier's poem, *The Kansas Emigrants:*

"We cross the prairie as of old
The Pilgrims crossed the sea,
To make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free!

"We go to rear a wall of men
On Freedom's southern line,
And plant beside the cotton-tree
The rugged Northern pine!

"We're flowing from our native hills
As our free rivers flow;
The blessing of our Mother-land
Is on us as we go.

"We go to plant her common schools
On distant prairie swells,
And give the Sabbaths of the wild
The music of her bells.

"Upbearing, like the Ark of old,
The Bible in our van,
We go to test the truth of God
Against the fraud of man.

"No pause nor rest, save where the streams
That feed the Kansas run,
Save where our Pilgrim gonfalon
Shall flout the setting sun!

"We'll tread the prairie as of old
Our fathers sailed the sea,
And make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free!"

The Civil War ended all these conflicts, and since then Kansas has been eminently peaceful. It is now the leading State of the corn belt which broadly crosses the middle of the United States. Its vast corn crops make the wealth of the people, and as they may be good or poor, the Kansan is in joy or despair. One year the farmers will be overwhelmed with debt; the next brings an ample crop, and they pay their debts and are in affluence. Thus throbs the pulse as the sunshine and rains may make a corn crop in the State that sometimes exceeds three hundred millions of bushels; and then there are not enough railway cars available to carry away the product. In a good crop the cornstalks grow to enormous heights, sometimes reaching twenty feet to the surmounting tassel, and a tall man on tiptoe can about touch the ears, while a two-pound ear is a customary weight, with thirty-five ears to a

bushel. These vast cornfields, watched year by year and crop after crop by the hard-working wife of a Kansas farmer, caused her to write the touching lyric which has become the Kansas national hymn, Mrs. Ellen P. Allerton's "Walls of Corn":

"Smiling and beautiful, heaven's dome
Bends softly over our prairie home.

"But the wide, wide lands that stretched away
Before my eyes in the days of May;

"The rolling prairie's billowy swell,
Breezy upland and timbered dell;

"Stately mansion and hut forlorn—
All are hidden by walls of corn.

"All the wide world is narrowed down
To walls of corn, now sere and brown.

"What do they hold—these walls of corn,
Whose banners toss in the breeze of morn?

"He who questions may soon be told—
A great State's wealth these walls enfold.

"No sentinels guard these walls of corn,
Never is sounded the warder's horn;

"Yet the pillars are hung with gleaming gold,
Left all unbarred, though thieves are bold.

"Clothes and food for the toiling poor;
Wealth to heap at the rich man's door;

"Meat for the healthy, and balm for him
Who moans and tosses in chamber dim;

"Shoes for the barefoot; pearls to twine
In the scented tresses of ladies fine;

"Things of use for the lowly cot
Where (bless the corn!) want cometh not;

"Luxuries rare for the mansion grand,
Booty for thieves that rob the land—

"All these things, and so many more
It would fill a book but to name them o'er,

"Are hid and held in these walls of corn
Whose banners toss in the breeze of morn.

"Where do they stand, these walls of corn,
Whose banners toss in the breeze of morn?

"Open the atlas, conned by rule,
In the olden days of the district school.

"Point to this rich and bounteous land
That yields such fruits to the toiler's hand.

"'Treeless desert,' they called it then,
Haunted by beasts and forsook by men.

"Little they knew what wealth untold
Lay hid where the desolate prairies rolled.

"Who would have dared, with brush or pen,
As this land is now, to paint it then?

"And how would the wise ones have laughed in scorn
Had prophet foretold these walls of corn
Whose banners toss in the breeze of morn."

The Kansas River flows into the Missouri at Kansas City, the chief settlement of the Missouri Valley, entirely the growth of the period since the Civil War, through the prodigious development of the railways. There are two cities where the Missouri is crossed by three fine bridges, and having two hundred thousand people, the larger being Kansas City in Missouri, on the southern river bank, and the other adjoining is Kansas City or Wyandotte, the

largest city in Kansas, through which the Kansas River flows. The two cities are separated by the State boundary between Kansas and Missouri. Next to Chicago, this place has the largest stock-yards and packing-house plants, and does an enormous trade in cattle, meats and grain, many railroads radiating in all directions. The site was originally the home of the Wyandotte Indians who were removed here from Ohio in 1843. The town of Wyandotte had a small population prior to the Civil War, but the growth did not begin until after the close of that conflict had stimulated railway building and western colonization, and being on the trail from the Missouri River to the southwest, this gave the first impetus. These cities now have a rapid expansion, and are the greatest railway centres west of the Mississippi River, their lines going to the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific through sections of country which are rapidly populating and developing vast agricultural and mineral products.

The Missouri River traverses the entire State of Missouri in winding, turbid current from west to east. It passes Jefferson City, the State Capital, having about seven thousand people, and just below receives the Osage River coming up from the southwest. At Chillicothe to the northwest is buried Nelson Kneiss, who composed the music for Thomas Dunn English's popular ballad of *Ben Bolt;* and at Florida, to the northeast, was born in November, 1835, the

humorist, Samuel L. Clemens, *Mark Twain*. Captain Sellers, who furnished river news to the New Orleans *Picayune*, had used this *nom-de-plume*, and dying in 1863, Clemens adopted it. Twenty miles above St. Louis the Missouri flows into the Mississippi, contributing the greater volume of water to the joint stream, the clear Mississippi waters, pushed over to the eastern bank, refusing for a long distance below to mingle with the turbid flood of the Missouri.

THE CITY OF ST. LOUIS.

The Mississippi River below the Moline Rapids at Rock Island passes various flourishing cities, including Muscatine and Burlington, the former having considerable trade in timber and food products, while Burlington, a much larger place, spreads back from the bluffs and is a busy railroad city, fronted by a beautiful reach of the river. About thirty miles below, on the Illinois shore, is Nauvoo, a small town chiefly raising grapes and wine, but formerly one of the leading settlements on the river. This town was originally built by the Mormons under the lead of their prophet, Joseph Smith, in 1838, after they had been driven from various places in New York, Ohio and Missouri. Nauvoo flourished greatly, reaching fifteen thousand population, but dissensions arose and the enmity of the growing population elsewhere caused riots, in one of which, in 1844, Smith, who had been arrested and taken to jail at Carthage,

Illinois, was killed. Brigham Young then assumed leadership, and in 1845 removed the colony over to the Missouri River at Council Bluffs, finally migrating to the Great Salt Lake in Utah, two years later. Below Nauvoo are the Lower Rapids of the Mississippi, extending twelve miles to Keokuk, a beautiful city built partly along the river, but mostly on the summit of the bluffs, here rising one hundred and fifty feet. Keokuk was a noted Indian chief, his name meaning the "watchful fox." Des Moines River, forming the boundary between Iowa and Missouri, flows in at the lower edge of the city, having come down from the northwest and passing the Iowa State Capital, Des Moines, at the head of navigation, where there is a population of sixty thousand and extensive manufactures. This city has a magnificent Capitol, erected at a cost of $3,000,000, and its prosperity is largely due to the extensive coal measures of the neighborhood. It has grown around the site of the former frontier outpost of Fort Des Moines, built in the early days for protection against the Sioux. Below are Quincy, Hannibal and Alton, the latter being just above the confluence with the Missouri, and then the Mississippi River flows majestically past the levee at St. Louis, the chief city on its banks, having two great railway bridges crossing over to the Illinois shore.

When the French held Louisiana, a grant was made in 1762 to Pierre Ligueste Laclede and his

partners to establish, as the "Louisiana Fur Company," trading-posts on the Mississippi. Laclede in that year came out from France to New Orleans, and in 1764, in order to open the fur trade with the Indians on the Missouri, he ascended the Mississippi, and on February 15th made the first settlement on the site of St. Louis, building a house and four stores and naming the place in honor of King Louis XV. of France. He had frequent journeys along the river, and died upon one of them near the mouth of the Arkansas in 1778. The post was made the capital of Upper Louisiana, but it grew very slowly, having only a thousand people when Louisiana was ceded to the United States in 1803. The development of steamboating and afterwards of the railway systems, all the great lines seeking St. Louis, gave it rapid growth subsequently, and its population now reaches seven hundred thousand. It spreads with its vast railway terminals for nearly twenty miles along the Mississippi, sweeping in a grand curve past the centre of the city, which rises in repeated terraces as it extends westward back from the river, the highest being two hundred feet above the water-level. It has an enormous trade and extensive manufactures, being the largest tobacco-making city in the world, and having one of the greatest American breweries, the Anheuser-Busch Company. Its Chamber of Commerce, of sandstone in Renaissance, is a noted building, and its grand Court House, erected as

a Greek cross, is surmounted by a dome three hundred feet high. It also has a new and magnificent City Hall. St. Louis been singularly free from fires, but its great disaster was upon May 27, 1896, when a terrific tornado swept through the city, killing three hundred people and destroying property valued at $10,000,000.

The chief institution of learning is Washington University, which has fine new buildings in Forest Park on the western verge of the city, and cares for seventeen hundred students. The park system is very extensive, spreading partially around the built-up portions and embracing twenty-one hundred acres. The chief of these are the Forest Park, with fine trees and drives, the Tower Grove Park, Lafayette and Carondelet Parks, and in the northern suburbs O'Fallon Park, having adjacent the spacious Bellefontaine and Calvary Cemeteries. The gem of the system, however, is the Missouri Botanical Garden of seventy-five acres, the best of its kind in the country, which was bequeathed to the city by Henry Shaw, a native of Sheffield, England, who came to St. Louis, grew up with the city, and died there in 1889. The great attraction of St. Louis is its splendid bridge crossing the Mississippi, built by James B. Eads and completed in 1874 at a cost of $10,000,000, carrying a railway across, with a highway on the upper deck, being more than two thousand yards long, and resting on arches rising fifty-

five feet above the water. The railway is tunnelled under the city for nearly a mile, and leads to the Union Station, which is one of the largest in the world. The Merchants' Bridge, which cost $3,000,000, brings another railway over, three miles above; and a third bridge is projected. The vast aggregation of railways centering at St. Louis also uses another bridge route north of the city, crossing the Missouri just above its mouth and then the Mississippi to Alton on the Illinois shore. The military post of St. Louis is Jefferson Barracks down the river, an important station of the United States army.

DESCENDING THE MISSISSIPPI.

The scenery of the Mississippi River changes below St. Louis, and it loses much of the picturesqueness displayed by the bluff shores above. The mass of the waters is larger, the shores lower, and the adjacent regions more subject to overflow. There are many bends and islands, and the Ohio River comes in at the end of the long low peninsula of Cairo, further adding to the enormous current. The Southern Illinois lowlands have long been known as Egypt, and upon these bottom lands are grown prolific crops of corn. In one field in the great crop of 1899, covering over six thousand acres south of Ava, was raised six hundred thousand bushels, the banner American cornfield of that year. Twenty miles below Cairo is Columbus, on a high bluff upon

the Kentucky shore, having Belmont opposite in Missouri, this having been the scene of General Grant's first battle in the Civil War. The Confederates in 1861 had fortified Columbus and placed twenty thousand men there to hold the Mississippi. Grant, in November, made an attack upon Belmont, and broke up and destroyed their outpost camp in spite of a heavy fire from Columbus, afterwards cutting his way out and returning to Cairo. When in the next spring Forts Henry and Donelson were captured, the Confederates found Columbus untenable and abandoned it without a contest. Fifty miles below is Donaldson Point, and off it the noted Island No. 10, for all these islands below Cairo were numbered. The Union gunboats attacked Island No. 10 in March, 1862, and carried on a bombardment and siege for a month, when it was captured with New Madrid on the Missouri shore several miles farther down, they being mutually dependent. The remains of earthworks are still visible on the island, and also the canal cut to assist in the investment. The Mississippi beyond, skirts the various bluffs of the Chickasaw region on the eastern bank, while on the western shore are broad alluvial lowlands, as the great river passes between Tennessee and Arkansas. On the first Chickasaw bluff is Fort Pillow, another Confederate stronghold, which, however, they were compelled to abandon in June, 1862, as the Union army had got in their rear. Here afterwards oc-

curred the "Fort Pillow Massacre," in April, 1864, when the Confederates under General Forrest attacked and captured it.

All the region hereabout was inhabited by the Chickasaw Indians, who were so called in their language because they were "swamp-dwellers" and "eaters of the bog-potato." This tribe long ago removed to the Indian territory, where they are now in a prosperous condition and successful agriculturists. On the southwestern border of Tennessee is what is known as the fourth Chickasaw bluff, and here is the city of Memphis, the leading town between St. Louis and New Orleans. The bluff shore rises about eighty feet above the river at the ordinary stage of water, and is fronted by a wide levee extending for two miles and a broad esplanade bordered by warehouses. It was here that De Soto in 1541, with his band of adventurous explorers searching for gold, came and first saw the great river, their chronicler writing home "the river was so broad that if a man stood still on the other side, it could not be told whether he was a man or no; the channel was very deep, the current strong, the water muddy and filled with floating trees." Memphis is a handsome city, attractively laid out, the residential section having spacious lawn-bordered avenues, and there being an attractive park in the centre, the Court Square inhabited by numerous squirrels and adorned by Andrew Jack-

son's bust. Memphis has seventy thousand people, and a large trade both by river and railroad, being a leading cotton-shipping port, whence steamboats take vast amounts down to New Orleans for foreign export. Among its attractions are the cotton compresses and cotton-seed oil mills. In the Civil War, Memphis was captured by the Union gunboats in June, 1862, and held afterwards. On the outskirts, a grim memorial of the great conflict, is the National Cemetery, with fourteen thousand Union soldiers' graves.

PECULIARITIES OF THE GREAT RIVER.

The Mississippi below the mouth of the Ohio is an entirely changed river. Above that stream, it is similar to most other inland waterways, having tolerably stable banks and not much change in width. Below Cairo, however, the deposits forming the banks are composed of alternate layers of sand and mud or clay, the sand having been deposited by running water, and the mud in comparatively still water, so that the sand-layers are readily washed out, thus causing the banks to cave whenever the current sets against them. Below the influx of the Ohio, the river traverses alluvial bottom lands of inexhaustible fertility, and usually stretching to a width of forty miles or more. These alluvial lands have a general southern slope of about eight inches to the mile, and stretch five hundred miles to the southward, the river

winding through them in a devious course for eleven hundred miles, occasionally on the eastern side washing bluffs of one to three hundred feet. The slope is sufficient to create high velocities in the current, making a very unstable channel, constantly shifting laterally and causing the river to develop into a serpentine form, one bend following another continuously. The immediate river, wherever it may be at the time, is confined by banks of its own creation, which, like all sediment-bearing rivers, are highest near the stream itself. Thus apparently following a low ridge through the bottom lands, the resistless mass of muddy water sweeps onward with swiftness, eroding its outer banks in the bends and rebuilding them on the opposite points, frequently forming islands by its deposits, and as frequently removing them, as the direction of flow may be modified by the unending changes in progress. Chief among these changes is the formation of "cut-offs." Two vast eroding bends covering several miles of distance gradually approach each other until the water forces a passage across the narrow neck. As the channel distance between these bends may have been many miles around, the sudden "cut-off" makes a cascade of several feet, through which the torrent rushes with a roar heard far away. The sandy banks dissolve like so much sugar, in a single day the course of the river is radically changed, and steamboats pass where a few hours before was culti-

vated land. The checking of the current at the upper and lower mouths of the abandoned channel soon obstructs them with the deposits, and in a few years forms a crescent-shaped lake, of which there are so many in the bottoms adjacent to the river. The convex bank in a bend is built up as rapidly by the deposits as the opposite concave bank washes off, so that the river does not usually become any wider in the bends on account of the process. The deepest water is always next to the concave or wasting bank, where the most current flows. It is not an unusual sight along this extraordinary river to see an ancient and well-constructed house hanging over the caving bank, destined ultimately to drop into the water. It may originally have been a mile from the river in the centre of an old plantation, but the mighty current sweeping around and into the bend has worn away the land, often dissolving it by acres, and as it dropped in, has piled the sediment on the opposite point, thus steadily moving the river over without materially changing the width, until it is ready to engulf the house.

While the great river above the Ohio is generally bordered by limestone bluffs, making stable conditions, yet below, the Mississippi flows through a region wholly formed by its own deposits. It is said the alluvial basin below Cairo was once an estuary of the Gulf of Mexico, and that it has been raised in level, along with the entire southern portion of the

Continent, about a hundred feet, and then filled in with the sediment the river carries down. This alluvial region is sometimes as much as seventy miles wide; and when not confined to the channel by levees, the natural course of a great Mississippi flood is to spread entirely over the basin. These floods will rise fifty feet, and the basin then becomes a great reservoir and storage-ground for the surplus waters, though the levee system has much restricted this. It is estimated that the annual discharge of the Mississippi is twenty-one million millions of cubic feet of water, and that it carries in a year four hundred millions of tons of solid material down to the Gulf to be deposited; thus cutting away from its banks a space equalling ten square miles of territory eighty feet deep. It takes one-fourth the rainfall of its valley down to the Gulf, or water equalling a depth of seven or eight inches over its whole drainage area, and the solid matter annually carried along and deposited there is equal to a body a mile square and three hundred and sixty feet high. The flow of the river is from one to six miles an hour in different stages and sections. The flood periods are in April and June, the river being above the mid-stage usually from January to August; and the lowest stage comes generally in October.

MEMPHIS TO VICKSBURG.

Following down the great river, its winding and varying channel south of Memphis becomes the

boundary between the States of Mississippi and Arkansas. To the westward the Arkansas shore is a lowland and the interior largely swamps, with many bayous and lakes, the tributaries of St. Francis River, which, rising in the Iron Mountain district of Missouri, flows four hundred and fifty miles, generally southward, to fall into the Mississippi just above Helena. This river passes through a continuous swamp after entering Arkansas, spreads into numerous lakes, and its extensive basin is one of the great reservoirs of overflow relieving the Mississippi in time of flood. Its port of Helena has a trade in timber brought out of the neighboring swamps and forests. About one hundred miles below, the White River and the Arkansas River flow in upon the western shore. Very curiously, these rivers, having mouths about fifteen miles apart, join some distance above, their waters commingling in the alluvial bottom land. The White River is nine hundred miles long, rises in the Ozark Mountains of Northern Arkansas, makes a long circuit through Missouri and then comes southward, being navigable some four hundred miles to Batesville, the seat of Arkansas College. The Arkansas River, next to the Missouri, is the greatest Mississippi tributary, being nearly twenty-two hundred miles long and having its sources in the Rockies in Colorado, out of which it flows in a magnificent canyon. It comes for five hundred miles eastward through plains that are largely sterile,

enters Kansas, turns southeast in the Indian Territory, and crosses the State of Arkansas to its mouth, being navigable for eight hundred miles. At the western border of the State the river is guarded by Fort Smith, where an active town has grown around the former frontier post on the verge of the Indian Territory, having large trade and a population of fifteen thousand.

In the centre of Arkansas, this great river, being about four hundred yards wide, passes the State capital Little Rock, having thirty thousand people, its largest city, with railways radiating in all directions, and conducting an extensive cotton trade. Its State House is attractive, and spreading magnolias pleasantly shade many of the streets. A spur of the Ozark Mountains comes down to the westward of Little Rock, and its foothills are thrust out towards the Arkansas River. In ascending it through the lowlands from the Mississippi, the original explorers met here the only elevations of land they had seen, the first being a rocky cliff rising about fifty feet above the water, which they called the "Little Rock," and on it the city has been built, while two miles above another cliff, rising five hundred feet, is called the "Big Rock." Southwest of Little Rock, in this spur of the Ozark Mountains, is the famous Arkansas town of Hot Springs, having ten thousand inhabitants and many visitors. It is located in a narrow gorge between the Hot Springs

Mountain on the east and West Mountain, the wide Main Street being flanked on one side by bath-houses and on the other by hotels and shops. There are over seventy springs, rising on the western slope of the Hot Springs Mountain above the town, and discharging daily five hundred thousand gallons of clear, tasteless and odorless waters, of varying temperatures, the highest 158°. They contain a little silica and carbonate of lime, but their beneficial effects in rheumatism, gout, costiveness and other troubles are ascribed mainly to their heat and purity. There is a large Government Hospital here for the army and navy, the Springs being United States property. The waters flow into the Washita River, which passes through a pleasant valley to the southward and then goes off nearly six hundred miles down into Louisiana to the Red River. At the mouth of Arkansas River on the Mississippi is the town of Napoleon.

The vast current of the Mississippi River, constantly augmented by capacious tributaries, naturally finds outlets in times of flood through the banks, and thus overspreads the extensive adjacent lowlands. To the eastward, south of Memphis, and extending down almost to Vicksburg, is the enormous Yazoo Basin, a lowland of many bayous and lakes, making a region of excessive fertility, and its Choctaw name has thus been naturally acquired, meaning "leafy." The river originates in the bayous and sloughs

springing from the eastern Mississippi bank, which form the Tallahatchie River, and that stream, uniting with the Yallabusha and the Sunflower, make the deep, winding and very sluggish Yazoo, flowing nearly three hundred miles down to the Mississippi, twelve miles above Vicksburg. The extensive bottom lands of this Yazoo Delta compose about one-sixth of the State of Mississippi, its entire northwestern portion, and being a rich agricultural region are traversed by railways and have many flourishing towns and villages. There is a perfect network of waterways throughout this fertile delta, over thirty of the streams being navigable for large steamboats, and it also has extensive forests of valuable timber. The entire region is alluvial, the soil having been deposited by the overflows of the Mississippi during past ages, and now that this extensive basin is protected by an elaborate system of levees from further overflows, almost the whole of it is available for cultivation. There are nearly five millions of acres of reclaimed lands here, and though less than one-fifth of this surface is devoted to cotton, it is said to grow more of that great staple than any other single district in the world. The malaria, often prevalent along the Yazoo, led the Choctaws to call it the "river of death."

Both banks of the Mississippi below the Arkansas River are lined with cotton plantations, giving a most interesting scene during the harvesting of the

fleecy crop in the autumn. The broad plantations disclose the comfortable and often quaint planters' houses of the olden time embosomed in trees, and as one progresses southward the trees become more and more draped with the dark and sombre Spanish moss, giving a weird appearance to the shores. The Yazoo flows in, and the long and imposing range of the Walnut Hills rises on the eastern bank to five hundred feet elevation. Here a planter named Vick made the first settlement in 1836, and the city of Vicksburg has grown on the summit and slopes of the hills, the lucrative traffic of the Yazoo delta providing a chief source of its prosperity, making it the largest city in the state of Mississippi, there being fifteen thousand people. It presents a picturesque view from the river, but is chiefly known abroad from its famous siege and capture by General Grant in July, 1863. The Confederates, having lost Memphis and New Orleans, made their last desperate stand to hold the Mississippi River at Vicksburg, surrounding it with vast fortifications, crowning the hills with batteries, not only along the river front, but up the Yazoo River to Haines' Bluff. Several attempts were made to capture it in 1862, Farragut's fleet running past, and Grant began operations in the spring of 1863. After several battles, he appeared before the city in May, assaulting and being repulsed, and then began the siege which resulted in the surrender on July 4th. General Pemberton,

THE SEAL AND BEAR, GARDEN OF THE GODS, COLORADO

commanding Vicksburg, surrendered thirty-one thousand men, his previous losses exceeding ten thousand. General Grant had similar losses, his forces engaged in the siege and preliminary battles approximating seventy thousand men. This siege greatly damaged the city, while in 1876 the Mississippi, in one of its peculiar freaks, cut through a neck of land opposite, took an entirely new channel, and left Vicksburg isolated on an inland lake. The Government has since, at heavy expense, diverted the Yazoo outflow past the city and restored the harbor. There are beautiful views and romantic glens in the Walnut Hills, with many traces of the old fortifications, while a favorite drive is to the extensive National Cemetery, where seventeen thousand soldiers' graves recall the terrific conflicts of the Civil War.

NATCHEZ TO NEW ORLEANS.

When the Sieur de la Salle made his voyage of exploration down the great Father of Waters from the Falls of St. Anthony to the Gulf of Mexico, he found in the spring of 1682 an interesting Indian settlement on the eastern bank a hundred miles below Vicksburg. This settlement was under a bluff rising a hundred and fifty feet above the river. Later, in 1699, Commander d'Iberville examined the Mississippi delta, and having founded Fort St. Louis at Biloxi, heard of these Indians, sought their friendship, and in 1700 came up and established a trading-

post at their village under the bluff. He described them as numbering twelve hundred warriors, living in nine contiguous villages, ruled by a chief of the "family of the suns," their highest caste, and called the Natchez Indians, the word meaning "the hurrying men, running as in war." The French kept up communication with them, and regarded the tribe as the noblest of the many with whom they had been brought in contact in America. These Indians had a religious creed and ceremonies not unlike the "Fire Worshippers" of Persia. In their "Temple of the Sun," the priests kept the sacred fire constantly burning on the altar, their tradition being that the fire came originally from heaven and had always been maintained. In 1713 the Sieur de Bienville, who had succeeded his brother, d'Iberville, built Fort Rosalie alongside the landing, and around it grew a town which was the beginning of the city of Natchez. Unfortunately, just about this time the Indians' sacred fire accidentally went out, and attributing this to the coming of the white men, they became dissatisfied and conflicts arose. There were repeated fights, and in 1729 they swooped down upon the settlement and massacred the French. The following year troops came up from New Orleans, attacked and scattered them, burning their villages, and the tribe ultimately disappeared, the last small remnant of half-breed descendants remaining in Texas until recently, when they joined the Creeks and Cherokees. Now the

city of Natchez has its business portion along the narrow stretch of river-bank in front of the bluff, where some traces yet remain of the earthworks of the old French fort. The greater part of the city, however, is on the bluff, where the brow of the hill is a wide-spreading park giving a splendid outlook. Also on the bluff is a National Cemetery filled with soldiers' graves, the sad memorial of the War. There is a large river-trade at Natchez, and twelve thousand population, and in the cotton-shipping season, business along the levee is very active.

About seventy miles below, the Red River flows in, the last of the great tributaries of the Mississippi. This stream is over fifteen hundred miles long, draining a region of a hundred thousand square miles, and gets its name from the red-colored sediment its waters bring down. It originates in the extensive "Staked Plain" of northern Texas, the "Lone Star State," its sources being at twenty-five hundred feet elevation. Its flow is eastward, forming the Texan northern boundary on the border of Oklahoma and the Indian Territory, and then it turns south near the twin city of Texarkana, which stands on both sides of the line between Texas and Arkansas. Coming into Louisiana it passes Shreveport, a city of fifteen thousand people, with a large trade in cotton and cattle, and then crosses the state to the Mississippi. The special and curious feature of the Red River is the formation of rafts. Its upper shores are heavily

timbered, and vast numbers of trees are engulfed by the current washing out the banks in times of freshet, and they accumulate lower down, where the speed of the water slackens. These rafts are formed many miles long, growing by additions to the up-stream side, while the logs decay and are gradually floated off and broken up on the lower extremity. This makes the obstruction steadily move up-stream. In 1854, the great raft fifty miles above Shreveport extended thirteen miles up the river and was accumulating at the rate of nearly two miles annually. In colonial times this raft was said to have been two hundred miles lower down the river. Vegetation had taken root on the older portions, thus making a floating forest, and the retardation of the waters above made a lake over twenty miles long. In 1873, when the Government attacked it and opened a navigable channel, this raft had grown to thirty-two miles length, and the opening of the channel lowered the upper retarded waters fifteen feet. Snag-boats have since patrolled the Red River, pulling out thousands of trees every year, and breaking up the rafts, to maintain navigation. The lower course of Red River is very crooked and sluggish, through swamps and lowlands, and near its mouth part of the current, particularly in times of freshet, is diverted into Atchafalaya River, which flows for about two hundred miles southward directly to the Gulf of Mexico. This stream is said to have originally been

the outlet of Red River to the Gulf, and such it seems again coming to be, the Government having a very serious problem in dealing with it. The Mississippi River in its earlier vagaries developed a bend towards the west, which struck Red River, thus making it a tributary, the former channel silting up. It was then named Atchafalaya, meaning the "lost river." To improve navigation, some time ago this old channel was opened, when to the general astonishment, the Atchafalaya began absorbing the Red River waters and developing a large river, which now carries a current more than one-third the volume of the Mississippi, and as they all run together at high-water stages, there is a fear that the whole Mississippi may at some time conclude to go into the Atchafalaya, thus leaving New Orleans on an arm of the sea. Extensive Government works are in progress to prevent this diversion and maintain the old conditions.

Below Red River, the Mississippi is all in Louisiana, its width barely a half-mile, and its depth very great, in many places one to two hundred feet, necessary to carry the vast flow of water. The banks are throughout protected by levees, and on the last bluff rising alongside the river, on the eastern bank, is the Louisiana state capital, Baton Rouge, a quaint old city with ancient French and Spanish houses, spreading over the bluff fifty feet above the water. There is a population of about ten thousand, and overlooking the river are the State

House and the buildings of the Louisiana State University. Below Baton Rouge, both banks of the Mississippi are bordered by attractive gardens and extensive plantations, with sections of forest, sombre moss-draped trees and rich vegetation, the whole of the "coast," as the lower river banks are familiarly called, being lavish in the display of semi-tropical luxuriance. The voyage down, skirting the low shores and levees for a hundred and twenty miles, is most picturesque, as the windings of the river make pleasant views. Finally, a grand sweeping bend is rounded, where the city of New Orleans is spread out upon both banks, the streets and buildings stretching far inland upon the lowlands behind the great protective embankments.

THE CRESCENT CITY.

The Spanish in the sixteenth century made various evanescent explorations of the Gulf coast and the entrances to the Mississippi, but never gained a permanent foothold. La Salle descended the great river to its mouth in 1682, took possession of the country for France and named it Louisiana, in honor of his King Louis XIV. The first colony planted in the Province by the French was at Biloxi Bay on the Gulf coast, about eighty miles northeast of New Orleans, in February, 1699, by Commander d'Iberville. Biloxi is now a quiet town of five thousand people, having a good trade and some manufactures.

A short distance to the westward is Beauvoir, which was the home of the Confederate President, Jefferson Davis, where he died in 1889; and about ten miles farther westward is the extensive Bay St. Louis, where at Pass Christian is one of the most frequented pleasure-resorts on the Gulf coast. The French built a fort at Biloxi, and for years d'Iberville and his younger brother, the Sieur de Bienville, maintained their colony under serious difficulties, de Bienville finally deciding to change the location, and removing to Mobile bay. After considerable exploration, however, he determined upon a permanent location within the Mississippi River, and entering the passes in 1718 he ascended to where he found the most eligible fast land and founded the colony of New Orleans, naming it in honor of the then Regent of France, the Duke of Orleans. Thus began the city, which in 1721, being then described as "a village of trappers and gold hunters," was made the capital of the French royal Province of Louisiana. In 1732 it had about five thousand population, and after the transfer of sovereignty to the United States it was chartered a city in 1804, then having ten thousand. There are now two hundred and seventy-five thousand people in New Orleans.

This noted city is about one hundred and seven miles from the Gulf of Mexico, and the older portion was built around the outer curve of a grand

crescent-shaped river bend, which gave it the popular designation of the "Crescent City." It afterwards grew far up stream, and stretched around another reverse bend, so that now the river passes through in form much like the letter S. The surface descends from the river by gentle slope towards a marshy region in the rear, and is several feet below the level of high water, the levee being a strong embankment about fourteen feet high and fifteen feet wide on the surface, effectually protecting from overflow. Its magnificent position near the mouth of the river, where an enormous interior commerce, coming by railroad and steamboat, has to be transhipped to ocean-going vessels, has made the prosperity of the city. Its event of chief memory is the battle of January 8, 1815, when General Andrew Jackson defeated the British under General Pakenham. The battlefield was at Chalmette in the southern suburbs, on ground stretching from the Mississippi River bank back about a mile to the cypress swamps. The war with England had already been ended by a peace concluded at Ghent December 24, 1814, but neither side then knew of it. The British advanced from the eastward to attack the city, and a hastily constructed line of breastworks formed of cotton bales was thrown up, behind which Jackson's men were stationed to receive the attack. The result was a most disastrous defeat, Pakenham, his second in command and twenty-six hundred men falling, while

the American loss was only one hundred. A marble monument on the field commemorates the victory, and a National Cemetery, with many graves of soldiers fallen in the Civil War, now occupies a portion of the ground. In the Civil War, in April, 1862, Admiral Farragut ran his fleet past the forts commanding the river at the head of the Passes, and appearing before the city compelled its surrender, when it was occupied by the accompanying land forces under General Butler.

There is, in the older town, so much of characteristic French and Spanish survival, that New Orleans is a most interesting and picturesque city, though it has not very much to show in the way of elaborate architecture. The streets have generally French or Spanish names, and there is a distinctive French quarter inhabited by creoles, where the buildings have walls of adobé and stucco, inner courts, tiled roofs, arcades and balconies, the whole region being lavishly supplied with semi-tropical plants. The chief business thoroughfare, Canal Street, is at right-angles to the river bank, and borders the French quarter. The levee for over six miles is devoted to the shipping, and in its gathering of ocean vessels and river steamboats, loading or unloading, is a most animated place, impressing the observer with the idea that tributary to this great mart of trade is the richest agricultural valley in the world. The hero of New Orleans, General Andrew Jackson, has his

equestrian statue in Jackson Square, which was the old-time Place d'Armes, and adjoining is the French Cathedral of St. Louis, built in the eighteenth century, but since considerably altered. The chief institution of learning is Tulane University, having fine buildings and a thousand students, the benefaction of a prominent citizen. In Lafayette Square there is a statue of John McDonough, whose legacy for school-houses has built and equipped thirty spacious buildings, accommodating twenty thousand pupils. Around Lafayette Square are various public edifices and churches.

New Orleans has two fine parks, the City Park and Audubon Park, both displaying collections of live oaks and magnolias, which are picturesque. The city cemeteries also have many good trees and are attractive and peculiar. The soil being semi-fluid at a depth of two or three feet, nearly all the tombs are above ground, some being costly and beautiful structures. Most of them, however, are buildings composed of cells placed one above another to the height of seven or eight feet. The cell is only large enough to receive the coffin, and as soon as the funeral is over, it is hermetically bricked up at the narrow entrance. These cells are called "ovens," and bear tablets appropriately inscribed. The Cypress Grove Cemetery, near the City Park, is one of the most interesting. In Greenwood Cemetery, near by, is a monument to the Confederate dead,

and General Albert Sidney Johnston is interred in Metairie Cemetery, which also has his equestrian statue. In some cases the graves are in earthen mounds, while occasionally, where the interment is in the ground, the grave-digging is so arranged as to be completed just as the funeral arrives, and the coffin thus gets placed and covered before there is time for much water to ooze into the grave. The most uniquely picturesque sight in the city is furnished by the old French Market, near the levee, in the early morning, when business is in full tide, and the mixed population in peculiar costume and language is seen to advantage. A favorite resort of the people is Lake Pontchartrain, five miles north, the spacious inland sea covering nearly a thousand square miles, to which fine shell roads lead.

THE LEVEES AND THE DELTA.

The whole country around New Orleans, and indeed the entire region adjacent to the Mississippi and its bayous, would be overflowed in times of freshet were it not for the elaborate systems of levees, which are a special feature of the whole lower Mississippi Valley. The work of constructing these extensive embankments began at the foundation of the infant city of New Orleans, when a dyke a mile long was projected to protect the settlement from overflow, and it was built soon afterwards. In 1770 the settlements extended thirty miles above and

twenty miles below the city, the plantations being protected by levees. By 1828, the levees, though in many places insufficient, had become continuous nearly to the mouth of Red River. The methods of construction were various, and the authorities conflicting, but the Government took hold of the work in 1850, beginning by giving the States the swamp-lands to provide a fund for reclamation. When the Civil War began, the levees extended a thousand miles along the river, and as far north as the State of Missouri. During the war the system fell into decay, and afterwards much work of restoration was necessary. The Mississippi River Commission now has charge, under comprehensive methods, and large sums are devoted to the purpose, aggregating over $4,000,000 annually from the General Government and the States, there being continuous lines of levees from Memphis nearly to the delta below New Orleans. Were the river left to itself, in most of this region during the spring floods it would overflow the banks by several feet, this being, however, prevented by these massive earth entrenchments, through which there nevertheless often breaks a destructive crevasse. The sediment brought down by the river has been deposited most abundantly upon the banks, making their front the highest surface, so that there is a gradual descent inland and back from the river of about four feet to the mile. During the floods, an observer standing alongside the levee has the water

in the river running high above him, and when the levee breaks the bottom-lands are soon extensively overflowed. The estimate is that these lands, reclaimed and protected by the levees, embrace thirty thousand square miles of the most fertile soil in the world, about one-sixth of it being under cultivation; and that there are altogether twenty-six hundred miles of levees along the great river, and the adjunct tributary bayous, lakes and other water-courses. For nine months the water stage is low, so that very little attention is given it, but when the spring comes, the melted snows of the Rockies and the torrential rains come down usually in conjunction, bringing an enormous flood, that rushes along, filling the river to the tops of the embankments. Processes of decay and weakening are always going on —rats and mice have their burrows, and millions of crawfish, with claws like chisels, riddle the levees with holes. Then in some unexpected place the dreaded alarm is sounded that the bank is giving way and a crevasse impends. The water-soaked bank shows fissures and help is implored—bells are rung, fleet horsemen arouse the neighborhood, the people assemble and try to stop the break. But the crumbling levee soon gives way, and the swollen and muddy current pours through with a roar like Niagara, the waters spreading afar over the lowlands, and thus by reducing the stream-level bringing relief to the river, but converting the adjacent region

for many miles into a turbid lake and ruining the crops.

Below New Orleans, as the river is descended, the thick forest vegetation along the banks gradually disappears, giving place to vast expanses of marsh and isolated patches of fast land bearing stunted trees. The river banks grow less defined, and are finally lost in what appears to be an interminable marsh with many waterways. This leads to the delta, gradually built up from the sediment deposited by the river, and demonstrating the eternal conflict and gradual encroachment of the land upon the sea. Through the ages, this delta, steadily constructed by the river, has been protruded into the Gulf of Mexico, far beyond the general coast-line, and it is slowly advancing year after year from the accumulated deposits. The delta divides into the various channels or "passes" by which the waters seek the sea. These are at first bordered by shore-lines of mud, which lower down dissolve into consecutive lines of coarse grass growing from beneath the watery surface, and then they are discernible only to the practiced eye of the pilot by what appears to be a regular current flowing along in the universal waste. This delta covers an area of fourteen thousand square miles, and it divides into four separate passes, which are hardly much more than outlet currents through the expanse of waters and marsh, thus excavating deeper and navigable channels. There

are lighthouses at the entrances, and just inside the Northeast Pass is a spacious mud-bank known as the Balize, where there once was a colony of wreckers, but now are pleasant residences. Above the head of the delta, and about seventy miles below New Orleans, located in eligible positions at a bend, are Forts St. Philip and Jackson, the defensive works of the river entrance, and below them the main ship channel goes out to the Gulf through the South Pass, where the bar has been deepened through the effective scouring produced by the famous Eads Jetties on either side—one over two miles long and the other a mile and a half. These jetties cost $5,000,000, and they maintain a channel thirty feet deep. The twin lights marking their extremities can be regarded as indicating as nearly as may be the mouth of the great river, and beyond is the broad expanse of the Gulf of Mexico. Vast as is the enormous outflow brought down by the Father of Waters, the drainage of the whole broad centre of the Continent thus poured into the Gulf, yet it has no appreciable effect upon the ocean into which it flows. The Gulf easily swallows up all the Mississippi waters in a way that reminds of Rossetti's dirge:

> "Why does the sea moan evermore?
> Shut out from heaven it makes its moan,
> It frets against the boundary shore;
> All earth's full rivers cannot fill
> The sea, that drinking, thirsteth still!"

THE ROCKIES AND PACIFIC COAST.

XXI.

THE ROCKIES AND PACIFIC COAST.

The Lone Star State—The Sunset Route—Port Arthur—Galveston—Houston—Dallas—Fort Worth—Great Staked Plain—Austin—San Antonio—The Alamo—David Crockett—James Bowie—Sam Houston—Cattle Ranches—Rio Grande River—El Paso—Arizona—Tucson—Phœnix—Prehistoric Cities—Yuma—Canyons of the Colorado—Colorado Desert—Southern California—San Bernardino Valley—San Diego—Coronado Beach—The Early Missions—Climate and Scenery—Los Angeles—Santa Monica Bay—San Gabriel Valley—Santa Barbara—Monterey Bay—Del Monte—Santa Cruz—Santa Clara Valley—San José—Lick Observatory—San Joaquin Valley—Stockton—Gold Mining—The Big Trees—Yosemite Valley—Rocky Mountains—The Atchison Route—Indian Territory—Oklahoma—Raton Pass—Las Vegas—Santa Fé—Albuquerque—Mesa Encantada—Flagstaff—Mojave Desert—The Union Pacific Route—Cheyenne—Colorado—Denver—Boulder Canyon—Clear Creek Canyon—Colorado Springs—Pike's Peak—Manitou—Garden of the Gods—Pueblo—Veta Pass—Cripple Creek—Leadville—Grand Canyon of the Arkansas—Marshall Pass—Black Canyon of the Gunnison—Wyoming Fossils—Utah—Echo and Weber Canyons—Ogden—Great Salt Lake—Salt Lake City—The Mormons—Promontory Point—Nevada—Virginia City—Comstock Lode—Lake Tahoe—Donner Lake—Sacramento—The Northern Pacific Route—Butte—Anaconda Mine—Helena—Idaho—Spokane—Columbia River—Oregon—Snake River Canyon—Shoshoné Falls—The Dalles—Cascade Locks—The Great Northern Route—The Canadian Pacific Route—Regina—Moose Jaw—Medicine Hat—Calgary—Banff—Mount Stephen—Kicking Horse Pass—Rogers Pass—Mount Sir Donald—Glacier House—Eagle Pass—Great Shuswap Lake—Kamloops—Thompson

Canyon—Fraser Canyon—Vancouver—Victoria—Gulf of Georgia—Alaska—Fort Wrangell—Sitka—Juneau—Treadwell Mine—Muir Glacier—Lynn Canal—Chilkoot and Chilkat—Skaguay and Dyea—The Yukon River—The Klondyke—St. Michaels—Cape Nome—Puget Sound—Port Townsend—Everett—Seattle—Tacoma—Mount Tacoma—Mount St. Helens—Portland—Crater Lake—Mount Shasta—Benicia—Mare Island—Oakland—University of California—Menlo Park—Leland Stanford, Jr., University—San Francisco—Point Lobos—The Golden Gate.

THE LONE STAR STATE.

WESTWARD from the Mississippi River the "Sunset Route" to the Pacific leads across the sugar plantations of Louisiana. This Southern Pacific railway passes many bayous having luxuriant growth of bordering live oaks, magnolias and cypress, hung with festoons of Spanish moss, crosses the Atchafalaya River at Morgan City, and beyond, skirts along the picturesque and winding Bayou Teche in a region originally peopled by colonies of French Acadian refugees from Nova Scotia. Ultimately the route crosses Calcasieu River at Lake Charles, and thirty-eight miles beyond, goes over the Sabine River into the "Lone Star State" of Texas, the largest in the Union. The name of Texas comes from a tribe of Indians found there when La Salle made the first European settlement on the coast at Fort St. Louis on Lavaca River in 1685, but after the Spanish occupation in the eighteenth century the country was long known as the New Philippines, that being the

official designation in their records. At the mouth of Sabine River is Sabine Lake, where Port Arthur has been established as a prosperous railway terminal, having access to the Gulf by a ship canal with terminating jetties, deepening the channel outlet to the sea. Farther along the coast is Galveston, the chief Texan seaport, built on the northeastern extremity of Galveston Island, which spreads for thirty miles in front of the spacious Galveston Bay, covering nearly five hundred miles surface. The entrance from the sea is obstructed by a bar through which the Government excavated at great expense a channel, flanked by stone jetties five miles long. It is a low-lying city with wide, straight streets, embowered in luxuriant tropical vegetation, while the equable winter temperature makes it a charming health-resort. A magnificent sea-beach spreads along the Gulf front of the island for many miles. Galveston, in September, 1900, was swept by a most terrific cyclone and tidal wave, destroying thousands of lives and a vast number of buildings.

Texas was a Province of Mexico, under Spanish and afterwards Mexican rule, and its many attractions in the early nineteenth century brought a large accession of colonists to the eastern portions from the adjacent parts of the United States. The Americans became so numerous that in 1830 the Mexican Congress prohibited further immigration, and the result was a revolt in 1835, the organization of a Pro-

visional Government, a war which ended in the defeat of the Mexicans in the battle of San Jacinto in 1836, and the final independence of Texas. The people then sought annexation to the United States, but the State was not admitted until 1845, the Mexican War following. Two men of that time were prominent in Texas, Stephen F. Austin, who brought the first large colony from the United States settling on the Colorado and Brazos Rivers, and Sam Houston, who, after being Governor of Tennessee, migrated to Texas, led the revolt, commanded their army, and was made the first President of the independent State. The latter has his name preserved in the active city of Houston on Buffalo Bayou, a tributary of Galveston Bay, and about fifty miles northwest of Galveston. Houston is a busy railway centre, handling large amounts of cotton, sugar and timber, and is rapidly expanding, having sixty thousand people.

The Trinity River is the chief affluent of Galveston Bay, flowing down from Northern Texas, and having upon its banks another busy railway centre, Dallas, with fifty thousand people and an extensive trade. About thirty miles above, on Trinity River, is the old Indian frontier post of Fort Worth, now a town of forty thousand population and the headquarters of the cattle-raisers of Northern Texas. For many miles in all directions are the extensive cattle ranges, and to the north and west spreads the "Great Staked Plain," a vast plateau elevated nearly

five thousand feet above the sea, covering some fifty thousand square miles, and being surrounded by a bordering escarpment of erosion to the lower levels, much resembling palisades. The stakes driven by the early Spaniards to mark their way are said to have given this plain its name, and it has now become an almost limitless cattle pasturage. When Austin's American colony settled on the Colorado River west of Houston, his name was given the town which was ultimately selected as the State Capital, where there are now twenty thousand people who look out upon the magnificent view of the Colorado Mountains. Here is the Texas State University with seven hundred and fifty students, and one of the finest State Capitols in the country, a splendid red granite structure, which was built by a syndicate in exchange for a grant of three million acres of land, the building occupying seven years in construction and costing $3,500,000. Two miles above the city an enormous dam seventy feet high encloses the waters of Colorado River for the water supply and manufacturing power, and thus makes Lake McDonald, twenty-five miles long. A heavy storm and flood in the spring of 1900 broke this dam and let out the lake, causing great loss of life and damage in the city.

Eighty miles southwest of Austin is the ancient city of San Antonio, known as the "cradle of Texas liberty," a Spanish town upon the San Antonio and

San Pedro Rivers, small streams dividing it into irregular parts, the former receiving the latter and flowing into the Gulf at Espiritu Santo Bay. There are sixty thousand people in San Antonio, of many races, chiefly Americans, Mexicans and Germans, and it is a leading wool, cattle, horse, mule and cotton market. The Spaniards penetrated into this region in the latter part of the seventeenth century and established one of their usual joint religious-military posts among the Indians upon the plan of colonization then in vogue. The Presidio or military station was called San Antonio de Bexar, while during the early eighteenth century there were founded various religious Missions, the chief being by Franciscan monks, the Mission of San Antonio de Valero. There are four other Missions in and near the city, dating from that early period, their ancient buildings partly restored, but some of them also considerably in ruins. To the eastward of San Antonio River was built in a grove of the alamo or cottonwood trees in 1744 a low, strong, thick-walled church of adobé for the Franciscans, called from its surroundings the Alamo. When the Texans revolted, they held San Antonio as an outpost with a garrison of one hundred and forty-five men, commanded by Colonel James Bowie, the famous duellist and inventor of the "bowie knife," who was originally from Louisiana. Bowie fell ill of typhoid fever, and Colonel Travis took command. Among

MOUNT HALCON, ON THE WHITE PASS AND YUKON ROUTE

PHOTOGRAPH BY E. G. HEGG

the garrison was the eccentric David Crockett of Tennessee, who had been a member of Congress, and joined them as a volunteer. General Santa Anna marched with a large Mexican army against them, arriving February 22, 1836, and the little garrison retired within the church of the Alamo, which they defended against four thousand Mexicans in a twelve days' siege. The final assault was made at daylight, March 6th, a lodgment was effected, and until nine o'clock a battle was fought from room to room within the church, a desperate hand-to-hand conflict at short range, and not ceasing until every Texan was killed; but this was not until two thousand three hundred Mexicans had fallen. Upon the memorial of this terrible contest, at the Texas State Capital, is the inscription: "Thermopylæ had her messenger of defeat, but the Alamo had none." This butchery caused a thrill of horror throughout the United States. "Remember the Alamo" became the watchword of the Texans, much aid was sent them, and the succor, coming from the desire to avenge the massacre, contributed largely to their ability to defeat the Mexicans in the subsequent decisive battle on San Jacinto River, down near Galveston Bay, which was fought in April. The old Church of the Alamo, since restored, is preserved as a national monument on the spacious Alamo plaza. The name of Houston, the Texan leader, is given to Fort Sam Houston, the United States military post

on a hill north of San Antonio. The old Alamo is the shrine of Texas; and as visitors stroll around the place they are weirdly told how the spirits of the departed heroes, Crockett, Bowie, Travis and others, when the storms rage at night about the ancient building, wander through the sacristy with the heavy measured tread of armed troopers. It was in the midst of a storm that the Mexicans broke through a barred window and thus gained entrance in the siege. On the southern border of San Antonio are the extensive Fair Grounds, where Roosevelt's Rough Riders, largely recruited from the neighboring Texan ranches, were organized for the Spanish War in 1898. The most extensive Texas cattle ranches are south and west of San Antonio, the largest of them, King's Ranch, near the Gulf to the southward, covering seven hundred thousand acres, and being stocked with three thousand brood mares and a hundred thousand cattle.

ARIZONA.

The railway from San Antonio goes westward across the cattle ranges to the Rio Pecos, flowing for eight hundred miles down from the Rockies in a region largely reclaimed by irrigation, and then falling into the Rio Grande del Norte, the national boundary between Texas and Mexico. This noble stream, the Spanish "Grand River of the North," comes out of Colorado and New Mexico, and is eighteen hundred

miles long. The Southern Pacific Railway crosses the Pecos on a fine cantilever bridge three hundred and twenty-eight feet high, and reaches the Rio Grande a short distance beyond, following it up northwest and passing the Apache Mountains, where at Paisano it crosses the summit grade at five thousand and eight feet elevation, the highest pass on this route to the Pacific coast. It finally reaches El Paso on the upper Rio Grande, a town of twelve thousand people, having on the Mexican bank of the river, with a long wooden bridge between, the twin town of Juarez, or El Paso del Norte, the road over the bridge being the chief route of trade into Mexico. The original Spanish explorer, Juan de Onate, named this crossing "the Pass of the North" in 1598, and after long waiting it has finally developed into an active town in cattle raising and silver mining, and also a health-resort, its balmy atmosphere being most attractive. The muddy river by its periodic inundations has made a very fertile intervale, which has a population of sixty-five thousand, and here are seen picturesque Mexican figures, the men in peaked *sombreros* and scarlet *zarapes*, and the women with blue *rebozas*. Beyond, the route crosses the southwest corner of New Mexico and enters Arizona, passing amid the mountain ranges to Tucson, the chief town of the Territory, having six thousand people, a quaint and ancient Spanish settlement, which has considerable Mexican trade. It was originally an

appanage to the old Spanish mission of St. Xavier, nine miles southward, and it now thrives on its cattle trade, mining and magnificent climate, being also the location of the Territorial University.

To the northwest, in the well-irrigated valley of Salt River, is Phœnix, the capital of Arizona, with fifteen thousand population, the irrigation systems having produced great fertility in the adjacent region. The Salt River is a tributary of the Gila, the latter flowing out westward to the Colorado. In these Arizona valleys have been disclosed the remains of several prehistoric cities, chiefly located on a broad and sloping plain beginning at the confluence of the Salt with the Gila, and stretching down to the Mexican boundary. At Casa Grande is a famous ruin of a prehistoric temple with enormous adobé walls, the Government having made a reservation for its protection. These people were worshippers of the sun, and there have been discovered the remains of many towns with large population, the Gila Valley for ninety square miles disclosing these ruins, which are relics of the Stone age. Irrigation canals made by these prehistoric people, the oldest in the world, are also found throughout the region. Extensive explorations of these ancient cities have been made, and several have been named, among them Los Acequias, Los Muertos and Los Animos, the last being the largest, and there being strong evidence that it was destroyed by an earthquake which killed many

thousands of the inhabitants. The railway follows the Gila Valley westward to its confluence with the Colorado, and here at the California boundary is Yuma, another of the early Spanish missions to the Indians, situated just north of the Mexican border, the Yuma Indians still living on a reservation adjoining the Colorado, their name meaning "the sons of the river." This town has its tragic history, for in 1781 the Indians made a savage raid upon the mission, destroyed the buildings and massacred the missionary priests.

The Colorado and its tributaries drain nearly the whole of Arizona, and it is one of the most remarkable rivers in the world. Its head branches have their sources in Wyoming, Colorado and Utah, uniting in the latter State, flowing four hundred miles across Arizona and seventy miles into Mexico to discharge through a delta into the Gulf of California. The river and most of its tributaries in Arizona pass through canyons that are among the wonders of the world, exposing to view geological strata of all the formations in their regular places to the thickness of twenty-five thousand feet. At first, the Colorado flows out of Utah and south into Arizona for one hundred and eighty miles, passing through the Marble Canyon, so called from the limestone walls, nearly four thousand feet deep. It then turns westward by irregular course, flowing nearly two hundred and fifty miles through the Grand Canyon,

the most stupendous in existence, and having at places six thousand feet depth and walls spreading at the surface five or six miles apart. These huge walls are terraced and carved into myriads of pinnacles and towers, often brilliantly colored, and far down in the bottom the river is seen like a silvery thread of foam. Major Powell, who first explored it in 1869, went through in a boat. He calls it "the most profound chasm known on the globe," and believes the river was running there before the mountains were formed, and that the canyon was made by the erosion of the water acting simultaneously with the slow upheaval of the rocks. The river has a rapid flow in the canyon, winding generally through a lower chasm and having a descent of five to twelve feet to the mile, sometimes with placid reaches, but frequently plunging down rapids filled with rocks. The surrounding country is largely volcanic, with lava-beds and extinct craters. When the visitor first approaches the brink of the great chasm, he is almost appalled with the sight. There seem to be scores of deep ravines and enclosed mountains, the main wall opposite being miles away, and the intervening space filled with peaks and ridges of every imaginable shape and color, rising from the abyss below. There is a trail down the side of the canyon, a steep and narrow path winding along the face of the Grand View Gorge, giving startling glimpses into ravines thousands of feet deep, and disclosing the

massive magnificence of this enormous abyss. Down goes the trail, one gorge opening below another until the verge of the final gorge is reached, in which the river runs at a depth of a thousand feet farther. Everything is desolate, the vegetation sparse, and a few stunted trees appearing, while the river, which seemed from above to be only a far distant silvery streak down below, is expanded by the nearer view into large proportions. This Grand Canyon of the Colorado is one of the most wonderful constructions of nature in its stupendous size and extraordinary character; with the myriads of pinnacles, towers, castles, walls, chasms and profound depths it contains and the gorgeous coloring given most of the surfaces. It is among the greatest of the attractions that America, the land of wonders, presents to the seeker after the picturesque.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Beyond the California boundary the Southern Pacific Railway traverses the broad Colorado desert. This is a barren, sandy wilderness, growing nothing but yuccas and cactus, and is depressed far below the sea-level. It is an inland salt-water lake that has mostly dried up, the belief being that it was formerly an extension of the Gulf of California. The railway route beyond passes between the San Jacinto and San Bernardino Mountains, crossing the latter. These peaks rise over eleven thousand feet,

and beyond is the pleasant fruit-growing San Bernardino Valley, originally settled by the Mormons in 1851. To the southward is Riverside, in the fertile district where the seedless navel oranges are successfully cultivated, the groves giving an attractive exhibition of orange-growing. Here is the famous Magnolia Avenue, one hundred and thirty feet wide and ten miles long, with its double rows of pepper trees, and extending all the way through orange groves. In its park is one of the finest cacti collections in existence. Adjacent is Redlands, also a flourishing orange-growing city, its sidewalks bordered by stately palms, rose-bushes, pepper trees and century plants, while everywhere are orange trees in their perpetual livery of brilliant green. Around it encircle the high San Bernardino Mountains, thoroughly protecting the fertile valley. To the southward the route then runs out to the Pacific Ocean bound to Southern California, and following down the coast near San Juan passes Dana's Point, over which, in the early Californian days, the hides were thrown for shipment, as narrated by Dana in *Two Years Before the Mast.* Ultimately it reaches the grand bay of San Diego, near the Mexican boundary, which, next to San Francisco, is the best harbor on the Pacific coast.

Here, spreading along the shores of the beautiful bay, is the ancient Spanish town of San Diego, long sleepy, but lately enjoying a "boom" when it found

itself becoming a popular watering-place. To the northward is the old Mission of San Diego, the first settlement by white men in California, noted for its prolific olive groves. In the town of adobé houses lived "Ramona" of whom Helen Hunt Jackson has written, and there are still preserved here the original church bells sent out from Spain to the colony. The outer arm of San Diego Bay is Coronado Beach, a narrow tongue of sand, stretching twelve miles northward, and ending in spacious expansions known as the North and South Beaches. Upon the South Beach is the famous watering-place of Coronado, with its great hotel alongside the ocean, the tower commanding an extensive view, and its spacious surrounding flower-gardens being magnificently brilliant. There are Botanical Gardens, a Museum and an interesting ostrich farm, with railways for miles along the pleasant shores, and at Point Loma are the lighthouses guarding the entrance from the sea, the uppermost, elevated five hundred feet, being the highest lighthouse in the world. Down near the Mexican boundary is the suburb of National City, surrounded by olive groves, and the visitors sometimes cross over the border to visit the curious Mexican village of Tia Juana, a name which being freely translated means "Aunt Jane." Extensive irrigation works serve the country around San Diego, and the great Sweetwater Dam, ninety feet high, closing a gorge, makes one of the largest water reservoirs in existence.

This wonderful land of California into which we have come has a name the meaning of which is unknown. One Ordonez de Montalva in 1510 published a Spanish romance wherein he referred to the "island of California, on the right hand of the Indies, very near the Terrestrial Paradise." When Cortez conquered Mexico, his annalist, Bernal Diaz del Castillo, gave this name, it is said in derision, about 1535, to the lower peninsula of California, then supposed to be an island, it having been discovered the previous year by the Spanish explorer Ximenes. The Jesuit missionaries came in the seventeenth century to the lower peninsula, and in the eighteenth century to California proper. It is an enormous State, stretching nearly eight hundred miles along the Pacific, and inland for a width of two hundred or more miles. It is mainly a valley, between the Coast Range of mountains on the west and the Sierra Nevada, meaning the "snowy saw-tooth mountains," on the east. The Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers flow in the central valley, which stretches north and south for five hundred miles. To the southward the mountain ranges join, and below them is the special and favored region of Southern California. When first settled, there were established from San Diego up to Sonoma twenty-one Jesuit Missions, whose ruins and old buildings are now found so interesting, and these early establishments converted the Indians, of whom it is said that the

charming climate offered them no inducements to develop savagery, so that when the conversion time came they were easily made serfs for the Missions, and worked in a way that few other Indians ever did. There are two California seasons, the rainy and the dry, the former lasting from November to May, while there is almost unchanging dry weather from May till October. The rainy season, however, is not as in the tropics, where there are deluges daily, but it means that then it will rain if ever, and there are in fact days without rain at all. California is a land of climatic attractiveness, where, as it has been well said, "it is always afternoon." Through vast irrigation systems, despite the dry season, much of the surface has been made a garden. Water runs everywhere copiously down from the mountains, and the shrubbery of all parts of the world has been brought hither and successfully grown. The region presents an universal landscape of foliage and flowers, luxuriant beyond imagination. In Southern California the wild flowers, of which the golden poppy is one of the most prominent, are extraordinary in their number, variety and brilliancy. "The greatest surprise of the traveller," writes Charles Dudley Warner, "is that a region which is in perpetual bloom and fruitage, where semi-tropical fruits mature in perfection, and the most delicate flowers dazzle the eye with color the winter through, should have on the whole a low temperature, a climate never

enervating, and one requiring a dress of woollen in every month."

LOS ANGELES AND SAN JOAQUIN.

The metropolis of this land of sunshine, fruits and flowers, fifteen miles back from the sea, is *La Puebla de la Nuestra Senora la Reina de Los Angeles*, or "the City of Our Lady, the Queen of the Angels;" a lengthy title which the matter-of-fact Americans some time ago happily shortened into Los Angeles. From it Los Angeles River flows south to the sea at San Pedro Bay. The Spaniards founded the town in 1781, but it had only a sleepy existence until 1880, when the railways came along, and it became a centre of the pleasure and health-resorts, and the extensive fruit growing of Southern California, expanding so rapidly that it has seventy thousand people. Originally, the houses were of adobé, but now it has many fine buildings and a magnificent development of residences, the whole city being embowered in luxuriant vegetation. In the neighborhood are petroleum wells and asphalt deposits, while the adjacent district has many irrigation canals. Down on the ocean shore is San Pedro, the port of Los Angeles, where the harbor has been improved by a large outlay, and twenty miles away is the beautiful mountainous island of Santa Catalina, a popular resort, which is in reality an ocean mountain top. Santa Monica Bay, to the southwest, is the coast

bathing-place of Los Angeles, and near by is the popular Redondo Beach, with its spacious Chautauqua Assembly Building. Pasadena is a charming suburb of the city off to the northeast, a perpetual garden and favorite place of residence. It is in San Gabriel Valley, over which rises the great Sierra Madre Range, eleven thousand feet high, the glossy green orange groves on its sides gradually melting into the white snow-capped summits of this towering mountain wall. A railway ascends Echo Mountain north of Pasadena, on which is the Lowe Observatory. To the southeast is the old San Gabriel Mission in the valley, surrounded by vineyards and orchards.

San Buenaventura was another Mission, and is now a health-resort at the coast outlet of Ventura valley, and beyond is Santa Barbara, the "American Mentone," one of the most charming California resorts. The old Spanish Mission, with its towers and corridors, is famous, and was built in 1786, being well-preserved and having a few of the Franciscan monks yet in charge. A curiosity of the neighborhood is *La Parra Grande*, the "Great Vine," having a trunk four feet in diameter and covering a trellis sixty feet square, its annual product being eight thousand pounds of grapes. Farther along the coast is the charming Bay of Monterey, with the Spanish town of Monterey on its southern shore. In 1770 the Mission of San Carlo de Monterey was founded here, and it was the Mexican capital of California until the

American conquest in 1846, then depending chiefly on a trade in tallow and hides. It has not grown much since, however, and the old adobé buildings have not undergone change in a half-century. It is now a popular resort, having the noted Hotel Del Monte, the "Hotel of the Forest," located in spacious and exquisite grounds, the park embracing seven thousand acres. Upon the northern side of Monterey Bay is Santa Cruz, its chief town, also a summer-resort, having a background made by the Santa Cruz Mountains. This was a Mission founded in 1791, and five miles northward is the Santa Cruz grove of big trees, containing a score of redwoods or sequoias, of a diameter of ten feet or more, the largest being twenty-three feet. Within a hollow in one of these trees General Fremont encamped for several days in 1847. To the northward is the prolific fruit region, the Santa Clara Valley, where Mission Santa Clara was founded in 1777. The city of this valley is San José, with twenty thousand people, distantly surrounded by mountains, and, like all these places, a popular resort. The Calaveras Mountains are to the eastward, and here, on Mount Hamilton, twenty-six miles southeast, is the Lick Observatory, at forty-two hundred feet elevation. It was founded by a legacy of $700,000 left by James Lick, of San Francisco, and is attached to the University of California, being among the leading observatories of the world. It has one of the largest and most powerful

refracting telescopes in existence, the object-glass being thirty-six inches in diameter. Mr. Lick is buried in the foundation pier of this great telescope which he erected. There is a magnificent view from the Observatory, which is exceptionally well located, its white buildings, shining in the sunlight, seen from afar.

Across the Coast Range of mountains, eastward from San José, is the extensive San Joaquin Valley, noted as the "granary of California," two hundred miles long and thirty to seventy miles wide between the mountain ranges. It produces almost limitless crops of grain, fruits and wines. Through this great valley San Joaquin River flows northward, and the Sacramento River southward in another valley as spacious, and uniting, they go out westward to San Francisco Bay. We are told that in the days when the earth was forming, the sea waves beat against the slopes of the Sierra Nevada, but ultimately the waters receded, leaving the floor of this vast valley of central California stretching nearly five hundred miles between the mountain ranges. The first comers among the white men dug gold out of its soils, but now they also get an enormous revenue from the prolific crops. Railways traverse it in all directions. The chief city is Stockton, at the head of navigation on the San Joaquin, a town of twenty thousand people, having numerous factories. Here in the slopes and gulches of the Sierras, stretching far away, were

the first gold-mines of California, when the discoveries of the "Forty-niners" set the world agog. Here, at Jackson, was tapped the famous "Mother Lode," the most continuous and richest of the three gold belts extending along the slope of the Sierras, and so-called by the early miners because they regarded it as the parent source of all the gold found in the placers. This lode is in some parts a mile wide, and extends a hundred miles, being here a series of parallel fissures filled with gold-bearing quartz-veins, while farther south they unite in a single enormous fissure. The mineral belts paralleling it on both sides are rich in copper and gold. The country all about is a mining region with prolific "diggings" everywhere, and smokes arising from the stamp-mills at work reducing the ores. Here are Tuttletown and Jackass Hill, the home of "Truthful James," and the localities made familiar by Bret Harte and Mark Twain. Here is Carson Hill, there having been picked up on its summit the largest gold-nugget ever found in California, worth $47,000. What this gold-mining has meant is shown by the results, aggregating since California first produced the metal a total of nearly $1,350,000,000 gold given the world. As the San Joaquin Valley is ascended, it develops its wealth of grain-fields, orchards and vineyards, and displays the grand systems of irrigation which have contributed to produce so much fertility.

Eastward from San Joaquin Valley are the famous

groves of Big Trees, the gigantic sequoias, which Emerson has appropriately called the "Plantations of God." There are two forests of giants in Calaveras and Mariposa Counties displaying these enormous trees, of which it is significantly said that some were growing when Christ was upon the earth. The Calaveras Grove, the northernmost, is at an elevation of forty-seven hundred feet above the sea, upon a tract about two-thirds of a mile long and two hundred feet wide, there being a hundred large trees and many smaller. The tallest tree standing is the "Keystone State," three hundred and twenty-five feet high and forty-five feet in circumference. The "Mother of the Forest," denuded of its bark, is three hundred and fifteen feet high and sixty-one feet girth, while the "Father of the Forest," the biggest of all, is prostrate, and measures one hundred and twelve feet in circumference. There are two trees three hundred feet high, and many exceeding two hundred and fifty feet, the bark sometimes being a foot and a half thick. This grove, however, being less convenient, is not so much visited as the Mariposa Grove to the southward. It is in Mariposa (the butterfly) County, at sixty-five hundred feet elevation, and near the Yosemite Valley. The tract of four square miles is a State Park, there being two distinct forests a half-mile apart. The lower grove has a hundred fine trees, the largest being the "Grizzly Giant," of ninety-four feet circumference

and thirty-one feet diameter, the main limb, at two hundred feet elevation, being over six feet in diameter. The upper grove contains three hundred and sixty trees, and the road between the groves is tunnelled directly through one of them, which is twenty-seven feet in diameter. Through this living tree, named "Wawona," the stage-coach drives in a passage nearly ten feet wide. These trees are not so high as in Calaveras Grove, but they are usually of larger girth. The tallest is two hundred and seventy-two feet, ten exceed two hundred and fifty feet, and three are over ninety feet in circumference, while twenty are over sixty feet. Many of the finest have been marred by fires. There are eight groves of these Big Trees in California, these being the chief.

YOSEMITE VALLEY.

Into the San Joaquin flows Merced River, coming from the eastward down out of the Sierras through the famous Yosemite Valley. Most of its waters are diverted by irrigation canals leading for many miles over the floor of the broad San Joaquin Valley. The road to the Yosemite leads eastward up the slope, crosses the crest, and at Inspiration Point, fifty-six hundred feet elevation, gives the first view, then steeply descending to the river bank, it enters the western portal. Yosemite is a corruption of the Indian word "A-hom-e-tae," which means the "full-grown grizzly bear," and is supposed to have origi-

nally been the name of an Indian chief. This magnificent canyon, on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada, is a deep gorge eight miles long, traversed by Merced River, its nearly level floor being about thirty-eight hundred feet above the sea-level. The enclosing rocky and almost vertical walls rise from three thousand to five thousand feet above the river, the space between varying from a half-mile to two miles. Over the valley floor winds the beautiful green current of the diminutive Merced, bordered by trees and vegetation, the surface being generally grass-grown. The high vertical walls, the small amount of *débris* at their foot, and the character of the Yosemite chasm itself, have led the geologists to ascribe its formation not to erosion or glacial action, but to a mighty convulsion in the granite rocks, whereby part of them subsided along lines of fault-crossing nearly at right-angles. The observer, standing on the floor, can see no outlet anywhere, the almost perpendicular walls towering on high in every direction.

The Valley is a Government Park, which also includes the watershed of the streams flowing into it. Originally it was the home of the Digger Indians, a tribe of Shoshonés, and a rather low type, of whom a few still survive. It was first seen by white men in 1851, when a detachment of troops pursuing these Indians came unexpectedly upon it. The attractions soon became widely known, and visitors were numer-

ous, especially after the opening of the Pacific Railways. Entering the Valley, the most striking object is its northwestern buttress, the ponderous cliff El Capitan, rising thirty-three hundred feet, at a very narrow part, its majestic form dominating the view. There are two vertical mountain walls almost at right angles, these enormous bare precipices facing west and south. On the opposite side, forming the other portal, rise the imposing Cathedral Rocks, adjoined by the two slender Cathedral Spires of splintered granite, nearly three thousand feet high. Over these rocks on their western side pours the Bridal Veil Fall, about seventy feet wide, and descending vertically six hundred and thirty feet. As the winds often make the foaming column flutter like a white veil, its title has been appropriately given. Adjoining El Capitan descends the Ribbon Fall, or the Virgin's Tears, falling two thousand feet, but losing much of its waters as the summer advances. Eastward of El Capitan are the peaks called the Three Brothers, the highest also named the Eagle Peak, rising three thousand feet. To the eastward of this peak and in a recess near the centre of the Valley are the Yosemite Falls, one of the highest waterfalls in the world. Yosemite Creek, which comes over the brink with a breadth of thirty-five feet, descends twenty-five hundred feet in three leaps. It pours down a vertical wall, the Upper Fall descending nearly fifteen hundred feet without a break, the

column of water swaying as the winds blow with marvellous grace of motion, the eddying mists fading into light summer clouds above. The Middle Fall is a series of cascades descending over six hundred feet, and the Lower Fall is four hundred feet high. This is one of the grandest features of the Valley, but its vigor, too, dwindles as the season advances. There is a high and splendid ice cone formed at the foot of the Upper Fall in the winter. Alongside, upon a projection called Yosemite Point, at over thirty-two hundred feet elevation, is given one of the best views of the famous Valley.

At the head of the Yosemite, it divides into three narrow tributary canyons, each discharging a stream, which uniting form the Merced. The northernmost is the Tenaya, and overshadowing it rises the huge North Dome, more than thirty-seven hundred feet high, having as an outlying spur the Washington Column. Opposite, and forming the eastern boundary of the valley, is the South or Half Dome, of singular shape, towering almost five thousand feet, and like El Capitan, at the other extremity, being a most remarkable granitic cliff. Its top is inaccessible, although once it was scaled by an adventurous explorer by means of a rope attached to pegs driven into the rock. It is one of the most extraordinarily formed mountains in existence, standing up tall, gaunt and almost square against the sky, the dominating pinnacle of the upper valley. Upon the southern

side rises Glacier Point, nearly thirty-four hundred feet, giving a splendid view over the valley, having to the westward the Sentinel Dome, nearly forty-three hundred feet high, ending in the conspicuous face of the Sentinel Rock. Thus environed by vast cliffs, this grand valley displays magnificent scenery. Within the upper canyons are also attractions, that of the Merced River, the central gorge displaying the Vernal and Nevada waterfalls. The Vernal Fall is seventy feet wide and descends three hundred and fifty feet, having behind it the Cap of Liberty, a picturesque cliff. Farther up the river is the Nevada Fall, a superb cataract, having a slightly sloping descent of six hundred feet. Just within Tenaya Canyon is the Mirror Lake, remarkable for its wonderful reflections of the North and South Domes and adjacent mountains. Some distance to the eastward is the Cloud's Rest, a peak rising more than six thousand feet above the valley and nearly ten thousand feet above sea-level, that is ascended for its splendid view of the surrounding mountains and the enclosing walls of the valley, which can be plainly seen throughout its length, stretching far away towards the setting sun. This view of the Yosemite surpasses all others in its comprehensiveness and grandeur.

THE ROCKIES.

The great "backbone" of the American Continent is the Rocky Mountains, and the summits of its main

range make the parting of the waters, the "Continental Divide." Its name of the Rockies is appropriate, for on these mountains and their intervening plateaus, naked rocks are developed to an extent rarely equalled elsewhere in the world. The leading causes of this are the great elevation and extreme aridity, the scanty moisture preventing growth of vegetation, and the high altitudes promoting denudation of the rock-material disintegrated at the surface. Enormous crags and bold peaks of bare rocks, mostly compose the mountains, while the streams flow at the bases of towering precipices in deep chasms and canyons filled with broken rocks. Being unprotected by vegetation, the winds sweep the hills clean of soil and sand, the steep slopes of the valleys are strewn with fragments of the enclosing cliffs, and the rivers are usually without flood-plains or intervales, where soils may gather. In the extensive and highly-elevated plateaus, the streams usually run in the bottoms of deep canyons, their channels choked with *débris*. Added to this the whole Rocky Mountain region has in the past been a scene of great volcanic activity, many extinct volcanoes appear, broad plains are covered with lava, and scoria and ashes are liberally deposited all about. The aridity is not a feature of the Pacific coast ranges, however, for the moisture from that ocean abundantly supplies water; there are good soils, and in the northern parts usually dense forests. The Rocky Mountain system extends

from Mexico up to Alaska and the Arctic Ocean, its greatest development being between 38° and 42° north latitude, where the various ranges cover a breadth of a thousand miles. The highest peak of the Rockies is Mount Logan, in British America, on the edge of Alaska, rising nineteen thousand five hundred and thirty-nine feet. In the United States these mountains rise from a general plateau extending across the country, and reaching its maximum elevation of about ten thousand feet in Colorado, whilst towards the north the surface descends, entering Canada at an elevation of four thousand feet. The plateau descends westward into the basin of the Colorado River, then the surface rises in Nevada to six thousand feet, and thence farther westward it gradually descends to the base of the Sierra Nevada in California. To the eastward the plateau throughout steadily descends in the long, undulating and generally treeless slope of the Great Plains to the Mississippi, the many tributaries of the Father of Waters carving their valleys down through its surface. There are numerous mountain ranges, plateaus and parks, under different names in this extensive mountain region, and the higher peaks in the United States generally rise to thirteen to fifteen thousand feet elevation. These mountains and the plains to the eastward compose the vast arid region constituting fully two-fifths of the United States, where irrigation is necessary to agriculture, and, in conse-

MOUNT STEPHEN, GIANT OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

Phot. America—Vol. Three

quence, less than ten per cent. of this large surface bears forests of any value. We are told that so scant is the moisture, if the whole current of every water-course in this district were utilized for irrigation it would not be possible to redeem four per cent. of the land. Some of this surface, however, bears grasses and plants that, to an extent, make pasturage. The precious metals and other useful minerals are found in abundance, and various parts of the region have been developed by the many valuable mines, making their owners enormous fortunes.

Through this vast mountain district, over deserts and along devious defiles, a half-dozen great railways lead from the Mississippi Valley to the Pacific slope. The Southern Pacific Railway we have already followed from New Orleans across to Southern California. Northward from its route at El Paso a railway leads through New Mexico to the next great transcontinental line, the Atchison system, coming from Chicago by way of Kansas City and Santa Fé southwestward. The main line traverses Kansas, and branches go south into the Indian Territory and Oklahoma. In the former are the reservations of the civilized tribes of Indians originally removed from east of the Mississippi—the Choctaws, Cherokees, Creeks, Chickasaws and Seminoles, with some others—who number nearly two hundred thousand souls, most of them engaged in agriculture. To the westward, south of Kansas and Colorado, is the

"Boomers' Paradise" of Oklahoma, or the "Beautiful Land," a fertile and well-watered region, originally part of the Indian reserved lands, but bought from them by the Government. People from Kansas long had a desire to occupy this prolific land, and only with great difficulty were they kept out. The portion first got ready was opened to settlement by proclamation at noon on April 22, 1889, a large force of troops being in attendance to preserve order. Over fifty thousand people crossed the boundaries and entered the Territory the first day, taking up farms and starting towns. The "Cherokee Strip" along the northern line was subsequently obtained and opened to settlement in September, 1893, when ninety thousand people rushed in. These great invasions of the "Oklahoma boomers" became historic, cities of tents springing up in a night; but while there then was much suffering and privation from want of food and shelter, yet the new Territory has since become a most successful agricultural community.

The Atchison route, after crossing Kansas, enters Colorado, passing La Junta and Trinidad, and then turning southward rises to the highest point on the line, crossing the summit of the Raton Pass, at an elevation of seventy-six hundred and twenty feet, by going through a tunnel, and emerging on the southern side of the mountain in New Mexico. The railway is then laid along the slope of the Santa Fé

Mountains, and on their side are Las Vegas Hot Springs, about forty of them being in the group, their waters used both for bathing and drinking, and having various curative properties. The Glorieta Pass is subsequently crossed at seventy-five hundred feet elevation, and beyond is Santa Fé, the capital of New Mexico. This is a curious and antique town, the oldest in the United States next to St. Augustine in Florida. It was an Indian pueblo or town in the very early times, and in 1605 the Spaniards came along, captured it, reduced the Indians to slavery, and worked the valuable gold and silver mines. In 1680 the Indians revolted, expelled the Spaniards and destroyed their churches and buildings, but they recovered control a few years later. There are now about seven thousand people of all races, having a good trade, and being chiefly employed in mining. It is a quaint old place, with crooked and narrow streets and adobé houses surrounding the central Plaza, on one side of which is the ancient Governor's Palace, a long, low adobé structure of one story, wherein the Governors of Spanish, Mexican and American rule have lived for nearly three centuries. It contains various historical paintings and relics, and here General Lew Wallace wrote *Ben Hur* while Governor of New Mexico in 1880.

Beyond Santa Fé is the Rio Grande River, which the railway follows down through a grazing country past Albuquerque, its mart for wool and hides.

Turning westward an arid region is traversed, with an occasional pueblo, and near Laguna is the famous Mesa Encantada, or the "Enchanted Table Land." This eminence rises precipitously four hundred and thirty feet above the surface, and is only accessible by ladders and ropes. The summit gives evidence of former aboriginal occupancy, and the tradition of the neighboring Acomas Indians is that their ancestors lived upon it, but were forced to abandon the village when a storm had destroyed the only trail and caused those remaining on the summit to perish. To the westward the "Continental Divide" is crossed at seventy-three hundred feet elevation, but with nothing indicating the change, as it is on a plateau. The Navajo Indian Reservation is crossed, Arizona entered and traversed, and at the Flagstaff Station is the Lowell Observatory, and here the nearest route is taken to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. There rises to the northward the huge San Francisco Mountain, a fine extinct volcano, while off to the southwest are the great United Verde Copper Mines, among the largest in the world, and the town of Prescott, in a rich mineral region. The Colorado River is crossed into California, and then the railway traverses the wide Mojave Desert towards the Pacific coast.

DENVER AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

The Union Pacific Railway route across the Continent was the first constructed, the Government

giving large subsidies in money and land grants. It was opened in 1869, and greatly encouraged travel to the Pacific coast. The Union Pacific main line starts at Council Bluffs and Omaha on the Missouri River and crosses Nebraska into Wyoming. Here is Cheyenne, a leading cattle-dealers' town on the edge of the Rockies, five hundred miles west of the Missouri, where there are fifteen thousand people. Fort Russell, an Indian outpost at the verge of the Black Hills, is to the northward. At Cheyenne, the main Union Pacific line is joined by the Denver Pacific branch, which starts on the Missouri River at Kansas City, traverses Kansas, passing Fort Riley and the Ogden Monument there, marking the geographical centre of the United States, and enters Colorado, and at Denver turns northward to Cheyenne.

Denver is the great city of the Rockies, whose snow-capped summits are seen to the westward in a magnificent and unbroken line, extending in view for one hundred and seventy miles from Pike's Peak north to Long's Peak, with many intervening summits, most of them rising over fourteen thousand feet. Denver stands on a high plateau, through which the South Platte River flows, and it is at nearly fifty-three hundred feet elevation. This "Queen City of the Plains" was settled by adventurous pioneers as a mining camp in 1858, and through the wonderful development of mining the precious metals has had rapid growth, so that now

there is one hundred and seventy thousand population. It has many manufactures and some of the most extensive ore-smelting works in the world, the annual output of gold and silver being enormous. The high elevation and healthy climate make it a favorite resort for pulmonary patients. There are many fine buildings, and a noble State Capitol with a lofty dome, erected at a cost of $2,500,000, and standing on a high hill, so that it gives a superb outlook. The city was named in honor of General James W. Denver, who was an early Governor of Kansas and served in the Civil War. He first suggested the name of Colorado for the Territory (now a State), and thus his name was given its capital. Denver has built for its water-works, forty-eight miles south of the city, the highest dam in the world, two hundred and ten feet, enclosing a gorge on the South Platte to make an enormous reservoir holding an ample supply.

Being so admirably located, Denver is a centre for excursions into one of the most attractive mountain regions in America. The great Colorado Front Range, or eastern ridge of the Rockies, stretches grandly across the country and has behind it one range after another, extending far westward to the Utah Basin. Towering behind the Front Range is the Saguache Range, the chief ridge of the Rockies, which makes the Continental Divide. Among these complicated Rocky Mountain ranges are various ex-

tensive Parks or broad valleys, nestling amid the peaks and ridges, which were originally the beds of inland lakes. Out of this mountain region flow scores of rivers in all directions, the affluents of the Mississippi to the east, the Rio Grande to the south, and the Colorado and the Columbia westward. All of them have carved down deep and magnificent gorges, two to five thousand feet deep, and in places the wonderful results of ages of erosion are displayed in the peculiar constructions of vast regions, and in special sections, where the carvings by water, frost and wind-forces have made weird and fantastic formations in the rocks on a colossal scale, as in the "Garden of the Gods." These mountains and gorges are also filled with untold wealth, and the mines, producing many millions of gold and silver, have attracted the population chiefly since the Civil War, so that the whole district around and beyond Denver is a region of mining towns, which are reached by a network of railways disclosing the grandest scenery, and in many parts the most startling and daring methods of railroad construction. Whenever land can be reclaimed for agriculture or grazing on the flanks of the mountains and in the protected valleys and parks, it is done, so that the district has extensive irrigation canals, in some parts diverting practically all the available flow of water in the streams. This is particularly the case with the Upper Arkansas River, such diversion of the head-

waters in Colorado having robbed the river of its water to such a degree that the people of Kansas, whither it flows on its route to the Mississippi, are greatly annoyed and have protracted litigation about it.

COLORADO ATTRACTIONS.

Northwest from Denver is the picturesque Boulder Canyon, and here at the mining town of Boulder is the University of Colorado, with six hundred students. Beyond are Estes Park, one of the smaller enclosed parks among the mountains, having Long's Peak on its verge, rising fourteen thousand two hundred and seventy feet. Westward from Denver is the Clear Creek Canyon, and the route in that direction leads through great scenic attractions, past Golden, Idaho Springs and Georgetown, where silver-mining and health-resorts divide attention, the mountains also displaying several beautiful lakes. Beyond, the railway threads the Devil's Gate, climbing up by remarkable loops, and reaches Graymont at ten thousand feet elevation, having Gray's Peak above it rising fourteen thousand four hundred and forty feet. In this district is the mining town of Central City, while to the northwest is the extensive Middle Park, of three thousand square miles area, a popular resort for sportsmen. Southward from Denver the railway route passes the splendid Casa Blanca, a huge white rock, a thousand feet long and two hundred feet high, and crosses the watershed between

the Platte and the Arkansas, at an elevation of over seventy-two hundred feet. Here, amid the mountains, seventy-five miles from Denver, upon a plateau at six thousand feet elevation, is the famous city of Colorado Springs, having twenty-five thousand people and being a noted health-resort. It is pleasantly laid out, with wide, tree-shaded streets, like a typical New England village spread broadly at the eastern base of Pike's Peak. Here live large numbers of people who are unable to stand the rigors of the climate on the Atlantic coast, and it has been carefully preserved as a residential and educational city, saloons being prohibited, with other restrictions calculated to preserve its high character. The settlement began in 1871, but there are no springs nearer than Manitou, several miles away in the spurs of Pike's Peak. The climate of Colorado Springs is charming, and it has, on the one hand, a magnificent mountain view, and on the other a limitless landscape eastward and southward, across the prairie land. Here are the Colorado College and other public institutions, and the National Printers' Home, supported by the printers throughout the country. In the pretty Evergreen Cemetery is buried the authoress, Helen Hunt Jackson, who died in 1885.

Probably the best known summit of the Rockies is Pike's Peak, rearing its snowy top over Manitou, and about six miles westward from Colorado Springs, to an elevation of nearly fourteen thousand two hun-

dred feet. As it rises almost sheer, in the Colorado Front Range, this noble mountain can be seen from afar across the eastern plains. A cog-wheel railway nine miles long ascends to the summit from Manitou, rising seventy-five hundred feet. There is a small hotel at the top, and a superb view over the mountains and glens and mining camps all around. In 1806 General Zebulon Pike, then a captain in the army, led an exploring expedition to this remote region and discovered this noble mountain, which was given his name. Forests cover the lower slopes, but the top is composed of bare rocks, usually snow-covered. Below it a huge tunnel is being bored through the range to connect Colorado Springs with the Cripple Creek mining district to the westward. Manitou has a group of springs of weak compound carbonated soda, resembling those of Ems, and beneficial to consumptive, dyspeptic and other patients. They are at the entrance of the romantic Ute Pass, a gorge with many attractions, which was formerly the trail of the Ute Indians in crossing the mountains. Nearby, upon the Mesa, or "table-land," is the "Garden of the Gods," a tract of about one square mile, thickly studded with huge grotesque cliffs and rocks of white and red sandstones, their unique carving being the result of the erosive processes that have been going on for ages. They are all given appropriate names, and its Gateway is a passage just wide enough for the road, between two enormous bright red rocks

over three hundred feet high. Farther south on the Arkansas River is Pueblo, an industrial city of thirty thousand people in a rich mining district, where there is a Mineral Palace, having a wonderful ceiling formed of twenty-eight domes, into which are worked specimens of all the Colorado minerals. The route then crosses the Veta Pass at ninety-four hundred feet elevation, whereon is the abrupt bend known as the "Mule Shoe Curve," and beyond this it descends into the most extensive of the Colorado Parks, the San Luis, covering six thousand square miles. Sentineling its western side is the triple-peaked Sierra Blanca, the loftiest Colorado Mountain, rising almost fourteen thousand five hundred feet. The Rio Grande flows to the southward, and there is Alamosa, and up in the mountains Creede, an extraordinary development of recent silver mining, which began its career when the ore was discovered in 1891, has seven thousand people, and has produced $4,000,000 silver in a year.

Following up the Arkansas River from Pueblo, a route goes northward behind and west of Pike's Peak into the Cripple Creek district, situated at an elevation of nearly ten thousand feet among the mountains, where in 1890 was a remote cattle ranch. The next year gold was found there, a new population rushed in, and it has since become a leading gold producer, its output of fourteen to twenty millions of gold annually almost turning Colorado from a sil-

ver to a gold State. There is now a population of twenty thousand, and the town has many substantial buildings. Westward the route crosses the Continental Divide and descends into the extensive South Park, covering two thousand square miles, reaching Leadville beyond, renowned as a mining camp that has developed into one of the highest cities of the world. In the early Colorado days this was the great gold placer mining camp of California Gulch. Afterwards it produced enormous quantities of silver from the extensive carbonate beds discovered in 1876, and the population expanded to thirty thousand, its name being changed to Leadville. Of late, its gold mining has again become profitable, and its population now is about fifteen thousand, the yield of silver, which once reached $13,000,000 annually, being much reduced owing to the decline in value. To the westward, the Colorado Midland Railway crosses the Continental Divide by the Hagerman Pass, at eleven thousand five hundred and thirty feet elevation, the highest elevation of any railway route across the Rockies. It descends rapidly to Aspen, where $8,000,000 of silver and gold are mined in a year. North of Leadville is the noted Mountain of the Holy Cross, fourteen thousand two hundred feet high, named from the impressive cruciform appearance of two ravines crossing at right angles and always filled with snow.

The Grand Canyon of the Arkansas is one of the

most magnificent gorges in the Rocky Mountains. This river above Pueblo forces its passage through a deep pass known in the narrowest part as the Royal Gorge, where the railway is laid alongside the boiling and rushing stream, with rocky cliffs towering twenty-six hundred feet above the line. It ascends westward, beyond the sources of the Arkansas, crossing the Continental Divide by the Marshall Pass, at ten thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight feet elevation, the route up there showing, in its abrupt and bold curves, great engineering skill. The Pass is always covered with snow, and the descent beyond it is to the mining town of Gunnison. The Gunnison River is followed down through its magnificent gorge, the Black Canyon giving a splendid display for sixteen miles of some of the finest scenery of the Rockies. The river is an alternation of foaming rapids and pleasant reaches, and within the canyon is the lofty rock pinnacle of the Currecanti Needle. The adjacent gorge of the Cimarron, a tributary stream, gives also a splendid display of Rocky Mountain wildness, and below it the river passes through the Lower Gunnison Canyon, bounded by smooth-faced sandstone cliffs, and finally it falls into Grand River, one of the head-streams of the Colorado. The combined magnificence of these canyons and mountains makes the environment of the Colorado mining region one of the most attractive scenic districts in America. The railways have arranged a

route of a thousand miles through the mountains, starting from Denver, under the title of "Around the Circle," which crosses and recrosses the Continental Divide, threads the wonderful canyons, surmounts all the famous passes over the tops of the Rocky ranges, and includes the most attractive scenery of the district.

WYOMING FOSSILS.

The Union Pacific Railway, westward from Cheyenne in Wyoming, gradually ascends the slope and crosses the Continental Divide at Sherman, the pass being elevated eighty-two hundred and forty-five feet. Here, alongside the track, is the monument erected in memory of Oakes and Oliver Ames of Massachusetts, to whose efforts the construction of this pioneer railway across the Continent was largely due. Upon the western slope of the mountains the descent is to the Laramie Plains, an elevated plateau in Wyoming which is one of the best grazing districts of the country. In the midst of the region on the Big Laramie River is Laramie City, with ten thousand people, a prominent wool and cattle mart. To the north and west high mountains rise, out of which the river flows, and in this district is the great fossil region of Wyoming. This state is the most prolific producer of the skeletons of the enormous beasts that roamed the earth in prehistoric times. About ninety miles northwest of Laramie City are the great-

est fossil quarries in existence, and the scientific hunters from all the great museums have been finding rich treasures there. We are told that in an early geological period Wyoming had numerous lakes and swamps and a semi-tropical climate. These huge animals then inhabited the lakes and swamps in large numbers. In dying, they sank into the mud, and their bones were covered by other deposits and became petrified. The extensive deposits of these bones are found where are supposed to have been the mouths of great water-courses, the huge animals, after death, having floated to where they are deposited in such large numbers. The belief is that through the geological eras these animals became covered with possibly twenty thousand feet of rock. Afterwards, the process by which the Rocky Mountains were formed tilted these rock beds, and the subsequent erosion of the strata brought to light these bone-deposits, made millions of years ago. For many years the scientists have been exhuming these skeletons, and have recovered the bones of over three hundred different species. They are of all sizes and characters, and here has been found the most colossal animal ever discoverd on the earth, a dinosaur, nearly one hundred and thirty feet long, and thirty-five feet high at the hips and twenty-five feet at the shoulders. The skeleton of this immense creature, who is called a diplodocus, weighs twenty tons, and it is believed that when living he weighed

sixty tons, having a neck thirty feet long and a tail twice that length. Yet his head was very small, and the weight of the brain was not over five pounds. In comparison with the mammoth, heretofore regarded as so large, this huge beast, whose foot covered a square yard of earth, was in size as a horse is compared to a dog. Such are the contributions Wyoming is making to our great museums of science.

To the southward of the Laramie Plains is the Colorado North Park, among the mountains of that State, having an area of over two thousand square miles. Beyond, the railway route goes westward among hills and over the plateaus. This route is not as picturesque as some of the other Pacific railways, but in crossing the Continent it discloses very curious scenery. At places there are great Buttes, water-worn and rounded, rising in isolated grandeur; the plains and terraces are carved into elongated and wide depressions, as if abandoned rivers had run through them; there are long and regular embankments, strange hills of fantastic form, huge mounds, broken-down pyramids, vast stone-piles, and the most strange and extraordinary fashionings of nature, showing both water and fire to have been at work. Then the route passes the snow-clad Uintah Mountains to the southward, and crossing the Wahsatch range, enters Utah, traversing its remarkable enclosed basin, where the waters have no outlet to the sea, but flow into salt lakes which lose their surplus supplies by

evaporation in the summer. Beyond, is the wild and picturesque Echo Canyon, with the green valley of Weber River and the Weber Canyon. Here is the gigantic Castle Rock, a rugged stone-pile fantastically carved by nature, having a giant doorway and all the semblance of a mountain fortress. Here is also the "One Thousand Mile Tree," on the northern side of the road, being that distance west of Omaha. In the Echo Gorge is the Hanging Rock, where Brigham Young, as the Mormon Pilgrims journeyed to their Utah home, is said to have preached the first sermon to them in the "Promised Land." The old-time emigrant trail passes through these canyons alongside the railway and the river. A remarkable sight within the Weber Canyon is the Devil's Slide, where on the face of an almost perpendicular red mountain, eight hundred feet high, there is inlaid a brilliantly white strip of limestone about fifteen feet wide, all the way from top to bottom, having enclosing white walls, the whole work being as regularly constructed as if built by a stonemason. Beyond, we come to Ogden, a busy industrial town of twenty thousand people, the western terminus of the Union Pacific Railway, and having another railroad leading thirty-seven miles southward to Salt Lake City.

GREAT SALT LAKE.

In the centre of the Rockies, occupying a large portion of Utah and adjacent States, is the "Great

Basin," which, as remarked, has no drainage outlet for its waters. The geologists tell us that in ancient times this region was covered by two extensive lakes, one of them in the Pleistocene era occupying the now desert interior basin of Utah. This extinct lake, whose ancient shores can be distinctly traced, has been named Lake Bonneville. When at its greatest expansion, it covered twenty thousand square miles, and the waters were nearly a thousand feet deep, overflowing to the northward into a branch of Shoshoné River through a deep pass, and going thence to the Pacific. The waters of this lake, by climatic changes, gradually dwindled, the loss by evaporation overcame the rainfall supply, the overflow ceased, and then the lake dried up, revealing the desert bottom. Of its waters there now remain the Great Salt Lake of Utah, about eighty miles long and from thirty to fifty miles wide, very shallow, averaging only twenty feet depth, and not over fifty feet in the deepest place, having monotonously flat shores on the desert plateau, elevated forty-two hundred feet above the sea. Its dimensions vary according to the rainfall, the surface rising and falling in various periods of years. Several streams flow in, among them the Jordan River, forty miles long, draining Utah Lake to the southward. The waters are densely salt, varying from fourteen to twenty-two per cent. as the lake is high or low (compared with three to four per cent. in the ocean).

and it is estimated to contain four hundred million tons of salt. Not a fish can live there excepting a small brine shrimp. A bath in the lake is novel, as the density makes the body very buoyant, easily floating head and shoulders above the water.

To this desert region, after being driven from Nauvoo on the Mississippi, Brigham Young brought his first Mormon colony by a long journey across the plains and mountains, a band of one hundred and forty-three persons, arriving in July, 1847, Utah then being Mexican territory. They organized the State of Deseret, and it afterwards became a Territory of the United States. By prodigious labors, constructing irrigation canals to bring in the mountain streams, they made the soil productive, and now it is one of the most fertile valleys in the country. Almost the whole flow of the Jordan River is thus used for irrigation. Colonies and proselytes were brought in from various parts of the world, until two hundred thousand Mormons came to Utah, and after protracted conflicts with the Government, polygamy was declared illegal, and its discontinuance was ordered by proclamation of the Mormon President. Twelve miles from the Great Salt Lake is the Utah capital and Mormon Zion, Salt Lake City, where the Latter-Day Saints and Gentiles together exceed fifty thousand. Its prosperity is largely due to the extensive mining interests of the surrounding country. The lofty Wahsatch Mountains are close to the city

on the northern and eastern sides, while to the south, seen over a hundred miles of almost level plain, is a magnificent range of snow-covered mountains, this being the perpetual and awe-inspiring view from all parts of the city. The streets are wide and lined with shade trees, the residences surrounded by gardens, and irrigation canals border all the thoroughfares, so that the whole place is embosomed in foliage, and the delicious green adds to its scenic attractiveness. The Temple Block of ten acres, the sacred square of the Mormons, is the centre from which the streets are laid towards the four cardinal points of the compass. A high adobé wall surrounds it, and here is the great Mormon Temple of granite, which was forty years building, and cost over $4,000,000, having three pointed towers at each end, the loftiest being surmounted by a gilded figure of the Mormon angel Moroni. Here is also the Mormon Tabernacle, a huge oval-shaped structure, surmounted by a roof rounded like a turtle-back, the interior accommodating twelve thousand people. This is their great meeting-place, and they also have a smaller Assembly Hall for religious services. These are the chief buildings of Salt Lake City. To the eastward in the suburbs is the military post of Fort Douglas, where the troops are barracked that guard the Mormon capital. In the earlier period, when there were fears of trouble, a large garrison was kept at this extensive fortification to maintain government control.

OGDEN TO SACRAMENTO.

Westward from Ogden in Utah the Union Pacific route to California is continued upon the Southern Pacific system, that company having absorbed the original Central Pacific road. It passes Corinne, the largest Gentile city in Utah, and then through the Promontory Mountains, on the northern verge of Great Salt Lake. It was at Promontory Point on May 10, 1869, that the railway builders of this original transcontinental line, coming both ways, met, and joined the tracks. The last tie was made of California rosewood, trimmed with silver, and the last four spikes were of silver and gold. The final golden spike was driven with a silver hammer in the presence of a large and silent assemblage. The locomotives coming from the East and the West met, as Bret Harte has written:

> "Pilots touching—head to head
> Facing on the single track;
> Half a world behind each back!"

Beyond, the Great American Desert, an alkaline waste, is crossed, the State of Nevada is entered, the Humboldt River is followed for awhile, and then Truckee River is ascended through the Pleasant Valley, leading into the Sierra Nevada, the lower mountain slopes covered with magnificent forests and the railroad protected from avalanches by snow-

sheds. The Humboldt River has no outlet. It spreads out in an extensive sheet of water known as the "Carson Sink" and evaporates. At Reno is the Nevada State University, and as this is a silver region there are extensive smelting mills. Thirty-one miles southward is Carson, the capital of Nevada, and twenty-one miles farther the famous silver-mining town of Virginia City, with ten thousand people, built half-way up a steep mountain slope and completely surrounded by mountains. Virginia City stands directly over the noted Comstock Lode, and here are the Bonanza Mines, which were such prolific producers in the great silver days. This lode has produced over $450,000,000, chiefly silver, and it is drained by the Sutro Tunnel, nearly four miles long, which cost $4,500,000 to construct. Nearby, on the California boundary, and at six thousand feet elevation, is the beautiful Lake Tahoe, one of the loveliest sheets of water in the world, twenty-two miles long, very deep, surrounded by snow-clad mountains, and yet it never freezes, its outlet being the Truckee River. In a region of many lakes, it is known as "the gem of the high Sierras." To the westward of Reno is another lovely sheet of water, Donner Lake, embosomed in the lap of towering hills, its name coming from an early explorer, Captain Donner, who, with many of his party, perished on its shores during a heavy snowstorm in 1846. The top of the Sierra Nevada is crossed through a

tunnel at Summit Station, elevated seven thousand feet, and beyond there is a complete change both in climate and vegetation, the descent being rapid and the transition from arctic snows to sub-tropical flowers very quick. The line is in many places carved out of the faces of startling precipices, and here it rounds the famous beetling promontory known as Cape Horn. Then, coming down among the orchards and vineyards, it enters the wide and fertile Sacramento Valley, and almost at sea-level comes to the capital of California, the city of Sacramento, built on the eastern bank of Sacramento River just below the mouth of the American River. It is a busy city with thirty thousand people, and has a large and handsome State Capitol.

TRANSCONTINENTAL ROUTES.

The Northern Pacific Railway, the next route northward, after following up the Yellowstone River to Livingston, at the entrance to Yellowstone Park in Montana, ascends the Belt Mountains, crossing them through Bozeman Tunnel at an elevation of nearly fifty-six hundred feet. This range is an outlying eastern spur of the Rockies. The road passes the mining town of Butte, there being forty thousand people in the neighboring settlements. Here are many gold, silver and copper mines, including the great Anaconda Mine, which was sold in 1898 to the company at present working it for $45,000,000, the

product of the mine being silver and copper. The Butte copper output is two hundred and fifty million pounds annually, and the smelting-works at Anaconda are the largest in the world. At Three Forks, not far away, is the confluence of the Madison, Jefferson and Gallatin Rivers, forming the Missouri. Beyond is Helena, the capital of Montana, built in the Prickly Pear Valley near the eastern base of the main Rocky Mountain range and having fifteen thousand population. This is in another rich mining district, and the "Last Chance Gulch," running through the city, has yielded over $30,000,000 gold, while all around are gold, silver, copper and lead-deposits. Twenty-four miles from Helena, the main range of the Rockies is crossed by the Mullen's Pass tunnel at fifty-five hundred and fifty feet elevation. At Gold Creek in the valley beyond, the last golden spike of the Northern Pacific Railway was driven in September, 1883, uniting the tracks which had advanced from the east and west and met there. President Henry Villard made this the occasion of great festivity, bringing many train-loads of distinguished men to the ceremony, and shortly afterwards the company, which was heavily in debt, went into a Receivership. The railroad follows the Missoula and Pend d'Oreille (the "earring") Rivers, which unite in Clark's Fork, a tributary of the Columbia River, and enters Idaho, "the gem of the mountains," or, as called by the Nez Perces, *Edah-hoe;* finally com-

ing to Spokane in Washington State. This busy manufacturing town of over twenty thousand people was burnt in 1889, but has entirely recovered from the calamity. The Spokane River descends one hundred and fifty feet in two falls within the town, furnishing an admirable water-power. To the southwest is the confluence of the Snake and Columbia Rivers, and beyond, the railway penetrates the defiles of the Cascade Mountains, the northern prolongation of the California Coast range, the Northern Pacific line finally terminating at Tacoma on Puget Sound.

The great Columbia is the chief river draining the western slopes of the Rockies. It has a broad estuary, and in May, 1792, Captain Robert Gray of Boston, coasting along the shore in his bark "Columbia Rediviva," discovered it, was baffled more than a week before he could cross the shallow bar at its mouth, and gave it the name of his vessel. The Spaniards marked his discovery on one of their maps without any head to the river, recording alongside in Spanish *y-aun se ignora*—meaning "and it is not yet known" where the source of the river is situated. The famous Danish geographer, Malte-Brun, reading this, made the mistake of recognizing the word *ignora* as Oregon, and published it in the early nineteenth century as the name of the country, to which it has stuck. Thus is Oregon, like California, a name given without meaning. The Columbia is an enor-

mous river, over twelve hundred miles long, rising in Otter Lake, just north of the Dominion boundary, making a long loop up into British America, then coming down into the United States between the Rockies and the Cascades with another broad western loop, and swinging around to the southeast, finally turning westward to form the boundary between Oregon and Washington State to the Pacific. The chief tributary is Snake River, known also as Lewis Fork, which comes out of the western verge of the Yellowstone Park, makes an extensive southern bend through Idaho and is nine hundred miles long, being a most remarkable river. West of the Rockies is an enormous area, estimated at two hundred and fifty thousand square miles, that has been subjected to volcanic action, being overflowed by what is known as the "Columbia lava," in deposits from one-half mile to a mile in thickness. Through this region the Snake River has carved out its extraordinary canyon in places four thousand feet deep, and in some respects rivalling the canyons of the Colorado. Down in the bottom of this gigantic fissure can be seen the ancient rocky formation of the mountains, elsewhere covered by the sheet of lava. The curious sight is also given of various tributaries sinking under the strata of lava and ultimately coming out through the sides of the canyon, pouring their waters down into the main river far below.

Within this canyon the Snake River goes over the

noted Shoshoné Falls, a series of cataracts. The first one is the Twin Falls descending one hundred and eighty feet, then the river goes down the Bridal Veil of eighty feet descent, and finally it pours in grandeur over the great Shoshoné Falls, nearly a thousand feet wide, and descending two hundred and ten feet, a most magnificent cataract. After the confluence with the Columbia, the latter river leaves the region of sands and lava for the rocks and mountains, and here are the Dalles. These are mainly flagstones that make troughs and fissures, and compress the channel. At first the river, a mile wide, goes over a wall twenty feet high and stretching completely across, and the enormous current is compressed not far below into a narrow pass only a hundred and thirty feet wide and nearly three miles long, encompassed by high perpendicular cliffs of such regular formation that they seem as if constructed of masonry. The Dalles make crooked, trough-like channels through which the waters wildly rush. The amazing way in which the agile fish are able to ascend these rapids and cataract through all the turmoil, seeking the quiet river reaches above, caused the Indians to call the place the Salmon Falls. Here is the town of the Dalles, the supplying market for the Idaho mining district, an active manufacturing place with five thousand people. There are various islands in these rapids, most of them having been used for Indian burial-places and some having numer-

ous graves. Below, the Columbia presents very fine scenery in passing the defiles of the Cascade Mountains, and to the southward is the noble form of Mount Hood, rising over eleven thousand feet, displaying glaciers and having snow-covered peaks all about. At the Cascade Locks the Columbia descends another rapid, where huge rocks buffet the turbulent waters, the whirling foaming torrent wildly rushing among them. Here the descent is twenty-five feet, and the Government has improved the navigation by a spacious ship canal a mile long, built at a cost of $4,000,000. Enormous cliffs, some of grand and imposing form, environ the river in passing through these Cascade Mountains, some rising twenty-five hundred feet. We are told these mountains were first named from the numerous cascades which pour in from tributary streams coming over the cliffs and through the crevices of this tremendous chasm. Often a dozen of these fairy waterfalls can be seen in a single river reach, some dissolving into spray before half-way down, others stealing through crooked crannies, and many being tiny threads of glistening foam apparently frozen to the mountain side. Here is Undine's Veil pouring over a broader ledge, and the Oneonta, Horse Tail, La Tourelle and Bridal Veil cataracts, with the far-famed Multnomah Fall, the most beautiful of all, eight hundred feet high, descending with graceful gentleness over the massive cliffs a long and filmy yet matchless thread

of silver spray. Emerging, the Columbia receives the Willamette River, coming up from the south on the western verge of the Cascades, and then proceeds grandly by its broad estuary to the Pacific.

Near the Canadian border the Great Northern Railway crosses the continent, surmounting the Rockies at the lowest elevation of any of the transcontinental lines. Starting from St. Paul, it traverses the Devil's Lake country in Montana, passes Fort Buford on the Upper Missouri, and crosses the Rockies at fifty-two hundred feet elevation. Beyond is the Kootenay gold district, and the road comes to Spokane, crosses the Columbia River and surmounts the Cascades at thirty-three hundred and seventy-five feet elevation, the mountain top being pierced by a three-mile tunnel. Then traversing sixty miles of fine forests, the railway terminates at Everett on Puget Sound.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC ROUTE.

The Canadian Pacific Railway, crossing the Continent in the Dominion of Canada, west of Winnipeg traverses the prairies of Manitoba and Assiniboia until they gradually blend into the rounded and grass-covered foothills of Alberta, finally rising nearly a thousand miles west of the Red River into the snow-capped peaks of the Rockies. This is the garden region of the Canadian Northwest for wheat-growing and cattle-grazing, and it stretches in almost

limitless expanse a fertile empire far northward to Edmonton and Prince Albert, with branch railways leading up there, the rich black soils testifying the wealth in the land. At Regina is the capital of the Northwest Territory, three hundred and fifty-seven miles west of Winnipeg, the headquarters of the Canadian "North West Mounted Police," a superb body of one thousand picked men who control the Indians and maintain order in the Northwest Territory. The Lieutenant-Governor residing here is a potentate governing a wide domain spreading out to the Rockies and up to the North Pole. The town which is his capital is scattered rather loosely over the prairie. In early times a hardy pioneer came to this frontier, and at the crossing of a little stream west of Regina his cart broke down. The Cree Indians watched him mend it, and afterwards spoke of the stream in their language as "The creek where the white man mended the cart with a moose jaw-bone." This elaborate name has since been contracted into Moose Jaw, a town where a branch line comes into the Canadian Pacific up through Dakota from St. Paul and Minneapolis. The route farther westward is in the land of the Crees, and crosses the South Saskatchewan River at Medicine Hat, a settlement which the matter-of-fact people call "The Hat" for short. The Indians say that the Great Spirit had a breathing-place in the river nearby, where it never was frozen even in the coldest win-

ters. He always appeared in the form of a serpent, and once, when a chief was walking on the shore, the serpent came and told him if he would throw his squaw into the opening as a sacrifice, he would become a great warrior and medicine man. He was ambitious, but did not wish to lose her, so he threw his dog in, but the indignant serpent demanded the squaw. The Indian told her of the conditions, she consented to the sacrifice, her dead body was thrown in, and after a night of vigil the chief received from the serpent a warrior's medicine hat, handsomely trimmed with ermine, and was always after victorious. Thus the locality became the Medicine Hat, and the Indians watch the river in severe winters, glad to find the spot is not frozen and that the Great Spirit still has his breathing-place and remains with them.

To the westward the snow-capped Rockies become visible, and here are the reservations of the Blackfeet Indians, who were the most warlike tribe of the region, and hunted the buffalo as far south as the Missouri. The memory of Crowfoot, their leading chief, is preserved in the name of the railway station. The Bow River, an affluent of the Saskatchewan, is followed up to Calgary, the centre of the ranching district of Alberta, a town at thirty-four hundred feet elevation, having high mountains overhanging its western verge. Here are branch railways north and south, leading along the eastern foothills

of the Rockies, which are filled with herds of cattle and horses, the roads going up to Edmonton and down into the United States. The warm "Chinook" winds from the Pacific coast, coming through the mountain passes, temper the cold, making the balmy atmosphere favoring grass and animals alike. The Pacific route follows the Bow River Valley into the heart of the mountains, with magnificent snow-covered peaks all about, their saw-like edges, gaunt crags and almost denuded surfaces justifying their name of the Rockies.

BANFF.

The display of mountain scenery along the Canadian Pacific line in passing through the Rockies is the finest in North America, coming largely from two causes, each contributing to the grandeur and impressiveness of the view. The width of the Rocky Mountain ranges in Alberta and British Columbia is not much over three hundred miles, while in the United States they are scattered and spread over a thousand miles of space with intervening tameness. The railway passes also are lower in British Columbia, so that the adjacent peaks rise higher above the valleys, making them really grander mountains for the spectator, who is thus brought to the very bases of such stalwart peaks as Mount Stephen and Mount Sir Donald, rearing their snow-covered summits on high for a mile and a half above his head. Both in concentration and elevation, as

well as by the terrific wildness of the Kicking Horse and Rogers Passes, by which the ranges are crossed, the magnificence of this part of the Rockies is displayed. Just within the eastern verge of the mountains are the Banff Hot Springs, which, with their environment, make the "Canadian Rocky Mountains Park." This reservation covers the Bow River Valley and adjacent mountains. The winding river comes from its glacier sources in the west through a broad deep fissure. This is crossed almost at right angles by another valley, having the Spray River coming up from the south through it to join the Bow, while to the north the floor-level of this valley is higher, but without any distinctive stream. These valleys and their enclosing peaks are all formed on a scale of stupendous magnificence, yet so clear is the atmosphere that distance is dwarfed, making the views perfect. Going down to the river bank, where the deep, trough-like gorges come together, it is found that the action of the waters has thoroughly displayed the geological formation of these mountains, the enormous rock strata standing up inclined from the perpendicular generally at an angle of about 30°, being all tilted towards the eastward. Where these strata-edges and ends are eroded, they are cut off almost vertically, and thus they rise on high into sharp jagged peaks like saw-teeth. Stunted firs cover much of the lower slopes, but the tops are all bare, being rough, or denuded and smoothed rocks,

snow-clad, excepting where the slope is too steep to hold it.

Along the winding canyon from the northwest rushes the Bow River, sliding in noisy turmoil, with ample spray and silvery foam, down a series of cascades, making a most beautiful cataract, then turning sharply at a right angle to the northeast to go around the end of a mountain. The bright green waters in full volume swiftly glide around the bend and away through the narrow gap formed between two towering cliffs into a deep gorge several miles long. The smaller, but even more swiftly-darting Spray River, dashes along rapids and joins the Bow just at the bend. Such is the scene giving the central point of beauty within this grand amphitheatre of high mountains, overlooked from an elevated plateau above the waterfall, where the landscape is finest. The Rocky Mountains Park includes about two hundred and sixty square miles of streams, lakes and enclosing mountains, improved by many miles of good roads and bridle-paths to develop its beauties. The original attraction was the Banff warm sulphur springs, appearing along the side and base of Sulphur Mountain, rising on the southern bank of Bow River above the waterfall. The temperature of the waters changes little from 90°, and they are extensively used for bathing, being recommended for rheumatic troubles. One spring of copious flow is a pool within a capacious dome-shaped cavern, hol-

lowed out of a mound of calcareous tufa. This is the crater of an extinct geyser, the orifice at the top, which had been its vent, being availed of for light and ventilation. High up among the mountains to the eastward is the Devil's Lake, a beautiful crescent-shaped sheet of water much like a river, eleven miles long, and enclosed by towering peaks.

BANFF TO VANCOUVER.

Westward from Banff the main range of the Rockies is crossed at an elevation of fifty-three hundred feet, the Continental Divide. The Bow River Valley is followed up to Mount Stephen, which is encircled to the northward. This splendid duomo-like mountain rises thirteen thousand two hundred feet, being named after George Stephen, Lord Mountstephen, the first president of the railway. In approaching, there are passed scores of towering snow-clad peaks. At Laggan, among them, at more than six thousand feet elevation, are three gems of the mountains, the Lakes of the Clouds—Louise, Mirror and Agnes. At the summit of the pass a rustic signboard bears the words "The Great Divide," marking the backbone of the Continent, whence tiny rills flow alongside the railway in both directions, a little brook leading eastward down to the Bow, whose waters go out to Hudson Bay and the Atlantic, while to the westward another diminutive stream is the head of Wapta River, flowing into the Columbia

and thence to the Pacific. Three pretty green lakes start the Wapta or Kicking Horse River, its northern branch coming from a huge glacier nine miles long, and its volume expanding from a hundred cascades and brooks tumbling down from the snow-banks and ice-fields all about. Then it crosses the flat floor of a deep valley, which soon develops into a series of terrific gorges, as with rapids and cataracts the stream suddenly drops into an abyss and foams and roars deep down in an impressive canyon. The railway repeatedly crosses this stupendous chasm in getting down the Kicking Horse Pass, giving grand views of high mountains all around, and after a scene of true alpine magnificence it comes out at the broad valley of the Columbia. This river goes northward between the Rockies and the Selkirks, the next western range, and turning westward penetrates them and flows southward on their western flanks into the United States.

Our railway route next goes up the Beaver River gorge to cross the Selkirks through the Rogers Pass at forty-three hundred feet elevation, where Mount Sir Donald guards the Pass. It traverses a region displaying grand scenery, mounting high above the streams, the gorge filled with giant trees between Mounts Sir Donald and Hermit, with frequent airy bridges thrown across the subsidiary ravines, down which come sparkling cataracts. This narrow gorge has frequent avalanches, so that much of the road is

covered by ponderous snow-sheds. This is the Rogers Pass, displaying savage grandeur, and was first entered by white men from British Columbia under Major Rogers in 1883, when the railway route was surveyed. It is also reserved for a Canadian National Park. The Hermit Mountain overlooks the pass from the north, while on the south side a range extends westward to the ponderous and lofty pyramidal top of Mount Sir Donald, rising ten thousand seven hundred feet, named for Sir Donald Smith, Lord Strathcona, President of the Bank of Montreal. Alongside is the great glacier of the Selkirks, whose waters flow into the deep valley of the Illecillewaet River, the "Dancing Water," by which the railway goes westward out of the mountains. Having crossed the summit of the pass, the railway makes a short curve into this valley, and gives a grand view of the great glacier covering all of its head. Here is the Glacier House, on a flat surface of delicious greensward alongside the line, having a silvery cascade pouring for a thousand feet down the opposite mountain. Beyond, the Illecillewaet descends rapids and the railway has a difficult task in getting down the steep and contorted gorge by startling loops until, finally emerging from the mountain fastness on the western slope of the Selkirks, it comes a second time to the open Columbia Valley, the river now flowing with greater volume southward towards the United States. Across the Columbia is the Gold range, the

third mountain ridge to be crossed. This is done by the Eagle Pass, less difficult than the other passes through the Rockies, the crossing being made at two thousand feet elevation, and the route descending westward along Eagle River and several pleasant lakes that make its source and cover the floor of the higher valley. This stream leads into the Great Shuswap Lake, the largest body of water in British Columbia, spreading its sinuous arms like an octopus among the mountain ridges. This lake has over two hundred miles of coast-line, and is drained westward by Thompson River. To the southward it has a tributary flowing out of the long and slender Okanagan Lake, a sheet of water among the mountains extending seventy miles and having fertile shores.

The Coast range of the Rockies is still beyond us, the fourth and last ridge of these wonderful mountains, through which the Canadian Pacific makes its way by going down the remarkable canyons of Thompson and Fraser Rivers for nearly three hundred miles. At the junction of the two forks of the Thompson is the town of Kamloops, its Indian name meaning "the confluence." It is in a good ranching district, and like all the settlements in British Columbia has quite an elaborate "China-town." Beyond Kamloops the Thompson canyon is entered, a desolate gorge almost without vegetation, through which a rapid torrent rushes, the high steep shores

being composed of a rotten rock which water and frost have moulded into strange and fantastic shapes, while the stream constantly burrows more deeply into it. The mud-colored banks are thus carved into massive turrets, cones and pyramids, with groups of impressive columns standing on high, having colossal ranks of ghostly statues looking down from above. In one place a grand semicircular group of cowled and hooded monks with their backs to the river are kneeling apparently around a gigantic altar. Almost every conceivable form has been wrought by the running waters on these precipitous bluffs. Not a tree is seen, and all seems bleak desolation. At the Black Canyon the scene is mournfully terrific, the walls composed of an almost black sand, wherein the whirling river rapids have scooped out immense amphitheatres mounting almost perpendicularly for a thousand feet. Then a change comes, the steep and barren walls developing varieties of color, being streaked with creamy white, red, purple, yellow, maroon, dark brown and black in richest form, as the waters have run the different hued soils over them from top to bottom, the rushing river below being a bright emerald. It is a picture of parti-colored desolation, the gaudy hues and strange forms of these precipitous cliffs being the gorgeous exhibition of a most beautiful desert. This remarkable canyon is followed nearly a hundred miles until the Thompson flows into the Fraser River.

The Fraser Canyon is deep, and carries a larger river among higher mountains. Its shores are steep, but are composed of firmer rocks, along which the railway is constructed largely on galleries, with frequent tunnels. Deep in the fissure are Indians spearing for salmon, and an occasional Chinaman may be seen on a sand-bar washing out the silt to find gold, as both these rivers bring down gold-bearing sands. The rocky development of the Fraser and the magnitude of its canyon increase as it plunges deeper among the higher Coast range mountains. For thirty miles below North Bend, a place where enough flat land is left on a terrace for a little railway station, is the most impressive portion, and the final scene of grandeur on this route through the Rockies. Almost perpendicular enclosing mountains tower above, and the river is compressed by high walls of black rocks, so steep that the road is placed upon a shelf hewn out along them. Through this deep, contracted canyon the river winds, at times confined into such narrow crooked straits that the water rushes in swiftly-moving massive billows like the Niagara rapids. Tunnels pierce the jutting cliffs, bridges and walls carry the railway along, and at intervals wild cascades leap through fissures down the mountain sides. The ever-present and industrious Indians are seen in most perilous positions down by the river catching the bright-colored salmon, which they hang upon rude drying-poles

among the crags. There is a brief little village, now and then, along this dreary canyon, where there may be a sparse bit of flat terrace, enabling a few white people to live in company with Indians and Chinamen, the "Joss House" of the Celestial and his queer-looking cemetery, with its tall poles and streamers to keep away the dreaded birds and evil spirits, being conspicuous. Thus the river forces its passage through the Coast range, until at Yale the mountains recede, the canyon gradually broadens into a flat intervale between distant ridges, and there are farms and pastures. As the railway emerges from the mountains, the gleaming white dome of the isolated snow-capped Mount Baker is seen glistening under the sunlight sixty miles away just beyond the United States border. The Fraser River finally flows into the Gulf of Georgia, after a course of six hundred miles through the mountains from the northward, the chief river of British Columbia. It was named for Simon Fraser of the Northwest Fur Company, who explored it to its source amid incredible hardships and difficulties in 1808. The finest timber grows throughout this region. The railway terminates at the city of Vancouver, on Burrard Inlet, a fine harbor of the Gulf of Georgia, founded in 1885, and having eighteen thousand people, with considerable manufactures and an extensive trade. The lower Fraser River is a great salmon-canning region, the shores having many canning-factories, while at

New Westminster, the chief town, are large sawmills, the two products of this district being fish and lumber, and the Chinese, who are numerous, doing most of the labor.

BOUND TO ALASKA.

Westward from the Gulf of Georgia is Vancouver Island, stretching parallel to the coast and nearly three hundred miles long, the larger part of it being composed of mountains, some reaching an elevation of over seven thousand feet. It has fine forests and valuable coal mines at Nanaimo and Wellington, which furnish fuel supplies along the Pacific coast. The redoubtable Spanish adventurer, Juan de Fuca, discovered it in 1592, and his name was given the strait at its southern extremity, separating the island from the United States. The Spaniards held it until near the close of the eighteenth century, when Captain George Vancouver came with a squadron and it was surrendered to the English by the Spanish Governor Quadra, its name afterwards being called for many years Quadra and Vancouver, after the two officers. Upon a little harbor at the southeastern extremity in 1842, the Hudson Bay Company established Fort Victoria, which has since become the capital of the Province of British Columbia. This is a pleasant city of twenty-five thousand population, having an extensive Chinese quarter. To the westward is the important British naval station and dock-

yard of Esquimalt, upon an admirable land-locked harbor of large capacity.

For over a thousand miles, a series of internal waters behind large islands, with bays, straits and archipelagoes, lead northward from the Gulf of Georgia to Alaska, making one of the most admirable scenic routes in America. Their shores are high mountains covered with superb forests, and the voyage over these waters is most attractive. From the Gulf of Georgia the route passes through Discovery Passage, the Seymour Narrows (where the tide rushes sometimes at twelve knots an hour), Johnstone Strait, Broughton Strait, and Queen Charlotte Sound. North of Vancouver Island there is a short passage on the open sea and then Fitzhugh Sound is entered, opening into the Lama Passage and Seaforth Channel to Millbank Sound, where there is another brief open sea journey. Then various interior waters lead to Greenville Channel and Chatham Sound. High mountains are everywhere, and deep, narrow fiords run far up into the land, the journey displaying so much magnificent scenery that the mind soon becomes satiated with the excessive supply of unadulterated grandeur. In this region is the Nasse River, where in the spring the Indians catch the Oulichan or "candle-fish," which gives them light, this fish being so full of oil that when dry and provided with a wick it burns like a candle. Just beyond is the boundary of Alaska at fifty-four de-

grees forty minutes north latitude, the famous "fifty-four forty or fight" boundary of 1843, when the United States claimed that Oregon extended up to the Russian territory at that latitude, but afterwards abandoned the claim. Alaska is a very large country, exceeding one-sixth the area of the United States, and was bought from Russia by Secretary Seward in 1867 for $7,200,000, a price then deemed extravagant, but the purchase has been enormously profitable. The name is derived from the Indian *Al-ay-ek-sha*, meaning the "Great land." Besides its large extent of main land, it includes some fifteen thousand islands, and its enormous river, the Yukon, flowing into the Behring Sea, has a delta sixty miles wide at its mouth, is three thousand miles long, and is navigable for almost two thousand miles. Although Alaska's productiveness seems just beginning to be realized, yet it has yielded in gold and furs, fish and other products, since the purchase, over $150,000,000.

Within Alaska, the route of exploration continues through Clarence Strait to the Alexander Archipelago, comprising several thousand islands, many of which are mountainous, and about eleven hundred of the larger ones have been charted. Here is Fort Wrangell, seven hundred miles from Victoria, on one of the islands, a little settlement named after Baron Wrangell, the Russian Governor of Alaska in 1834. Upon landing, the visitors see the Indians and

their chief curiosity, the "totem poles," erected in front of their houses, and carved with rude figures emblematic of the owner and his ancestors. These poles are twenty to sixty feet in height, and two to five feet in diameter. The natives are divided into clans, of which the Whale, the Eagle, the Wolf and the Raven are the chief representatives and are said to have been the progenitors. These are also carved on the poles and show the intermarriages of ancestors, the leading families having the most elaborate poles. Beyond Fort Wrangell are Soukhoi Channel and Frederick Sound, leading into Chatham Strait, having on its western side Baranoff Island, on the outer edge of which is Sitka Sound. Here is Sitka the capital of Alaska, in a well-protected bay dotted with pleasant islands in front and having snow-covered mountains for a high background. Alexander Baranoff founded the town in 1804, the first Russian Governor of Alaska, and there are now about twelve hundred inhabitants, mostly Indians. The old wooden Baranoff Castle, which was the residence of the Russian Governors, is on a hill near the landing-place. The main street leads past the Greek Church, surmounted with its bulbous spire, having six sweet-toned bells brought from Moscow, and adjoining it are various old-time log houses built by the early Russians. The church is still maintained by the Russian Government. The visitors buy curiosities and invest their small change in the In-

dians who get up monotonous dances or exciting canoe races for their amusement. It is a curious fact that, owing to the *Kuro Sivo*, or Japanese warm current coming across the Pacific, Sitka has a mild and most equable climate, the summer temperature averaging 54° and the winter 32°, the thermometer seldom falling to zero.

The Stephens Passage leads north from Frederick Sound, and into it opens Taku Inlet, a large fiord displaying fine glaciers. Here at Holkham Bay in 1876 began the first placer gold-mining in Alaska. Just beyond is Gastineaux Channel, between the mainland and Douglas Island. Upon its eastern bank, nine hundred miles from Victoria, is Juneau, the largest town in Alaska, having fifteen hundred population, about half of them whites; an American settlement, begun in 1880 under Yankee auspices, and named after the nephew of the founder of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. The people are mostly gold-miners. The little white houses are on a narrow strip of comparatively level land along the shore, having a high and precipitous mountain behind. Juneau deals in furs and Chilkat blankets, the latter, when genuine, being made of the hair of mountain-goats and colored with native dyes. It is also a starting-point for the Klondyke and Yukon regions. Across the narrow strait, upon Douglas Island, is the famous Treadwell gold-mine, having three enormous ore-crushing mills, the largest in the world, aggre-

gating nearly eight hundred stamps. This is a huge mountain of gold-ore which John Treadwell bought in 1882 from its owner for $430. It has paid since then $9,000,000 in dividends, and now with increased output crushes three thousand tons of ore daily, netting $4 gold per ton, and pours into the laps of the Rothschilds, its present owners, probably $2,000,000 annually from the enlarged product. The ore actually in sight in the mountain is estimated to be worth five times as much as was originally paid for the whole of Alaska. There is a native Indian cemetery adjoining Juneau, having curious little huts containing the cremated remains of the dead, with each one's personal effects.

THE GREAT MUIR GLACIER.

Passing west of Douglas Island and through Icy Strait to Glacier Bay, a magnificent view is presented. Snow-covered mountains rise six and seven thousand feet all around, and to the northwest is the imposing Mount Fairweather range, elevated over fifteen thousand feet. Glacier Bay extends forty-five miles up into the land, its width gradually contracting from twelve to three miles. Small icebergs and floes cover much of the surface, as they are constantly detached from the glaciers descending into it. At the head of the bay is the greatest curiosity of Alaska and the most stupendous glacier existing, —the Muir Glacier,—named in honor of Professor

John Muir, the geologist of the Pacific coast, who first saw it in 1879 and thoroughly explored it in 1890. When Vancouver was here at the close of the eighteenth century he wrote that a wall of ice extended across the mouth of the bay. The belief is that the glacier once filled the entire bay and has gradually receded. Near the middle of the bay is Willoughby Island, a rock two miles long and fifteen hundred feet high, showing striated and polished surfaces and glacial grooves from bottom to top. This glacier far exceeds all the Swiss ice-fields put together, and it enters the sea with a front one mile and a half wide and two to three hundred feet high. Unlike the dirty terminal moraines of the Swiss glaciers, this is a splendid wall of clear blue and white ice, built up in columns, spires and huge crystal masses, displaying beautiful caves and grottoes. It goes many hundreds of feet below the surface of the water, and from its front, masses of ice constantly detach and fall into the bay with noises like thunder or the discharge of artillery. Huge bergs topple over, clouds of spray arise, and gigantic waves are sent across the water. Every few minutes this goes on as the glacier, moving forward with resistless motion, breaks to pieces at the end. The field of ice making this wonderful glacier is formed by nine main streams and seventeen smaller arms. It occupies a vast amphitheatre back among the mountains, thirty to forty miles across, and where it breaks out

between the higher mountains to descend to the sea is about three miles wide. The superficial area of this mass of ice is three hundred and fifty square miles. It moves forward from seven to ten feet daily at the edges and more in the centre, and in August, when it loses the most ice, the estimate is that about two hundred millions of cubic feet fall into the bay every day. It loses more ice in the summer than it gains in the winter, and thus steadily retrogrades. The visitors go up to its face, although it cannot be ascended there, and then landing alongside approach it through a lateral moraine, and can there ascend to the top and walk upon the surface. The character and appearance of this famous glacier were much changed by an earthquake in 1899. Among the attractions are the mirages that are frequent here, which have been the origin of the "Phantom City," which early explorers fancifully described as upon Glacier Bay. Other huge glaciers also enter these waters, among them the Grand Pacific, Hugh Miller and Gelkie Glaciers.

THE KLONDYKE AND CAPE NOME.

Northward from the Gastineaux Channel stretches the grand fiord of the Lynn Canal for sixty miles. Snow-crowned mountains surround it, from whose sides many glaciers descend. At the upper end this Canal divides into two forks—the Chilkoot and Chilkat Inlets, at 59° north latitude. This begins the

overland route to the Klondyke gold region, and upon the eastern inlet, Chilkoot, are on either bank the two bustling little towns that have grown out of the Klondyke immigration—Skaguay on the eastern and Dyea on the western shore. Each of them has three to four thousand people, with hotels, lodging-places and miners' outfitting shops. Dyea is the United States military post, with a garrison, and here begin the trails across the mountain passes to the upper waters of the Yukon. A railway is constructed over White's Pass to Bennett Lake, and is now the chief route of travel. Pyramid Harbor and Chilkat with salmon-canning establishments are on Chilkat Inlet. Beyond White's Pass, which crosses the international boundary, the land descends in British America to the headwaters of the Yukon River, which are navigated northwest to Dawson and Circle City and other mining camps of the Klondyke region, where the prolific gold-fields have had such rich yields, there having been $40,000,000 gold taken out in two years. The Yukon flows a winding course westward to Norton Sound on the Bering Sea, discharging through a wide-spreading delta. The port of St. Michaels is to the northward. There are two routes to the Klondyke from San Francisco—*via* Skaguay and overland a distance of about twenty-three hundred miles, and *via* St. Michaels and up the Yukon forty-seven hundred miles.

The Alaskan coast beyond the Muir Glacier is bordered by the great St. Elias mountain range, rising in Mount Logan to nineteen thousand five hundred and thirty-nine feet, the highest of the Rockies, and in Mount St. Elias nearer the coast to eighteen thousand and twenty-four feet. From the broad flanks of St. Elias the vast Malaspina Glacier flows down to Icy Bay on the Pacific Ocean. There are mountains all about this region, which the official geographers are naming after public men, among them being Mount Dewey. To the westward the vast Alaska peninsula projects far out, dividing the Pacific Ocean from the Bering Sea, terminating in the Fox Islands, of which Ounalaska is the port, and having the Aleutian Islands spreading beyond still farther westward. It is a remarkable fact, indicating the vast extent of the United States, that the extremity of the Aleutian group is as far in latitude westward from San Francisco as the Penobscot River and coast of Maine are eastward. To the north is the Bering Strait, having the Russian East Cape of Siberia projecting opposite to the Alaskan Cape Prince of Wales to guard the passage into the Arctic Ocean. Here, upon the southern shore of the protruding end of Alaska, and fronting Norton Sound up almost under the Arctic Circle, is the noted Cape Nome, the latest discovered gold-field, about a hundred miles northwest of St. Michaels. Fabulous golden sands are spread out in gulches and on the

beaches, and Nome City has become quite a settlement. This is the latest El Dorado to which such an enormous rush of prospectors and gold-hunters was made in the early spring of 1900, many thousands filling up every available steamer that could be got to sail northward. The prolific output of these gold-bearing sands is said to exceed the Klondyke in its yield, and this will be the golden Mecca until somebody crosses over into Siberia or goes up nearer the North Pole, and finds there a new deposit of treasure. Already it is said that Nome City spreads practically for twenty miles along the sea-beach, and that the industrious miners are getting much gold by dredging far out under the sea, and expect to secure fifty millions annually from this remote but extraordinary region.

Nome City, like everywhere else that the hardy American pioneer raises the flag for discovery and settlement, has its newspaper, the *Gold Digger*, and this enterprising publication thus poetically describes the new El Dorado of the Arctic seas, the "Golden Northland":

"High o'er the tundra's wide expanse,
Mount Anvil lifts its God-wrought crown,
Bold guardian of a shining shore,
That's ever garbed in golden gown.

"Here nature, lavish with her store
To those of nerve and strong of hand,
Outpours a glittering stream of wealth
To all the miners of the land.

"The ledge-ribbed hills on ev'ry side,
To feasts of ore invite mankind,
Nor Bering's waves may bar the way
To golden courses milled and mined.

"The fresh'ning breezes from the Pole
Bear far the miners' joyous cry,
As point of pick turns back the sod
'Neath which the glist'ning nuggets lie.

"Here may the rover of the hills
Find fickle Fortune's long sought stream,
And revel in the boundless wealth
That's ever been his life-long dream.

"O, tundra, beach and lavish stream!
O'er thee a world expectant stands;
With Midas measure may'st thou fill
The myriad eager, outstretched hands."

Wonderful is our latest American Continental possession—the rich territory of Alaska. Limitless are its resources, unmatchable its possibilities. One of its admirers thus sounds its praises: "In scenery, Alaska dwarfs the world. Think of six hundred and seventeen thousand square miles of landscape. Put Pike's Peak on Mount Washington or Mount Mitchell and it would hardly even up with Mount Logan. All the glaciers of Switzerland and the Tyrol dwindle to pitiful summer ice-wagon chunks beside the vast ice empires of Glacier Bay or mighty Malaspina. Think of a mass of blue-green ice forty miles long by twenty-five miles wide, nearly the size

of the whole State of Rhode Island, and five thousand feet thick, glittering resplendently in the weird, dazzling light of a midnight sun. Imagine cataracts by scores from one thousand to three thousand feet high; ocean channels thousands of feet deep, walled in by snow-capped mountains; sixty-one volcanoes, ten of them still belching fire and smoke; boiling springs eighteen miles in circumference, used by hundreds of Indians for all their cooking; schools of whales spouting like huge marine fire-engines and tumbling somersaults over each other like big lubberly boys, weighing one hundred to two hundred thousands of pounds each; rivers so jammed with fish that tens of thousands of them are crowded out of the water high up on the shore; and woods alive with elk, moose, deer, bear, and all sorts and conditions of costly fur-clad aristocrats of the fox, wolf, lynx and beaver breeds. Growing country, this of ours."

PUGET SOUND TO SAN FRANCISCO.

Captain George Vancouver, already referred to, who named Vancouver Island, had among his officers a Lieutenant Puget. From him came the name of Puget Sound, stretching eighty miles southward from Vancouver Island and the Strait of Juan de Fuca into Washington State, ramifying into many bays and inlets, and having numerous islands. The Sound covers two thousand square miles and has eighteen hundred miles of coast line, being a splendid inland

sea with admirable harbors. Its peculiar configuration makes very high tides, sometimes reaching twelve to eighteen feet. At the entrance near the head of the Strait of Juan de Fuca is the United States port of entry, Port Townsend, in a picturesque situation with the large graystone Custom House on the bluff, a conspicuous structure. Three formidable forts, Wilson, Casey and Flagler, guard the entrance from the sea. Opposite, on the eastern shore of the Sound, is Everett with a fine harbor, the terminal of the Great Northern Railway. To the northwest, a sentinel outpost of the Cascade Range, rises Mount Baker, nearly eleven thousand feet high. To the southward, on the circling shores of Elliott Bay, is Seattle, named after an Indian chief and founded in 1852, built on a series of terraces rising above the water, the chief commercial city of Puget Sound, and having sixty thousand population. On the southeastern arm of the Sound, called Commencement Bay, is Tacoma, the terminal of the Northern Pacific Railway, with fifty thousand people. Its Indian name comes from its great lion, Mount Tacoma (sometimes called Rainier), a giant of the Cascades, rising fourteen thousand five hundred and twenty feet, and in full view to the southeast of the city. Fourteen glaciers flow down its sides, the chief one, Nisqually Glacier, seven miles long, on the southern slope, being considered the finest on the coast south of Alaska. This mountain, like other peaks of the

Cascades, is an extinct volcano, its crater still emitting sulphurous fumes and heat. Mount St. Helens, not far away, which was in eruption in 1898, is regarded as the most active volcano in the range, its massive rounded dome rising over nine thousand feet. Across on the southwestern shore of Puget Sound is the capital of Washington State, Olympia, with five thousand people.

Portland, the chief town of Oregon, is but a short distance south of Puget Sound, on the Willamette River, twelve miles from its confluence with the Columbia, and at the head of deep-sea navigation, one hundred and ten miles from the ocean. This is the leading business centre of the Pacific northwest, having seventy thousand people and extensive trade. It is finely situated, and from the heights on its western border is given a most superb view of the Cascades, the range grandly stretching over a hundred miles. The Mazama Club of earnest mountain explorers at Portland have done much to make known to the world the scenery and grandeur of these attractive mountains. Fifteen miles up the Willamette, at Oregon City, are the Falls, where that river descends forty feet in a splendid horseshoe cataract, displaying great beauty and furnishing valuable power. To the southward is Salem, on the Willamette, the capital of Oregon, having five thousand population. The "Oregon trail," as the route from San Francisco into this region was called, as-

cends the Rogue River, so named from the Indians of the region, crosses the Siskiyou Mountain, and descends on the southern side to the headwaters of the Sacramento. To the eastward, near the California boundary, high up in the Cascades, is the strangely constructed Crater Lake. It is at over sixty-two hundred feet elevation, and occupies an abyss produced by the subsidence of an enormous volcano, being six miles long and four wide. A perpendicular rocky wall one to two thousand feet high entirely surrounds it, and the water, without outlet or apparent inflow, is fully two thousand feet deep and densely blue in color. In the centre is Wizard Island, rising eight hundred and fifty feet, an extinct volcanic cone, thus presenting one crater within another. The district containing this wonderful lake has been made a reservation called the Oregon National Park. Some distance to the southward, the whole country being mountainous and the lower slopes covered with forests of splendid pines, is the grand snow-covered dome of Mount Shasta, one of the noblest of the Cascades (in California called the Coast Range), rising fourteen thousand four hundred and forty feet, a huge extinct volcano, having a crater in its western peak twenty-five hundred feet deep and three-quarters of a mile wide. Beyond, the Sacramento Valley stretches far away southward, passing Chico and Marysville, to Sacramento. It was to the eastward, near Coloma, that the first dis-

covery of California gold was made in February, 1848, on the farm of Colonel Sutter, the county having been appropriately named El Dorado.

SAN FRANCISCO BAY AND CITY.

The San Joaquin and Sacramento Rivers, having united, flow westward into Suisun Bay, thence by a strait to the circular and expansive San Pablo Bay, which in turn empties into San Francisco Bay. On the strait connecting Suisun and San Pablo Bays is Benicia, where lived the famous pugilist John C. Heenan, the "Benicia Boy," and the immense forge-hammer he wielded is on exhibition there. At the head of San Pablo Bay is Napa, or Mare Island, the location of the Navy Yard. Upon the mainland opposite is Vallejo, whence a railway runs up the fertile Napa Valley, through orchards and vineyards and among mineral springs, to Calistoga. Near here is the strange Petrified Forest, where there are scattered upon a tract of four square miles the remains of a hundred petrified trees. The Bay of San Francisco is a magnificent inland sea, fifty miles long and ten miles wide, connected with the Pacific Ocean by the strait of the Golden Gate, five miles long and a mile wide. The bay is separated from the ocean by a long peninsula, having the city of San Francisco on the inside of its northern extremity. Over opposite, on the eastern shore of the bay, is Oakland, the terminal of the Southern Pacific

Railway routes from the East, a city of fifty thousand people, named from the numerous live-oaks growing in its gardens and along the streets. It has extensive manufactures and a magnificent view over the expansive bay and city of San Francisco and the distant Golden Gate, where the enclosing rocky shores can be seen rising boldly, the northern side to two thousand feet height. In the Oakland suburbs is Berkeley, where are some of the College buildings of the University of California, founded in 1868 and having twenty-three hundred students, many of them women. The attractive grounds cover two hundred and fifty acres, and the endowments exceed $8,000,000. South of Oakland is the pleasant suburban town of Alameda. On the western shore of the bay, south of San Francisco, is Menlo Park, a favorite place of rural residence for the wealthy San Francisco people, having many handsome villas and estates with noble trees. Here is Palo Alto or the "tall tree," taking its name from a fine redwood tree near the railway, an estate of over eight thousand acres, which is the location of the noted Leland Stanford, Jr., University. This is the greatest educational endowment in America, having a fund of over $30,000,000, the gift of Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford in memory of their only son. The University has twelve hundred students, many being women. The buildings, which in a manner reproduce the architecture of the ancient Spanish Missions, are of

buff sandstone, surmounted by red-tiled roofs, picturesquely contrasting with the oaks and eucalyptus trees which are so numerous and the many tropical plants that have been brought there. The Palo Alto estate is one of the great California stock-farms.

Two Franciscan monks in 1776 founded on this famous bay the Indian Mission of San Francisco de Assis, often called the Mission Dolores, and in course of time there started upon the shore, which had much wild mint growing about, the village of Yerba Buena, named from it the "good herb." Just about the time this lonely little village had got a small Spanish population and built a few houses, Richard Henry Dana came into the bay in 1835 on the voyage which he so pleasantly recounts in *Two Years Before the Mast.* He then prophetically wrote: "If ever California becomes a prosperous country, this bay will be the centre of its prosperity. The abundance of wood and water; the extreme fertility of its shores; the excellence of its climate, which is as near to being perfect as any in the world; and its facilities for navigation affording the best anchoring-grounds in the whole Western coast of America, all fit it for a place of great importance." In the summer of 1846, during the Mexican War, the American navy made various important occupations on the California coasts, and a man-of-war came into San Francisco Bay and took possession for the United

States. The next year the name of the village was changed to San Francisco. There were about six hundred inhabitants here when gold was discovered in 1848, and most of them at once left for the gold-fields; but the favorable location for trade soon attracted a large population and an extensive commerce. The young city had the usual mishaps from fires, suffering from a half-dozen serious conflagrations in its early career; while the peculiar character of the population made it then so lawless that twice the better element had to take summary control of the municipal government by "Vigilance Committees," who did not hesitate to promptly execute notorious criminals. There are now three hundred and fifty thousand people, the heterogeneous population including almost every nationality in the world.

San Francisco is in a fine situation on the shore of the bay and the steep hills to the westward, and is gradually spreading across the peninsula towards the ocean. It is, in fact, built on a succession of hills, of which a group extends westward from the bay, varying in height from less than two hundred to over nine hundred feet. Conspicuous among them are the Telegraph Hill, Nob Hill, Park Peak, the Mission Peaks and others. For the purpose of readily climbing these hills, the cable street railway and its peculiar "grip" were invented and first put into successful operation, and a British visitor writes of San Francisco that "one of its most characteristic

sights is the cable cars crawling up the steep inclines like flies on a window-pane." The country around is treeless, with little fertile land, owing to the copious rivers of sand which steadily flow over it, being blown from the seashore by the strong westerly trade-winds. Thus have naturally come the historical San Francisco "sand lots," the scene of public meetings and not infrequent disturbances in former times. An immense amount of grading, cutting down hills, filling gullies, and reclamations of overflowed lands was necessary in building the city; and over $50,000,000 has been expended in improving the site which, as nature fashioned it, was so illy fitted for a city. The great charm is the spacious bay environed by mountains, furnishing such an admirable harbor, and across it the ferry steamers ply in all directions. Upon it, guarding the Golden Gate entrance, are Alcatraz Island, Goat Island and Angel Island, strongly fortified, while Fort Mason is on the heights north of the city, overlooking the famous strait. The charming waters of the noble bay are thus rhythmically described by Ada Abbott Dunton:

"How beautiful the waters of the Bay
Lie shimmering, gem-embossed and turquoise-blue,
Rippling and twinkling! Emerald shores in view
Reflected from its surface. This calm day
Utters no note of discord. Far away
And overhead, the tireless, winged sea-mew
Skims languidly the air, sun-warmed anew
And freshly blown with each succeeding day.

"O San Francisco Bay! Upon thy shore,
What wondrous argosies are anchored here!
What giant masts are silhouetted fair
'Gainst the eternal blue which bendeth o'er,
As though a Titian hand were carving clear,
Majestic monuments in upper air."

The great "Ferry Depot," an ornamental structure with a high tower, is the centre of the San Francisco harbor front, whence the steamboats ply across the spacious bay. From this, the chief business highway, Market Street, stretches far southwest to the Mission Peaks, rising over nine hundred feet and nearly four miles away. Northward, Kearney Street with the leading stores extends past Telegraph Hill, rising almost three hundred feet and giving a magnificent outlook from the summit. Upon Market Street, in Yerba Buena Park, is the magnificent City Hall, completed in 1896 at a cost of over $4,000,000 and containing a library of one hundred thousand volumes. There is a Branch Mint of the United States which coins much of the gold mined on the Pacific Slope. The ancient church of the Mission Dolores, built of adobé is still preserved with the little churchyard. Upon Nob Hill are many of the finest residences, while to the northwestward is the Presidio, originally the Mexican and now the United States Military Reservation, adjoining the Golden Gate for some four miles, and a park of almost three square miles where troops are garrisoned. Here the military band plays in the afternoon and the walks

and drives afford beautiful views. The Chinese Quarter of San Francisco, where there is a population of about fifteen thousand, is a characteristic feature, the inhabitants swarming in tall tenements divided by narrow alleys. Its attractions, however, are of a kind usually prepared with a view to induce contributions from visitors.

THE GOLDEN GATE.

The Golden Gate Park, a half-mile wide, stretches from the city three miles to the ocean shore, the western extremity being mainly the sand-dunes of the coast, while the eastern portions have been reclaimed, improved and planted with trees. Here are tasteful monuments. The author of the *Star-Spangled Banner*, Francis Scott Key, is commemorated by Story, and the Spanish discoverer of the Pacific Ocean, Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, by Linden, unveiled in 1898. Here also rises Strawberry Hill, an eminence giving an unrivalled outlook. Adjoining the park are the great cemeteries of the city, Laurel Hill and the Lone Mountain, with others, the Presidio being to the northward. To the westward, on the ocean front, is the historic landmark of the coast—Point Lobos, or the "wolves"—having on its elevated surface the Sutro Heights, where the sand-hills have been converted into a fine estate and garden, and out in the sea, a cable's length from shore, are the celebrated Seal Rocks, which are nearly

always covered with seals basking in the sun. Some are very large, and their movements are quite interesting, their curious barking being distinctly heard above the roar of the surf. To the northward of Point Lobos is the ocean entrance to the Golden Gate. The portals are a mile apart, and seen from the sea its guardian heights rise two thousand feet on the left hand, stretching up to the peak of Tumulpais to the northward. On the right hand the heights are lower, but still lofty. The slopes are bare and sandy, and between them within the strait can be distinctly seen the island fortress of Alcatraz, guarded on the one hand by Goat Island and on the other by the high green slopes of Angel Island. Up on the Presidio proudly floats high above the shore the American flag standing out in the breeze. Behind it is the great city. This Golden Gate seen from within, looking westward, is a narrow pass, giving a vista view of the broad Pacific, its waves rolling towards us thousands of miles from the distant shores of China and Japan.

Here ends this pleasant recital. The desire has been to give an idea of the vast and wonderful land we live in, and to impress the noble and patriotic thought of Thoreau's so essential to all of us: "Nothing can be hoped of you, if this bit of mould under your feet is not sweeter to you than any other in the world." We have travelled over this broad

land of ours from the tropics to the Arctic Sea, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and as our journey closes, with Whittier can sing:

"So shall the Northern pioneer go joyful on his way;
To wed Penobscot's waters to San Francisco's Bay;
To make the rugged places smooth, and sow the vale with grain;
And bear, with Liberty and Law, the Bible in his train:
The mighty West shall bless the East, and sea shall answer sea,
And mountain unto mountain call, Praise God, for we are free!"

THE END.

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